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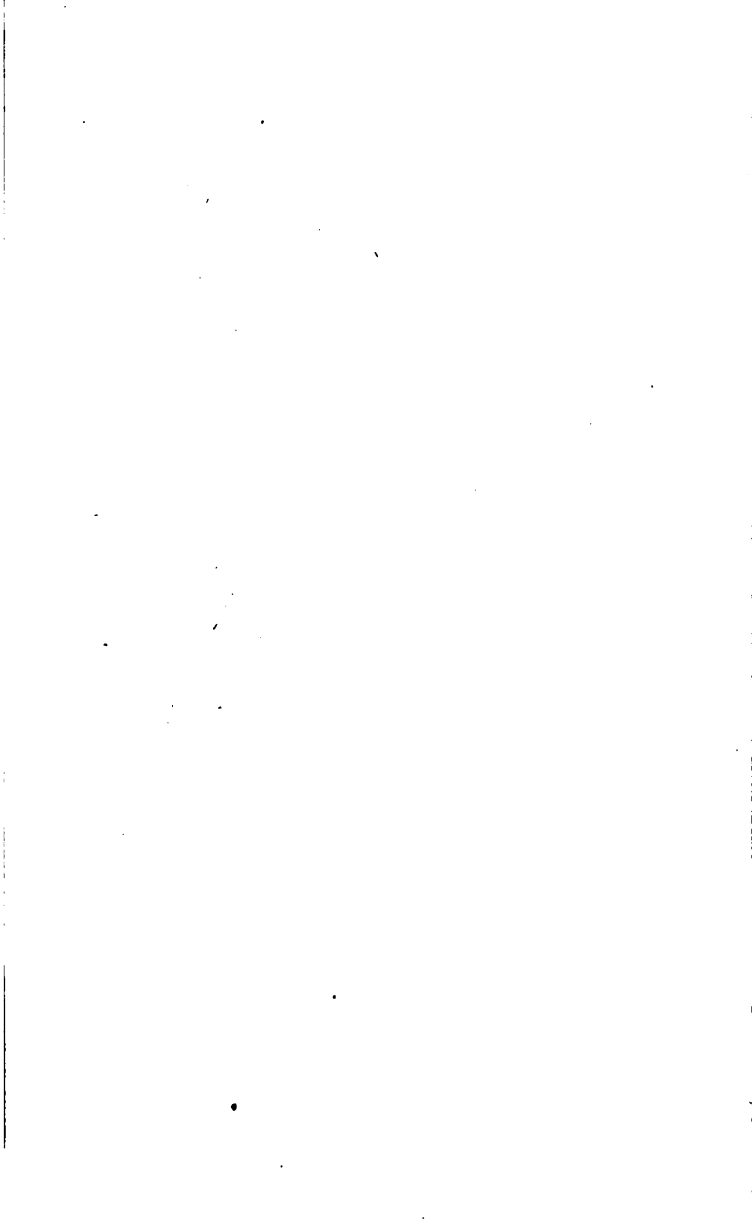












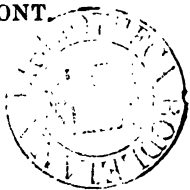
# IMPRESSIONS, THOUGHTS, AND SKETCHES,

DURING TWO YEARS IN

## FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND.

BY

MARTHA MACDONALD LAMONT.



---

A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad!  
Yes, I have gained my experience.

And your experience makes you sad? I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than  
experience to make me sad—and to travel for it too!

As You Like It.

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# FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND.

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## GOING FROM HOME.

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### LETTER I.

*Paris, February 10, 183—.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

To find myself in one week transported from our home in Lancashire to the capital of France, from your side to a lonely room in a Parisian boarding-school, is a very marvellous thing, now that I have time to reflect on it ; and all my reflections tend to make me very sad. Yet I assure myself that I ought not to be sad, as I am now about to have gratified what has long been my most earnest wish,—namely, to see this great city, and to know the French in their own country. But before I tell you anything about Paris, I must give you the history of my journey, concerning which you will be anxious. When I left you at eight o'clock on Monday last, I might have said with poor Launce, “Nay, it will be this hour ere I have done weeping, all the kind of the Launces have this very fault, I have received my proportion like the prodigious son, and am going to the Imperial’s court ;” but I think Launce did not weep very long, nor did I,—I remembered that I was too old to play the baby, I remembered also the comfort which was given to Launce in his sorrow, “Away, ass, you will lose the tide.” I did not lose the tide. In a short time I found myself at the river side, and in the ferry-boat found my travelling friends awaiting me. The morning was fine,



and our little sail across the river agreeable enough, but it was soon over, and then, behold me really on my road to France, I who, twenty-four hours before, had not thought of such a journey as probable for some weeks at least.

Tuesday dawned upon me some fifty miles from London. The morning was bright and beautiful : I looked out on a landscape covered by a pure sheet of snow, and the trees surpassed in beauty any white plumes which I shall see in Paris. Owing to the depth of snow on the roads, we were many hours later in arriving in town than we had expected to be. After I had performed my toilette, and had had some refreshment, I left my friends, and drove to Mrs. H.'s, where I remained all night, and where I was treated by every member of the family with a sincerity of kindness and hospitality which has left a profound impression of gratitude on my mind ; for I was so little known to them, that I did not feel that I had a right to be thus at home, so far from you. On the following day Mr. and Miss H. drove with me to the office of the French Ambassador, where I found my friends awaiting me, and, without any difficulty, we obtained our passports.

We went down to Dover by night, and breakfasted there, on a bright, frosty, most delightful morning. After a little repose, we walked to the fortifications on the heights ; from whence the town appeared quite in a nest below us. We had a very good opportunity of seeing its inhabitants ; for there was a great merry-making, in honour of the coming of age of the son of some rich man. There were drums beating, and flags flying in the streets, and oxen roasted whole carried in procession. On our return to our hotel, we were joined by some acquaintances of Mrs. W., and had a great deal of very pleasant talk. One of the gentlemen turned out quite a classic in conversation ; Mr. D. showed himself more than a mere man of business ; and Mrs. W. and I helped to keep up the ball, assisted by her son. At twelve o'clock, however, these new friends left us ; and at one we embarked for Calais

in excellent spirit, although certainly rather alarmed by a description we had been reading in our guide-book of the *harpies*, by which we might expect to be soon attacked, in the form of Custom-house officers and commissioners from hotels. Now, on entering the packet, we felt indeed that we were approaching the land of the Gaul. Here were Frenchmen of every age and description talking with all the volubility of their nation. I lent an attentive ear, and sometimes caught a part of their discourse. At one time, a very warm and vehement discussion was carried on between an old and a young man, respecting the possibility of England's being conquered by France; the former maintained that it might be, the latter that it could not be. I know not how the matter terminated, but there were moments when the disputants seemed ready to come to blows.

As I looked on the high white cliffs of Dover, I could not help thinking of those years, "in the dim backward and abyss of time," when the fleets of Rome appeared beneath those cliffs; when the civilised rulers of the world prepared to attack the naked savages of our island. We have since then run the career of the Roman, except that for the pride of military greatness, we have substituted the avarice of commercial greatness. We have invaded the territories of the naked savage in every quarter of the globe, we have poured out his blood like water, we have robbed him of all we could carry away—in these things we have as yet but trodden in the steps of the pagan Roman—may better things be hoped for?—alas, I know not!

We were only three hours in crossing from Dover to Calais. Immediately on landing, we were taken to a place where our passports were examined, and then we were given to a female who took us into a private room to examine our pockets and bags. Mrs. W. and I had nothing to fear, but I rather think some others had much to fear, for I am sure we had a number of female smugglers on board our packet. It was quite amusing, as we came near Calais, to see them begin to decorate their

heads with caps, trimmed with a prodigious quantity of English lace. Many of these women were intoxicated—assuredly, smuggling, like poaching and body-snatching, brings with it many vices. The personal examination being over we went to our hotel where we ordered dinner, and where we remained while the gentlemen returned to see the trunks examined. Dinner soon came, and a very good dinner it was, and I think a merrier party never dined on first landing in France; we laughed and rattled, and were exceedingly happy without knowing why. After dinner we set out to see the lions of Calais, very much in the dusk as you may suppose, Mr. D. taking charge of Mrs. W., and young Mr. W. and I taking charge of each other. How different the aspect of everything here is from Dover, where we had been but a few hours before!—all is at once foreign. At length we came to the church, a very handsome one, called Notre Dame de Calais. We were enticed into it by an old soldier, or gendarme, or something of that sort. Once in, we could not escape from his clutches. Like a well-practised showman he led us from shrine to shrine, from chapel to chapel, from tomb to tomb, giving us the history of every thing which we did not see. Here and there in this large church burnt a little candle, “so shines a good deed in this naughty world:” near it knelt some votaress at her prayers for the dead. Quoting Sterne, Mr. D. was determined to try what adventures a glove-shop would offer. We had a good deal of laughter, for we were in a laughing mood, but nothing in the smallest degree sentimental occurred.

We retired early to rest that we might be ready in good time for our journey, and we were in good time, in spite of the usual reproaches levelled at us ladies. On leaving Calais we congratulated ourselves that we had not found the harpies so disagreeable as we had anticipated. We had no attacks on our purses except by the landlord, the commissioner, (who undertook all the passport and custom-house business) and the porter; the last feelingly declared as he rubbed up his

hair on his forehead, that he had had the honour of becoming quite wet by perspiring in our service, and entreated to have a franc more, which Mr. D. gave him. It was late when we arrived at Abbeville, and we were too much fatigued to seek for adventures, yet I could not help thinking of them as I looked out of my window. The church-bells tolled "the hour of night's black arch the key-stone." The guards on the walls challenged each other—now and then a flash of lightning played strangely on the skirt of a dark cloud, yet overhead the moon shone brightly.

The following day was like all those which have passed since I left you, sunny and pleasant. When we stopped to breakfast we entered into conversation with two Italian gentlemen on their return from England. One of them was addressed as general. One of the carbonari or illuminati gentlemen, I suppose, for he told me he had had a great deal of trouble and vexation about his passport in France, and in other countries, but not in England—certainly England is kind to all radicals except her own,—he entreated me to visit Italy, and said he would give me letters of introduction to three married daughters of his, at Genoa, Milan, Padua. At this moment I feel as if I were far enough from you, and have no wish to extend my travels, but there have been times when the idea of visiting Italy would have delighted me. But one has no conception until one is in a foreign land alone what a terrible feeling is that of being so far from home, being quite among strangers. We cannot help wishing to see those places which are famous in history, and there must be pleasure in the gratification of our wish ; yet after all, travelling is, I begin to suspect, a finer thing in imagination than in reality.

The journey of our last day was more slow and more wearisome than that of any of the other days had been. The weather was however still fine, and we all acknowledged that we found the horses, the roads, the country, much better than we had expected, and could we have been fresh and untired

we should have enjoyed every thing very much. At nine o'clock in the evening we arrived in this great city. It was then too late for me to think of going to Madame B.'s, so I went to the hotel which Mr. D. had been induced to patronise. We were shown into a room ornamented by six large mirrors, but it had a terribly dirty floor. The host was playing whist with one person—*two dummies* consequently : a step farther than I have ever seen the love of whist carried in England. When we entered, however, he immediately put up his cards and set about ordering our tea. After we had inspected our sleeping rooms, I returned to that in which we were to have tea, but my friends had not yet descended, and there was no one there but the host—how different from an English host !—he would not permit a foreign young lady to remain without some amusement, and began to give me all the information in his power. As a Frenchman, information about himself naturally followed that about his hotel, so he kindly told me that he had lately been very ill, but was now very well, having had an operation performed for —, out with it, for it is a trait of manners—for the stone ; and lest I should make any mistake in what he said, which indeed, at first I did, he translated it into English, which he speaks perfectly, having been many years in America. I was glad when my friends' and tea came, and this good gentleman retired.

To-day, my eyes opened to my first day in Paris. It was a lovely morning, and after the W.'s had driven off to the Faubourg St. Germain, I preferred walking with Mr. D. to Madame B.'s, that I might see a little of the city. Mine host seemed very much chagrined at my orders to send my trunks to Madame B.'s, and at the announcement of my speedy departure. He assured me that I should be much better in his house than in any boarding-school, that I should meet a nice party at the table d'hôte, and that Madame, his wife, would accompany me in some delightful walks. In spite of all, I begged to decline his favours. I enjoyed my walk very much, and at Madame B.'s at one o'clock took leave of kind

Mr. D. Madame was out but I was quite expected, and one of her daughters and the old governess (whom I wish I could describe but that is impossible) received me, and were very polite. However, all I wished was to be alone, and I retired to my room, where I began this long epistle. At four I had the pleasure of meeting Madame B. whom I like very much; and at five I obeyed a summons to the dining-room. How I was thunderstruck on entering it! Every tongue in it—and there were about five-and-forty tongues—was going at double time! I remembered the perfect silence of an English boarding-school dinner, sighed, sat down, and tried to eat as well as the noise would permit me. After dinner all the family,—there are two grown-up daughters, and the parlour-boarders, about half-a-dozen,—ascended to the saloon; the pupils returned of course to their school-rooms. In the course of the evening a few gentlemen dropped in, and there was no intermission of conversation for a moment. At nine we had tea, and before ten I, sad and sorrowful, retired to my room with borrowed night-dress,—for mine host has not sent my trunks, although I despatched a note about them this evening. Now I have given you my history since I left you, and when you read it pray be at ease; I am quite well and quite safe; the sadness which has crept over me more than once during the day, I attribute to the new feeling of being deprived at once of my *mother* tongue, it is not finding my own language in any one near me which makes me feel so much alone, for indeed every one is kind and I have really nothing to complain of. I understand all that is addressed to myself in French, but I do not yet catch a rapid conversation between other persons, yet I speak so well that they will scarcely believe I have not been in France before. It is, I believe, true that the tongue learns a foreign language sooner than the ear.

But no more—now to bed in my new abode. Good night—good night!

## FIRST BOARDING SCHOOL.

—◆—  
LETTER II.*Paris, February 26, 183—.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Thank you for your letter which came so soon, before you had had mine, but now you have had it and are contented about me, and now I shall go back and tell you something of my first week here. I went very soon to deliver my letter to Mrs. E., she lives very near the Place Vendôme, which is the best part of Paris, the quarter of the Tuileries, the court or west end. If she be not in great affluence, she is at least in perfect independence, and a widow with one daughter might be contented with her income in England, in France she can be more than contented, can be very gay. She is too much of the woman of the world, and of the frivolous kind of that species, which admits of many varieties. Her apartment is handsome though on a fourth story, and I shall describe it to you, as it will give you an idea of a French house, or flat as it is called in Scotland. You enter a little anteroom, which has in it three folding-doors, one of them leading to a drawing-room, another to a dining-room, another to a bed-room. Within these rooms are other bed-rooms with dressing closets; and at the other side are kitchens and servants' rooms, all of a good size—in fact there is every conveniency of a house on each floor (and there are six floors) of that one house. The rents for an apartment in that part of Paris vary from 2,000 francs to 10,000; that is, from about £80 to £400. After some conversation, Mrs. E. proposed taking me with her to the Louvre, to see the exhibition of

the works of living artists, at present open by ticket ; but in general the gallery is open to every one. I know nothing of the cant of criticism, but I have an idea of what pleases myself, and to say the truth there was little that pleased me. From the Louvre we passed into the gardens of the Tuileries, and I had my first view of the palace. It seems to me the height of absurdity for the French *to intend* to do without a king. What ! with such palaces as theirs ? Nonsense ! The bait is too tempting. A Washington might have resisted it, a Napoleon could not ; although he had seen the grand staircase of that palace of the Tuileries stained from top to bottom with blood. Yes, it ran red with blood, he has himself declared ! And could one bearing the name of Bourbon resist what *he* could not resist ?—" A question not to be asked." Some Louis, Charles, Philippe, or Henri will cling to the nation as long as those gorgeous palaces remain.' With these sage reflections I separated from Mrs. E., and returned to Madame B.'s in time to hear the dinner-bell.

In the evening a young gentleman presented himself in the saloon, to give Madame B. some account of a son, whom she has in a distant province. He staid till ten o'clock, and I was much amused by his talk on politics. His contempt for Louis-Philippe and his ministers was unbounded, and expressed in the most vehement terms ; in short, he was a republican to the extremest degree of republicanism ; and, from what I can learn, so are the young men generally. The ladies all agreed, when he departed, that he had *une belle tête*, and that he was exceedingly well-informed.

I must tell you that I like the B.'s very well for so far ; but what I do not think I shall ever like in French society is, the great and noisy vivacity of the conversation ; it suits not my temperament, or at least suits not my long *habitudes* of a book, or an occasional word with you in our quiet evenings at home. On the Wednesday and Sunday evenings, the young ones of the school-room come into the saloon, and pass the time merrily in chatting, and singing, and dancing to the



music of the piano. Madame B.'s daughters join in the dance with all the joyfulness of the youngest child present. On our last Wednesday evening we had three gentlemen visitors—one a very agreeable and intelligent young gentleman (but not in the political strain like him of whom I last told you); another, an officer, whose latest feats of arms were performed at the siege of Antwerp; and the third is one who comes every Sunday and Wednesday evening. And now I am going to give an instance of that good feeling which the French so often show, and in which I am afraid we are sometimes deficient. This gentleman is a little insane; his only happiness is to be among little girls, to see them enjoy themselves, and to play with them like a child. He lives in this faubourg, in which there are a great many schools, and he is admitted in the evening at almost all. How much your kind heart would enjoy the gaiety and simplicity of our evenings, when the children are with us! The saloon, with its polished uncarpeted floor, reflecting the bright wood fire laid on the hearth, and with its pictures, its mirrors, its curtains of muslin, is very agreeable. I think I begin to like a wood fire better than a coal one already. Whether it excites warmer discussions than the latter I know not, but after the children and gentlemen had left us the other evening, I was much amused with an argument which took place as we stood around it. Madame B. suffered much in her nearest and dearest connexions by the first revolution, yet is she staunch republican; her daughters, like many young persons whom I know in England, who think it *genteel* to be conservative, take the side of Louis-Philippe. Our debate by the fireside was as warm and vehement as any in the Chamber of Deputies could be. One would imagine that in those violent encounters of the tongue, the temper and the affections would suffer a little; yet I do not think that they do, in this country at least.

It is only fair I should tell you something of morning as well as of evening hours—of the garden as well as of the

saloon. Breakfast was later than usual yesterday, and, cold as the weather is, I walked in the garden for a few minutes before it; the garden is very large and pleasant, although not in the best order. The morning was fine, and I began to feel then, for the first time, as if I could reconcile myself to customs so very different from those in which I have been brought up; as if I could take my coffee at a long uncovered table decorated with two steaming tureens of soup. It is extraordinary that even the English children in the school like for breakfast the soup, which is often made entirely of different kinds of vegetables—sometimes of onions alone. For me, the odour of the soup was, at first, enough to take away my appetite, and I made a request to have a cup of coffee in my own room. But what nonsense was that! If soup agrees with children in the morning, why should they not have it? No children could appear healthier or happier than those in this house. It is certain that they eat more than any young people whom I have seen; but then they play more, they dance more, they talk more, they laugh more, they have more of the open air; so that, I suppose, they require more food than my sober English school companions did.

What shall I tell you next? That I did not like the service at the ambassador's chapel, and went with the B.'s to the Oratoire, which is now the French Protestant church. It was crowded to excess, and as we were late we were obliged to take what places we could get, for there are no pews. We went then into a little recess, so far removed from the preacher that I merely heard the sound of his voice. Three or four times he made a pause, and there arose quite a storm of nose-blowing and spitting through all the congregation. I think, indeed, with due deference to French politeness, that Mrs. Trollope might give some useful lessons here on the very same subject on which she complains so loudly respecting the Americans. After service, Mademoiselle B. and I went to walk in the Gardens of the Tuileries. The day was delightful, and there was a great number of persons

out—some sitting, some walking, all talking. From the gardens we passed into the Place *Louis Quinze*—*Louis Seize*—*de la Concorde*—but—*de la Guillotine*. Here, in the midst of superb buildings raised for power, or for pleasure, flowed the blood of the virtuous and the royal! Here I could have wept for human nature! But why? All around were smiles and gaiety. Why should I dwell on what the French forget? In the centre of this place, where the guillotine once stood, Charles X. was erecting a monument to his brother, Louis XVI. Louis-Philippe has nearly completed a monument of another kind; for, as there the present charter of the nation was signed, it is to be dedicated to Concord, and the place is now called the *Place de la Concorde*.

What sort of weather have you? Here it is colder than I ever remember to have felt it at home. There is in the house a Mrs. K., an Englishwoman, a widow, who has two little girls in the school; she is perpetually railing at the want of comfort of French houses; but it is only when we have this piercing cold weather, that I allow she has truth on her side. Poor thing! she has suffered much in her family and fortunes; and as she cannot speak French, and lives almost always in her own room, she must be often dull enough. She is not an educated woman, and is full of vulgar prejudices against the French, and all their ways; the readiness with which I have suited myself to them, and the facility with which I have begun to converse, amaze her. I try to persuade her that the best plan is never to look for English manners or English comforts, to make up one's mind to everything different, and to be as contented as one can. To say the truth, I am convinced that no genuine thorough-bred Englishman or Englishwoman can like France as a permanent place of residence. In saying this, I do not compare the manners and habits of the two nations as to their goodness or badness; it is merely the great difference in them which must make them repugnant the one to the other; for, no doubt, English customs are as disagreeable to French people as French are to English. Perhaps in the very highest rank, where wealth can make

England France or France England, this great difference may not be felt. Still, I think an honest John Bull of any rank will scarcely ever be able to overcome prejudice so far as to like any other country so well as his own to reside in. With him the taste for living in foreign countries is altogether artificial and absurd. And for me, I almost think it was absurd ever to wish to be in this great capital, when I recal my first distressing emotions on finding myself alone among persons of foreign tongue and foreign habits; that first feeling is gone, but my patience and contentment are tried by the weather, which is quite foreign to me also in its keenness. "*C'est décidé, mademoiselle,*" said the old governess at dinner to-day, "the summer is finished for us; when the year commences like this, we have never any summer." This decree made me quake yet more than the cold and rain had done all the morning, and I began to fear that the few treacherous fine days which had smiled on my arrival were to be my all of fine weather. But Madame B. gave me a little comfort. "When we have much rain," said she, "in February, March, and April, I think a fine season follows." Cheered by this, I followed her into her bedroom, and was followed by some visitors who with me preferred that room to the saloon. She was rejoiced that the cold weather had procured her such an agreeable little *réunion*, and we had a great deal of very amusing conversation, in which I learned something of the news of the day and of *three past days*. It is amazing with what delight the French enter on the subject of their last revolution; and, indeed, the more one knows about it the more wonderful it seems. It was so unexpected, so rapid, so effectual—a thunderclap, which made monarchs tremble—a flash doing mighty things, and revealing yet more mighty of a nation's power.

But I must conclude. I have rambled on from one subject to another without method, until I have touched on one which should be treated with method, and not lightly; so it is better to end. Good bye!

## LETTER III.

*Paris, March 7, 183—.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

There is a very slight improvement in the weather since I wrote last ; the sun smiles occasionally through the clouds, but not invitingly enough to induce me to go out ; so I fill up my days in the house with books, which, according to my old habit, I take quite at random. Madame G. has lent me some ; I have had some of those in the house, and I have sent to a library for some, and have very foolishly allowed the librarian to send what he thought best. First on my list come some poems of Lamartine, of which the longest is "The Death of Socrates." It is, in my opinion, a subject too profound in its interest,—too philosophical in many of its relations, to be well adapted for poetry. In the poetical and descriptive, Lamartine has not failed ; I might, perhaps, quarrel a little with his philosophy and metaphysics ; but I shall not criticise, I shall merely give you a passage which pleased me, and which, for want of better employment, I have turned into English, thus—

"His eye still bright with hope, his brow serene,  
The sage amid his pensive friends is seen ;  
Eager they wait to hear his words divine,  
And silently obey the silent sign  
That bade them sit. Symmias, with face concealed,  
Wrapt in his cloak, to none his grief revealed ;  
The searching looks of Crito read the skies ;  
While Cebes bent to earth his tearful eyes ;  
The lips of Anaxagoras, which curled  
With a sad smile, spoke hatred of the world,

And envy of his master's happy doom,  
Approaching now the quiet of the tomb.  
Leaning against the prison's brazen gate,  
With folded arms, the servant of the state,  
His heart by turns by doubt and pity sway'd,  
Bent on the sage his eye, and murmuring said,  
'Now, what avail his virtues?' On the bed,  
The tender Phedo bowed his youthful head, ,  
Near and more near to Socrates he pressed,  
Embraced his knees, while sorrow rent his breast ;  
He hung upon the sage's lips adored,  
Blushed that he wept, yet wept at every word."

After this, I know not how I stumbled on "Memoirs to serve for the History of the Revolution of 1830, by M. De Mazas." I have always found that the satire of the sternest censor of kings and courts is much less severe than the simple details given in sincerity of heart by their satellites. Nothing could give a better sample of Bourbon capacity, and of the mind and capability of the party which acted with Charles the Tenth, than this book of Mazas. Not one word of a nation goaded into revolt ; not one word of men falling in thousands before the cannon of the soldiers ; nor of the soldiers forced to make a rampart of the dead bodies of their companions to protect them from the fury of the citizens—no word of pity for the slain, or for the bereaved ; but instead, a particular account of the dress of the king, of the princesses, on such or such a day. Then we are told how the officers about the court dined, and what the Duke de Bordeaux and his sister said at breakfast, dinner, and supper ; and that they said their prayers very regularly every night and morning. The whole, really, might be very amusing, if one could laugh on such an occasion.

Of a novel which my librarian sent me, I shall give you an account, as it will show you the depravity of taste which prevails at this moment. From this beginning you will not imagine that I like it very much—no, indeed—I detest every

thing which tends only to exhibit the baseness of our nature as this book does. It is called "The Puritan of Seine-and-Marne." The story opens in the house of a miller in the country, the miller's wife is boxing the ears of her daughter, a lovely indolent girl of sixteen, the miller looks on displeased; the priest of the parish is present, he interferes, and after a great deal of talk convinces the parents that they would do well to send their daughter to Paris, that she would learn the value of their affection and of her home, by being separated from them for some time. In the village near resides a certain lady from Paris, she contrives to have the young girl Jeanne confided to her and takes her off to Paris for her education. Suffice it, that she is a woman of the worst description, and the readiness with which Jeanne, without any of the seductions of the affections, becomes a similar character, is to me disgusting and unnatural,—Jeanne had, however, a lover, a young officer; he follows her to Paris, and at last by the assistance of a rake to whom the wickedness of Paris is too well known, he finds Jeanne in a den of infamy. There he is made drunk by his companions, and in his delirium he dictates a letter which Jeanne writes, he directs it and sends it off, it openly avows the shameless life she is leading and exults in it. The story then returns to the miller. He and his wife and some of the country people are dining with the good curate, the mother is sad, she has not heard from Jeanne for some weeks, but while they are there a letter is brought; the father takes it, glances over it, and comprehends at once his daughter's ruin. Controlling his feelings, however, for his wife's sake, he pretends to read the letter, extemporising such a letter as delights her and the curate. A few days after he departs for Paris, finds his child, drags her in all her infamous finery to a remote place and shoots her through the head. I looked in vain for the moral of this tale as I read it; in the exaggeration of vice in its details so much disgust is excited, that one sets the whole down as too false a picture to be of any use as to morality; but now that I have

reduced the picture, and have placed it before me so that I can take it all in at one view, I do perceive something of a moral in it which I did not before. It is true I skimmed it only, for my mind revolted too much against it as I read, for me to be able to read slowly. My next book I skimmed also, although I believe I ought not to have done so, as *Fame* has pronounced its author worth the trouble of being sounded to his lowest depths. I have finished, then, the famous novel of Victor Hugo—"Notre Dame de Paris." I must confess that, however little I was pleased with it, I recognise in it the hand of a master, and that it exhibits both talent and erudition. The story is too disgusting, too unnatural, either to interest or affect our feelings ; for this reason, the moral effect of a powerful delineation of the barbarity, slavery, and superstition of society, five centuries ago, is altogether lost. We know that the priesthood of that time were immoral and lascivious ; that innocent women were put to the torture and to death as witches ; that kings and judges were tyrannical and cruel ; that nobles were profligate and ignorant : but an overcharged picture of this state of things by no means shows its enormity in the most useful way.

You will say that I have been indulging too much in the luxury of idleness in reading these foolish romances, even though I have had the excuse of wet weather and staying within doors for it. Indeed idleness is a glorious thing ! and, in spite of all that has been said and sung about the busy bee and the industrious ant, I maintain that the idle fly is a happier, ay, and a better, animal than either of them. The bee and the ant, that pass all their time hoarding, hoarding, what can they know of the beauty and the harmony of all which is around them ; or of the capacities for enjoyment which are within them ? Well, this is an excuse for having spent the greater part of yesterday on my couch, reading "*Le Livre des Cent et Un*," which I fear you will not place much higher in your esteem than the romances. There are, however, I assure you, some good and sensible things in it. A



passage which I like, and which I am going to translate to you, is rather in contradiction to my theory of the beauty of idleness just expressed : however, you will laugh at my badinage, and afterwards reflect seriously with M. P. Charles—Here follow his sentiments :—" I am not astonished that great men have arisen among that class which is employed in mere mechanical operations. For those brought up in the drawing-room, the cultivation of the intellect is an amusement, a thing for show, a relaxation ; for those who have driven the plough, or worked in the field, it is a passion, a power, a beauty, a worship, a divine love. It is from the stall, the shop, the work-room, the office, that most of our powerful minds have sprung. Molière in the carpet-shop, Burns in the farm-yard, Shakspeare, the son of a glove-maker, Rousseau making wheels for his father, all wrestled with physical nature, and all at last took refuge, happy and enthusiastic, in the free domain of thought. Even an inferior mind would become more powerful by an apprenticeship to some mechanical occupation ; and if ever the great reform which is commencing in the world extends to the art of educating men, I do not doubt that the public good sense will make the most important part of every education, even among the rich and powerful, the serious study of physical nature and the trial of the labour of some trade—a regular apprenticeship to some mechanical pursuit."

Of this same " Book of the Hundred and One," I must tell you, that I find in its writers that fault which is so prevalent among periodical writers in England—an effort to say something well—something is said, and well said, yet where is originality to be found ? Where is simplicity ?—lost in the effort made by all to be better than simple, while true wit is never attained. The quaintness of the following anecdote amused me ; it shows that Timon's moralist is not quite right in supposing that meaner souls always remember " that they have seen the foot above the head." In the splendour attending high station the lookers-on forget the difficulty with which it was reached.

"I should like to be a Marshal of France on retired pay," said a gay fellow to Marshal Moncey.—"What a happy existence is yours! You possess seven or eight hundred thousand francs a-year, with hotels and châteaux. You have acquired all kinds of honours, fortune has loaded you with favours; and all these blessings of Heaven have fallen upon you, as one may say, while you slept."—"Do you think so?" said the Marshal.—"Well, I will give them all up to you for the hundred-thousandth part of what they cost me."—"Really?"—"I am not jesting. My fortune troubles me, and I should be glad to be rid of it cheaply. Place yourself at the end of this alley, from seventy to one hundred paces distant, I shall then make thirty grenadiers (good marksmen, —you see I treat you as a friend) advance—at your command they shall fire, only once; you shall not be hurt, and my fortune is yours after this trial." The friend made a wry face, and begged to decline the trial which he thought rather dangerous, though the Marshal had been shot at during thirty years by two or three millions of soldiers, who had always missed their aim.

Our weekly "at homes" continue as usual, spite of the unfavourable weather and of our visitors not being all carriage-people, as you may suppose. Yesterday evening at our *réunion*, discussions on politics, literature, dress, and the arts, were kept up with animation.—Animation?—with fire! I shall never be at home in French conversation, I am sure. All that excessive eagerness to speak which gives it so much warmth, and is, I suppose, pleasing, seems ridiculous to me. Among our other company were a very agreeable lady and gentleman who interested me, because the latter had been an officer in the Swiss Guards, and he had run many tremendous risks during the revolution of the three days. Now, however, he seems as gay as if he had never faced anything more perilous than ladies' smiles.

Well! I have brought my letter to its usual length. I was going to say I hope you will be satisfied with it, but I fear

you will not, for some of my reading will seem to you worse than time thrown away. We shall not, however, disagree about the classic and romantic, as two young men did once here, until they had to bring the matter to the arbitrament of small swords. I believe the classic champion had the worst in the duel. Were we of the fighting sex, I do not think we should have a difference of opinion, much less a duel, as we both think classic and romantic good in their way, and that is all that is worth saying on the matter. Whatever genius writes is good; but whether classic dulness or romantic dulness be best, I leave you to decide, when you have finished my dull epistle.

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## LETTER IV.

*Paris, March 23, 183—.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I have at length been able to visit Mrs. W.; I should have been ashamed to have deferred this so long, but that I knew, from what her son told me, that she was too ill to receive any friend without injury to her; she is, however, very much better. I must tell you my ramblings as well as my readings, that you may feel by my side in both. Yesterday morning, then, Mrs. K., who knows very little more of Paris than I do myself, told me that, having a call to make in the Faubourg St. Germain, she would take charge of me as far as she went if I would venture in an omnibus with her. To this I consented, and made my first journey in this machine, so novel to me, who have never lived in London. We had not proceeded very far along the Faubourg du Roule, when a lady who sat opposite to me, said in French, "You are going to St. Sulpice?" This assertion was intended for a question, but I did not catch the tone. "How," said I to myself, "can she possibly know that?" Then replying to her, "I am, indeed, Madame, I wish to find the Rue de —, and I fear

I shall have some difficulty, as I am a stranger." "I shall be most happy to assist you ; if you go, you must take a ticket from the conducteur for another omnibus." I told Mrs. K. this, for she was as ignorant as I about the omnibus regulations ; so we took our tickets for St. Sulpice, and went to the messagerie of the omnibus. There our tickets were changed, the French lady getting number two, and we, three and four : we thought this fortunate ; but it turned out not so, for the first omnibus for St. Sulpice which arrived, had only two places vacant ; one and two of course took them ; so we had to wait for the next, and were thus separated from one who seemed a very obliging person and able to direct us in our wanderings. It seemed that the question she put to me was quite one of chance, or rather of politeness, for she saw that I was not attending whilst the man distributed tickets for St. Sulpice. After waiting about half an hour in a very comfortable office prepared for *Messieurs les voyageurs en omnibus*, a second came ; we were now one and two, and got off at once. We crossed a bridge, reached the other side of the Seine, and entered the Faubourg St. Germain. I discovered that the omnibus passed through the very street in which I wished to be put down ; therefore, at No. 3, at which I thought Mrs. W.'s apartment was, I was put down. Up stairs and down stairs I went, through a great large house, knocking at this door and ringing at that, questioning portresses, interrogating maid-servants, and hearing them say, as I went away, "Seigneur Dieu ! come here to look for English, there are no English here !" Well, I returned to the street ; and, as I looked about dolefully, thinking that, after all, I should not find Mrs. W., I noticed that I was observed by a very gentlemanly-looking young man in a handsome cabriolet. In a minute or two he stepped out, gave the reins to his servant, and came up to me, and, with a bow, said, "You are a stranger, I perceive, looking for some house ; will you allow me to assist you ?" "You are exceedingly kind," I replied, and told him all I could tell. He went from shop to

shop, from house to house, making all kinds of inquiries which could lead to any information as to the arrival of an English lady and her son in that neighbourhood. At length, an old woman exclaimed, "Oh, yes, Madame W. did come here about a month ago; she lives at No. 29." Number 29 was at some distance; and, as we went along, my beau politely offered me his arm; I begged to decline it; he begged to be allowed the honour of calling on me; I told him that I lived in a boarding-school at a great distance from that; it mattered not, his visit would not compromise me in the least, he said, and he should be most happy to show me the museums, and all that was worth seeing in Paris, as I was a stranger. Still, I obstinately declined his favours, and at 29 bade him *bon jour*, a *bon jour* which he returned rather sulkily, and with his colour mounting in his cheek. However, he was really gentlemanly in his dress, address, and appearance; and I do think, he only meant to be civil in doing the honours of Paris to a stranger.

I found Mrs. W. in a very delicate state, though convalescent, and very glad indeed I was to see my kind travelling friend again. I sat a couple of hours with her, and then went with her son to see the church of St. Sulpice, which is very near the street in which she resides. It is a very large and handsome church, but not an ancient one. The high altar-piece is very beautiful; it represents the Virgin descending to the earth with the infant Jesus in her arms. There were some persons at prayer in the different chapels, though no service was going on; and I assure you that, witnessing these proofs of devotion, at times when we Protestants are too apt to dismiss thoughts of devotion from our minds, has an impressive and something of a *shaming* effect on my mind. Young W. accompanied me to the street and house where I was to meet Mrs. K., and with her I returned just in time for dinner.

To-day I set out with a French lady who is in the house, to find Madame D.'s I expected that she would be a better

guide than Mrs. K.; but I had no idea that I should have as long a journey to perform as that of yesterday, and be obliged again to have recourse to the useful omnibus; but it proved so, for the quarter called the *Marais* is as far from us as the Faubourg St. Germain. In the Faubourg St. Honoré, I met young W., who walked with us to the boulevards, making us laugh immoderately at his mistakes in speaking French. At the boulevards we entered the omnibus, and drove, and drove, and drove, till at last we came to the Rue de L. In returning, we walked, that I might have the pleasure of seeing the boulevards, and tired and stupified I was with their noise and confusion. I think I have had enough of the famous boulevards to serve me during my stay in Paris. How my head did ache when we had finished our *long course*! But, indeed, I was not perhaps disposed for idle visiting and sauntering in noisy streets this morning. Last night, for the first time since I have been here, I dreamed of you; and I have felt since a depression of spirits of which I cannot yet get quite the better. Yet my dream was only our scene at parting acted over again, except that this time you were leaving me in France to return to England. To recruit me after my fatigues, I determined on taking a bath. The baths to which the family go are just outside the *barrière*. I was quite amused on our return, at the *douanier*, or tollman, or taxman, or whatever he is, looking so carefully into the basket in which the maid carried my bathing apparel. He supposed we were going to smuggle into the city some contraband articles which we had been buying without the *barrière*. These imposts on oil, wine, and other things, which are paid at the gates of the city, must be, I should think, particularly vexatious and annoying to the good citizens of Paris. And I fancy a great many Englishmen would dislike being stopped at the gates of a town, as much as they dislike having a window-tax collector in their houses. If I had been inclined to give way to low spirits and fatigue, and to fancy myself really ill, I had an opportunity of asking advice on the sub-

ject ; for this evening the doctor of the house, who is attending one of the children, joined us at nine o'clock at the tea table. I have seldom seen any one whose intelligence and information pleased me so much, and I think, if I were really ill, I should have confidence in him. But I hope I shall never have occasion for his services ; however, the influenza, so prevalent in England, is prevalent here also, under the name of *la Grippe*. Do not be afraid for me about it ; as I have told you of my slight illness of to-day I shall not fail to tell you of anything more serious. That you may know that there was nothing of importance in my feeling of depression of to-day, I shall tell you farther that our young student, the youth of the *belle âme*, was here also this evening, and that I played a game of chess with him, and was beaten of course. Afterwards, one of the young ladies, who is clever at fortune-telling by the cards, told mine admirably ; nothing could be more pat than it was to my situation at this moment ; she guessed very well. And now, dearest mother, good night—to-morrow I shall conclude.

First and best then of this to-morrow on which I resume my letter, a letter from you which made me happy in your assurance that you are well, and that you can exist pretty well without me ; but I am grieved to learn the afflictions of our kind friends the H.'s Say to them all that you know I feel for them. Next best of this day, I am very well ; and now I must go on with something to amuse you. The day being very fine, I took Mademoiselle B. to Mrs. E.'s, to see some paintings which she had begged me to call to look at, but of which I shall say nothing, although Mademoiselle B. was kind enough to be enchanted with them. We found Mrs. E. in full toilette, which I assure you is a matter of no trifling importance with her ; she was waiting for a lady with whom she was going out to drive. After we had sat some time, the carriage of Mrs. E.'s friend arrived, and we took our leave. We then passed into the gardens of the Tuileries. The day was beautiful,—the gardens, the trees,

the statues, the swans, all looked charming after the long continued bad weather we have had ; even the ugly old palace, with its narrow windows and tall chimneys, had a grace in the sunshine—the grace of the olden time. We crossed the gardens to the opposite side from that by which we had entered ; and passing on to one of the bridges, contemplated the green and yellow melancholy face of the Seine, undimpled and unsmiling in all that brightness of noon. I took a view of the city upwards and downwards, and I was certainly more pleased than I was with the view of Dublin from a certain bridge there, on which I once stood. We passed then under one of the archways of the Louvre into the Place du Carousel, just as the carriages of Louis Philippe entered the court ; we hastened after them, and a moment after the king led out the queen ; they entered their carriage and drove off ; two gentlemen followed in another carriage. We were within five yards of those personages ; and, had I not had *la vue basse*, I might have been able to describe every feature in their faces, and tell you of some extraordinary discovery I had made from the expression of their countenances. We went back to the gardens for another turn before we should return home, but there met Mrs. K., who persuaded us instead, to go with her to see the Exchange.

When we got to the Bourse, it was just the high tide of commerce and stock-jobbing. At first view, the Exchange is striking, and certainly the exterior is fine and well proportioned ; but, taking it in detail, there is much that is paltry and ill-contrived in the interior. Greek temples, surrounded by columns, were never intended to contain, within those columns, apartments lighted with glazed lantern-looking doors, or to support a glazed lantern roof ; they were intended to be open to the air and light, but that does not suit a Parisian climate. Well, then, let Parisian merchants find another style of architecture, and not ape the Greek ; but you will say, I am already beginning to talk of what I do not understand, when I venture to give an opinion on architecture, and



you will expect next some of the cant. of criticism about painting. No more of architecture then. That which pleased—yet that is not the word—that which *fixed* me most, was the view from the gallery on the second floor of the area below, in which the merchants were assembled, where the stock-jobbers were buying and selling, and all the gambling of commerce was going on briskly. The noise to us who were above, was exactly like the waves of the sea breaking upon a rocky coast, or like the noise of a mighty forest ; but I will not so debase nature, dear goddess ! It was the bubbling up of a vast gehenna of chicanery which reached my ears ; the tricoloured flag waved over it—admirable ! I should think the glazed roof and the arcades of the Exchange are the causes of the great reverberation of the noise of those below ; *Messieurs les négociants* are not, perhaps, so much aware of it as persons in the gallery.

On our way back, Mademoiselle B. had some shopping to do, which detained us. I left my pocket-handkerchief in a shop ; and after we had gone some distance towards our street, we had to go back for it. We inquired at two or three shops ; at one, a handkerchief *à large ourlet à jour*, had just been given to a lady—it altogether corresponded to the description of mine, so I thought I had lost it—but, no—it was safe for me in the next *magasin* which we had visited. All this delayed us very much, and it was past six when we got home, but dinner had only just commenced, as Madame B. had been out shopping, and was late as well as ourselves.

Thus I end my second day's rambles : I tell you every thing just as it occurs, and all the sense or nonsense which occurrences put into my head. Is it not the best way ? Say that it is, very soon ; and now good-bye !

## LETTER V.

*Paris, April 4, 183—.*

I AM tired to death to-night, my dear mother, but I must begin my letter, that I may have it ready in due time; and as it is what you like best, I continue to prate to you of my whereabouts as usual. I set out about half-past one this morning, to call on Madame M., in order to get her to accompany me to make some purchases. I found her not, but found a note, saying that she was unavoidably compelled to go out; but, if I liked, as the day was fine, to make a visit to Miss D., being so far on my way to the Faubourg Montmartre, some of the servants would accompany me, and show me the house of Madame L. I embraced the offer, and set off with two chattering waiting-maids; I suppose one thought it would be rather dull walking with an English lady, so took a companion. The want of everything like cordiality with which we, in general, treat our servants, is beginning to be known to our disadvantage on the Continent, I believe, from many things which I have heard. When a carriage is seen with a female servant on the rumble, the exclamation is immediately heard of, "There go English!" No French lady considers herself degraded by placing her maid beside her in the carriage, and conversing with her. It is the fashion in England, to say that the fault in this matter is altogether on the side of domestics, that the familiarity with which the French of the same class are treated, would immediately make the English insolent. I am well convinced that French servants are not persons of better morals, or principles, or education, than English ones; and their being of better manners arises solely from their being treated with better manners, that is, with more kindness of manner. It is insolence on the part

of those above which has begot insolence on the part of those below ; the constant disposition to repress has made the desire to press forward arise in those on whom it is exercised. Speaking on this subject, I must tell you a remark which Madame B. made to me the other day : " I have known many English," said she, " and I have found that they all differ from us in one point—we place pride among the number of the vices ; you place it among the virtues." " But does it not seem to you, Madame," I asked, " that there is a kind of pride that is good ?" " No," she replied, " nothing to which we can apply the word pride (*orgueil*) is good, or can be called aught but a vice." I believe she is right. What do you say ?—But this has led me far from my French waiting-women, to whom I return. They conducted me safely to Madame L.'s, but Miss D. had gone on a visit of some days to the country ; so I had nothing to do but leave a card.

Madame L.'s is a much finer house than Madame B.'s, and the garden is much more extensive than that of the latter ; but I prefer our situation ; it is very far from the best parts of the town, but still much nearer than Montmartre. I sat for an hour reading in Madame M.'s on my return, in order to rest after so long a walk, and then got back in good time, before the dinner-bell had rung. In the evening, I had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. W. ; she came to tea, as Madame B. had, at my request, sent her an invitation. All the family were pleased with her—indeed she is an agreeable and lady like person. Her son has already improved wonderfully in his French, and makes an excellent attempt at conversation. We had only one other visitor, a young gentleman, who announced, with great satisfaction, that he had just come from his father's wedding, and that he had found his step-mother a very agreeable person of sixty years of age.

Whilst I was out to-day, Miss J. called to propose accompanying me to-morrow to the Jardin des Plantes ; it was very kind of her, but as I had already arranged a visit to the garden for to-morrow, and as she has left me the option of Friday, I

shall go to her on that day, and have written to her to say so; and now I must bid you good-night—to-morrow you shall have my expedition to the famous botanical gardens.

*April 5th.*

I set off this morning with Mrs. K. and Mademoiselle B., in "our own hackney-coach," for the Jardin des Plantes is at the other extremity of Paris, out of all walking reach. I had an opportunity of seeing a great deal more of the more ancient part of the city than I had yet had, and what I saw pleased me very much. It has an antique, irregular, picturesque appearance, very different from most of our English, straight-line brick towns,—but then, but then—those narrow streets, with tall houses, which look so picturesque as one passes quickly in a carriage, what are they to the feet and nostrils of those who make their toilsome way through them in hot weather, without the aid of a vehicle?

I cannot say how much I was delighted with the Jardin des Plantes—it does infinite honour to the nation. For me to attempt any description of its menageries, aviaries, cabinets, would be out of the question. I think I am the worst in the world at exact description—length, breadth, height, and all that,—besides, I must visit this interesting place again before I could describe it. Suffice it, that we spent six hours in the gardens, and did not see half that is to be seen. Before leaving, we went to rest a little in the apartments of a person who was once nurse in the family of Madame B., but who is now married to one of the superintendents, and has an apartment in a house in the garden. Her rooms were in the fourth story, and the best of them displayed a Turkey carpet on a red-tiled floor; a handsome mahogany bedstead, (not *four-post*, or any post) with a splendid scarlet-coverlet and gold-coloured border, and a canopy of the same with fringe to correspond; a large looking-glass, and pretty time-piece on the mantel-piece. The woman, herself, with her uncovered head and loose dress, looked very much like an untidy English dairy-

maid, yet few English ladies of any rank could have conversed better than she did. She interested me much, for she had been housekeeper to the celebrated Cuvier, of whom she spoke in the highest terms, his talents being only equalled by his goodness of heart. He had a daughter whom he lost a short time before his death; she was an excellent creature, and her name is well known to many in England from a little volume published for, and read by, that class, who arrogate to themselves the name of evangelical.

We got home to dinner before six, and, as we set out, in our hired vehicle. In the evening I lay down to rest a little, and to read. I must tell you, I have not given up romances yet, and I am now reading *Cinq Mars* by the Count de Vigny, a writer very much liked. For me, I like the spirit of *Cinq Mars* much better than that of *Notre Dame*; although the book, by no means, displays so much talent. It wants unity and concentration of plot; it is a set of scenes but little dependent one on the other; the characters are not developed, not unfolded, and their actions do not appear consecutive—it is as if there were gaps in the story. But withal, this romance pleases exceedingly; it is well written, and there is in it a fine and delicate perception of what is noble and virtuous, which we do not find in Victor Hugo's. De Vigny would lead to virtue by showing us its beauty; the other would force us to it, by exhibiting the ugliness of vice. Both seem to write with some moral purpose; and I have heard you more than once regret that such is far from being the case with many of our most popular writers of the present day at home. But you will, perhaps, distrust this, and think I am only making an excuse for my French romance-reading. Well, then, I shall bid you good-night again in this epistle, and say no more of books.

*April 6th.*

This morning I went to Madame D.'s, to keep my appointment with Miss J.; I found her a little indisposed, but she most good-naturedly banished all complaints, and at once

proposed to accompany me to Père la Chaise, to which we had fixed on going when I made my former engagement for the Jardin des Plantes. A young English lady, one of Madame D.'s demoiselles en chambre, (that is, parlour-boarders) also went with us. She has been three or four months in Paris, and is yet as little reconciled to French manners and customs, as I was, during my first fortnight. I could not help laughing sometimes at her; for when Miss J., in her mincing, yet exaggerated sort of way, praised everything French, and all French people, she whispered to me with a grimace, "Oh, I hate them, I hate them, selfish creatures!" I must repeat what I said—that it is with difficulty the genuine English amalgamate with the French. By genuine, you will perhaps think I mean ignorant and prejudiced—it is true that no small share of prejudice goes to the making up of the character of genuine English. But speaking of this, you have no idea how surprised I have been to find myself so much prejudiced as I am; I thought I had set out with the impartial spirit of Lady Mary Wortley, who could coolly weigh Turkish customs against English, and find the balance in favour of the former. Alas! for the liberal mind which I thought I possessed: I find myself on all occasions ready to exalt England above France, when the two are brought into comparison. That is scarcely fair, for I really hear nothing from the French but praise of England. However, to return to Père la Chaise, at the gates of which we soon found ourselves: I must say of its gates, that they are in no way remarkable, except for the persons who sit at them selling wreaths of *immortelles*, and of paper, and other things to decorate the tombs. Of the cemetery itself, I add, that it is a very beautiful and interesting spot, but,—

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,"

that is my cemetery—your French one has too much the character of prettiness, and of exhibition, to please me. We

saw the tombs of many (no doubt) illustrious persons. Most remarkable were those of General Foy, and of a Russian princess, her name Fame had not before sounded in my ear, and I already forget it; then there was a fine tomb of a Dutchman, who might be the Mynheer who wished his "glass to be deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee" for aught I know; then we saw that of Abelard and Eloisa, persons of whom Fame has thought proper to talk a little. It is singular, that this place of graves has not made me grave—it is not a grave place—it is all flowers, and trees, and sunshine, and ornament—it surely must be pleasant to sleep in.

From the highest part of Père la Chaise, as from the mount in the Jardin des Plantes, we had an excellent view of the city. What a sea of roofs lay before us! eight hundred thousand human beings packed in those stone and brick boxes, which are huddled together on that plain—and France has many a mile of field and forest without one inhabitant! Man is assuredly a wise animal in his love of the filth and stench of cities! Nothing is wanting to Paris but the canopy of sea-coal smoke to make it as charming as London. Whilst we sat on a tomb resting ourselves, Miss J. made a disclosure which quite startled me. She is going to enter a convent of Franciscans—to be really and truly a nun; and she will very soon enter on her noviciate. To be in a foreign country, and to hear people talk of taking the veil, and of abbesses, and priests, and convents, makes one think of the romances of old times. I do not know that anything of romance enters into her decision, but a little fanaticism there certainly does. I could not, of course, say anything which could have weight with her, as our religious views differ so widely; and in answer to what I said on her being more useful in the world than shut up from it, she informed me that in no convents was idleness permitted; that that which she meant to enter was devoted to education, and that she should be continually employed, and she believed more usefully, than she had ever yet been.

I confess, after all this, I parted from her with more interest than I had yet felt, because there is much affectation about her ; but I feel myself so incapable of taking such a resolution as that of hers, constraint and monotony being so frightful to me, that I think she must have a degree of strength of character which is worthy of respect, however mistaken her views.

Just before tea this evening a Miss B. was announced, an arrival from London, another *pensionnaire* for Madame B. She seems about twenty years of age, and a very nice young person ; we, however, only saw her for a moment : as she was fatigued, she retired to bed at once. Did I tell you that yesterday we had a *beau militaire* at dinner ; he came again to-day, and in his uniform ; is it not quite alarming in a boarding-school ? Poor man ! He was poked into Madame C.'s cabinet, off the dining-room, to feed alone, his dinner being sent to him from our long table, at which, I assure you, it would have been much more gratifying to us to have had him seated. In addition to this beau, in the evening we had a lady and gentleman from Versailles, with their little son, about three years old, a very fine child indeed. The children whom I have seen here are certainly very healthy and rosy, yet the grown persons have a very dried-up look ; this makes me think that English roast beef is the best thing for the full-grown animal ; eggs, and frogs, and vegetables, may do for the young ones well enough, if they get enough of the open air and of exercise. Good night ! once more.

*April 7th.*

This morning, one of the young ladies, who had never seen the interior of the church of Ste. Geneviève, or the Pantheon, as it is again called, proposed accompanying me to it. It is very near Mrs. W.'s abode, so we drove there, and sat a little time with her, but as she was not inclined to go out we left her, and walked to the Pantheon. The porter at once admitted us, and left us by ourselves in the silent, splendid church,



long enough to satisfy our admiration. He then returned, and conducted us to the vaults, in which there are not very many persons yet interred. One monument he pointed out was inscribed with the name of J. J. Rousseau, another with that of Voltaire ; neither awoke in my bosom a sentiment which I wish to preserve ; I have, however, read but little of the works of either, yet that little has tended to leave an unfavourable impression as to character on my mind, not, certainly, unfavourable as to genius. All the monuments which we saw are exceedingly simple and chaste. In one part of the vaults there is an amazing echo ; when the man struck his cane against the flap of his coat, the reverberation was like thunder. *Apropos* of the man,—I think we showed some courage in entering the vaults with him ; a grim-looking personage he certainly is, and, as he preceded us with a twinkling lamp through “those dim solitudes and awful cells,” we could not help pressing close to each other. We had, however, no cause for alarm ; he was as polite as possible, and the ghosts of the illustrious dead who repose there, were not to be disturbed by such insignificant creatures as we.

From the Pantheon we went to the church of St. Etienne, which is close to the other. What a contrast ! all that is antique, gothic, churchlike, highly wrought, after the fashion of the middle ages, is to be seen in St. Etienne ; the charm of the Pantheon is a solemn simplicity ; it is chaste and unadorned—I speak only of the interior of the two places. Yet it is true, that something of the simplicity and solemnity of the Pantheon may arise from its present silent emptiness—from its being no longer a church, but a vast tomb.

Two marriages took place while we were in the church of St. Etienne ; in two or three of the chapels service was being performed ; many lights burned around the tomb of the saint of the church ; altogether the scene was so beautiful, the music so touching, the odour of the incense so agreeable, it was all so unlike what we see at home, and so much like

what we only read of, that I began to sigh for—for what?—for you to see it with me. Indeed, I am so much fascinated by this gothic church, and its *gothic* ceremonies, that I intend, very soon, to visit Notre Dame, which should be doubly interesting to me after reading Victor Hugo's romance.

We returned in good time to dinner, and very much pleased with our morning's excursion! In the evening, we had a lady and gentleman, the parents of one of the pupils, at tea. The gentleman had been five years a prisoner of the English, confined in one of those terrible prisons, which are a disgrace to human nature—a pontoon. He had no reason to love England, but he spoke a little English to please me, and, still farther to please me, offered to procure me tickets of admission to the Chamber of Deputies. I did not refuse so obliging an offer, you may suppose, and I shall, therefore, soon hope to be able to give you some account of that celebrated place, which I shall not, however, be able to compare, or contrast, with the House of Commons, having never seen the latter.

Good bye!—Let me hear from you soon; and continue to be satisfied, that I tell you what I see, do, think, and read, with the same simplicity as I have done in this rambling epistle.

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#### LETTER VI.

*Paris, April 25, 183—.*

ALTHOUGH my excursion of to-day has been much shorter than those which I have lately related to you, dear mother, it caused me to be, what none of them caused, too late at dinner; the first course was over when I returned—and where was I? Yes; that is the question. Well, then, that introduction to one of the greatest men in France, from which, you know, I anticipated so much delight, and yet about which I felt so much afraid before I left home, has taken

place. My fears were traitors, my hopes only, true men. The amended health of Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarento, has at length permitted him to receive visitors, and I have been one of the first he desired to see. Even if my mind had not been full of the glorious deeds of this great commander ; if I had not read Walter Scott's praises of him, and that still better eulogium of Sir James Mackintosh, " that he was the only man in France who had influence from *moral* worth ;" I should yet have returned from the interview with him with admiration and delight. There is such a perfection of simplicity and candour in his manner, and at the same time, something which impresses on you the conviction that in trying situations he would act with equal boldness and dignity, that one must admire and reverence, as much as one loves him. I think now, that I should have felt a very unworthy personage indeed, in the presence of a man who has been a leader in events which have shaken " thrones, dominations, principedoms, powers ;" who has commanded armies, governed provinces ; has been the associate of emperors and kings, ever respected by them ; and, best of all, is the *chevalier sans peur et sans tache* ; of whom, in speaking of all who have done well in the wondrous wars of the revolution, we cannot help saying, " This was the noblest Roman of them all !" now that I think of these things, I feel, I repeat, that I ought to have been more deeply impressed in his presence, than I was by my own littleness and unworthiness. But the best proof that his manner is the best of all manners is, that he made me forget myself, forget whether I was little or great, worthy or unworthy.

He spoke very much of his travels in Great Britain ; of the pleasure they had afforded him ; of the fine cultivation of England ; of the appearance of comfort among the people ; of the beauty of Edinburgh and of the Highlands of Scotland ; and the pain which the wretchedness of Ireland, and the mixture of splendour and misery in Dublin caused him to feel. But all this, which I give you in a few words, he related

quite in detail, beginning at Southampton, where he landed, and pointing out on the map all the places of note which he had visited ; and speaking of everything curious in all the towns he had seen in the three kingdoms, with an astonishing exactness of memory. Yet I need not wonder at this, for he is very far from showing any approach of age either in his mind or person, except in the latter, hair of the snowiest whiteness I ever saw. He is tall, and extremely erect ; there is nothing faded or wrinkled in his fine open countenance, or on his broad manly brow, and his dark eyes are very handsome, and yet full of fire. For the rest, he spoke to me of his family, and most of his young son, the pride and joy of his heart, whose mother died when he was but a few months old, and who is now at a college at the other side of Paris ; he spends the Sunday always with his father, a day of happiness to both, as one can well imagine. But does it not show great self-denial in a man of the Marshal's age, to refuse himself the gratification of having the boy always with him, and to send him to college, instead of having a tutor for him at home ? I am sure he is right ; with his rank and expectations, he has a much better chance of escaping the bad effects of flattery among seven hundred boys at school, than if brought up by himself at home. Two other visitors, gentlemen, arrived while I was making my visit, so that I thought it better to shorten it, or else I could gladly have sat another half hour. The Marshal conducted me to the outer door of the suite of apartments, and before I left him, desired permission to return my visit very soon. You must think that I feel very proud and happy to-day ; yes, indeed, and I have reason to be so.

*April 26.*

I told you that I intended visiting Notre Dame. The same young French lady who was my companion to St. Etienne, accompanied me to this church also. We did not reach it, however, without some difficulty, and some broiling in the sun, for this time we determined to walk, and my guide, on

whom I relied, took me quite wrong. In fact, with the two great towers of Notre Dame towering above every roof in the middle of the Seine, she took me across a bridge to the other side, and led me along one of the quays for a very long way. Two or three times I said, "It seems to me that we are wrong—is not that Notre Dame on that side?" Still she persisted in her own way, and I certainly had no right to think that I knew Paris as well as she did, so I kept my peace. At last she was obliged to ask a man—"Notre Dame, *ma petite dame*?—*c'est là!*"—and he pointed to the other side of the river. We were obliged to measure back our steps; and, by a few more inquiries, we found our way to the old church. The exterior of this is much more remarkable than that of the other churches which I have seen; I have purchased a print of it for you, but it does not convey any correct idea of its laboured workmanship. It has a very ancient appearance, to which the interior scarcely corresponds, as it has, I think, been lately repaired, and its walls look very bare at present. We took chairs and sat down in front of the high altar, to rest and to take a full view of the church. Three o'clock struck, and soon after a troop of priests entered, through the cloister, and, taking their places, began to chant a service; but I can scarcely call their manner of half singing through the nose chanting—it was *nasalising*; and the impression they made on my mind was very different from that made by the service at St. Etienne. These gowned men only made me begin to speculate on what good purpose to which to apply the vast piles raised by Catholicism, when Catholicism should have passed away, as all things pass; they are not adapted for a simple religion, which appeals only to the reason or professes so to do, like hard-featured Presbyterianism. Even the Lutheran form of worship becomes but the shadow of a shade, a half-mumbled mockery in a large cathedral; nothing but a high mass, in all its perfection, is suited for such a building. What, then, make of the gothic piles of the dark ages, when men begin to refuse high mass, as most Frenchmen do now?

They would scarcely make places of instruction for youth, unless some new race of Peripatetics was to arise ; in that case, the gloomy cloisters might serve as well as "Academus' sacred shade," for walking philosophers and their disciples. However, I must end this idle chat, and tell you that my companion led me astray two or three times on our way back to Madame B.'s ; but in spite of this we were in good time for dinner, and both much pleased with our morning's ramble through the city.

*April 27.*

This morning I went to Mrs. W.'s, taking with me Miss B., the new young English lady, as I thought it would lighten the heaviness of first days in a foreign land. With Mrs. W. we went to the Luxembourg Palace, and spent a couple of hours in the picture gallery. Some of the paintings are exceedingly interesting, those, particularly, which represent Napoleon's battles ; but for want of some one to point them out, the likenesses of his great captains were lost to us ; we guessed, however, at Murat, his white plume being conspicuous in many places. These pictures are all to be removed to the Palace of Versailles, which the king is going to convert into a grand national museum. In the gallery were many young artists employed in copying, and by far the greater number of visitors, while we were there, were soldiers ; that they were not drawn here solely because they would see pictures of battles, but for some taste for the arts, I must infer, from having remarked, that the same class of persons was to be seen in the cabinets of natural history in the Jardin des Plantes. It is in the Luxembourg Palace that the Chamber of Peers assembles—I should like to be there when they are assembled, if such a thing be allowed. In the meantime, I have to tell you, however, that I have visited the Chamber of Deputies. I made an appointment with Mrs. W. to take one of the tickets which a gentleman had procured me, and we went together a few days ago.

The Deputies meet in the Palais Bourbon, the situation of

which is in every respect admirable; the entrances and staircases are very fine, and the Chamber itself is beautiful; perhaps it is a little too like a theatre for my taste. Its semicircular form, its tribunes, its crimson draperies and gilding, give it quite a stage-like, theatrical air on first entering. The marble of the columns and walls is very handsome, but being white and light gray, there is in the appearance of the place nothing of that grave aspect which, it seems to me, everything should wear surrounding the senators of a nation.

After some discussion on the budget, came on the question of the day, and then we had some capital talking. I cannot call what we heard speech-making, it was too familiar, it wanted, like all around, something of gravity. At one time the squabbling was famous, and I laughed outright; the poor President rang his bell for silence many a time and oft,—the silence was only momentary; at length the vociferations of "question," could be no longer disregarded, and the balloting urns were brought. This business of voting put me very much in mind of what I have read of the old Roman method of balloting for their consuls; the people passed over a narrow bridge, and put their votes into urns on either hand. Here, the urns being placed on each side of the tribune, from which the members speak, they mount by the flight of steps on one side, drop in their black or white ball, and descend the steps on the other side. When all have voted, four or five little baskets are brought, and the balls are counted. Much time is lost in this affair, and I think it altogether clumsy and ill managed; besides, how are the people to know in this way how their representatives vote, and what their sentiments are? To my simple sense, it seems as if the people should vote by ballot, and their representatives openly.

As some uninteresting business came on after this, we left before the end of the sitting, and went to Galignani's, where we wished to make some purchases, making the whole tour of the Palais Royal on our way. We all acknowledged that

we admired it more now than we had done at first. It is a wonderful place; there cannot be another such mart, such a bazaar in the world, I should think.

You know, I told you we had had our *beau militaire* at dinner: he has been our constant visitor since Monday last, under pretext of seeing his sister-in-law, who was calling here on Sunday, and hurt her foot, so that she could not leave this with him. I am much mistaken if that lady has not arranged a marriage between him and a Mademoiselle L., one of Madame B.'s *demoiselles en chambre*. The young lady seems quite to be at her ease in the affair, and all is going on comfortably, with an apparently perfect understanding between her and the gentleman; although but a week acquainted, they are, from previous arrangements made by others, on the footing of wooers of a year's standing in England. Our very agreeable Doctor continues to be frequently of our party in the evening, and I am always much pleased with his conversation. Many things which he said last night, for instance, threw for me a new light on French habits and manners, and I wish I were not too lazy to recall all the conversation, and ask you your thoughts thereon, and give you mine. Instead of that, which would require some effort of memory and some thought, I shall tell you that I still continue my reading, directed, as usual, by chance, or by any one who happens to be near me. It was, then, chance and Dr. V. (of whom I have just been speaking), that put into my hands Legouv  's poems. His first, "*Le M  rite des Femmes*," is a great favourite with the ladies here. For me I found it, to say the honest truth, sufficiently dull, and read its notes with much more pleasure than itself. The other long poem, on memory, perhaps reaches Rogers' on that subject, which, you know, we cannot call a first-rate poem in English, though it is touching and pretty. I am not, however, sure that I should place Legouv   beside Rogers,—I am disposed to give the preference to the latter; but then I distrust myself, when I compare French and English poets—



I can only judge fairly when there is no ground for comparison. Read both, however, yourself, they will recall many floating images which belong to your own mind and memory alone, while they place those of the two poets before you, and they will also make you think of me, who have read them so lately, and have thought frequently of you during their perusal. But I must talk to you now of something else.

I am thinking seriously of leaving Madame B.'s; if I do so, I shall let her know on the 1st of May, my intention, as our engagement is only from month to month. Let me know your opinion. Madame L. strongly advises me to change, although she knows that the B.'s are respectable, and that I like them very much. But I am here at such a distance from all that I should wish to see in Paris, and from all those whom I wish to visit, that it is both expensive and fatiguing to do all I wish to do in sight-seeing and visiting. I shall make the necessary inquiries about a boarding-school, in the Rue de V., kept by Madame M., and I shall let you know what I think of it, and make up my mind as you direct, either to go there, or stay here. For the present, I shall say no more about this, but leave you to think of it. Good bye, then !

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#### LETTER VII.

*Paris, May 8, 183—.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I MUST begin by speaking to you of the 1st of May, which, you know, is a great gala day here, being the fête day of King Louis Philippe. In the morning I felt but little inclined to go out, and felt very much as if sight-seeing would fatigue me to death, and in this mood I was when young Mr. W. came to accompany me to his mother's, and show me on the way all the gaieties of the Champs Elysées. Whilst he and I were chatting before setting out, Miss J.

and four young ladies were announced ; this detained us some time, but they were also going to the Champs Elysées, and had come, supposing I should have no objection to accompany them. We all, then, set off together. As we walked along, I of course directed my conversation to Miss J., whom I looked upon as my visitor in some sort, to whom I was bound to do the honours ; my cavalier, seeing himself thus neglected, dropped a step back, and began to chat with one of Miss J.'s young ladies, to whom she was chaperone. Behold her quite in a fright ! “ No such thing was ever known in Paris as a young lady talking with a young gentleman in the street, or, indeed, anywhere else—would you have the goodness to call your young friend to your side—as you are English, his speaking to you will not appear extraordinary. The French, I assure you, have much finer ideas of decorum than we ; for instance, no young lady would ever get married if it were known she had ever been alone with a gentleman.” Oh, Miss J., said I to myself, you may call that a fine idea, I call it a very coarse one ; and so I called my young gentleman to my side, and desired him to remain there. I must say I am glad that I fell into the rational hands of Madame B., and not into those of Madame D., under whose management this poor creature has got such ideas, and is going to become a nun.

In the Champs Elysées we got into a horrid crowd—now I hate a crowd—so the bad music, and good dancing ; the song-singing, and play-acting ; the men climbing up poles, and the boys turning round in whirligigs ; the cake-making, cake-selling, and cake-eating, had but few charms for me, and I soon left Miss J. to take what care she could of her immaculate young ladies, in that anything but immaculate crowd. I proceeded with young W. to his mama's, where we had an early dinner, and afterwards we went to walk in the gardens of the Luxembourg. We had tea at seven, and at eight set out to see the grand fireworks and illuminations—for illuminations, quite enough—but for fireworks, just none at all—

we were too late. Poor Mr. W., I think, regretted our loss very much, for he was very silent ; but he was very good in taking care of me after we separated from his mama and aunt. We were obliged to leave them on the Pont Royal, neither of them being able to undergo any more fatigue, and no carriages are permitted on such nights as these, where the crowd is assembled. Indeed, he and I found some difficulty in making our way home on foot. First, we tried to continue our course towards my quarter by the quays, and cross by another bridge, but our progress was cut short by a barricade, and by soldiers, who would by no manner of means permit us to pass. We then returned to the bridge which we had quitted, crossed over to the gate of the Tuileries, and plunged into the crowd valiantly ; but, in a minute or two, my courage gave way, and I begged to retreat. We then passed under one of the arches of the Louvre, crossed the Place du Carousel, and got to the opposite side of the gardens, and finding admission by no means so difficult with the crowd on this side, as we had found it on the other, we entered. Here the illuminations repaid us for all our trouble ; we walked down the centre alley, and passed into the Place de la Concorde, where we much admired the Chamber of Deputies, certainly the best illuminated building we saw. Thence we held on our way through the Champs Elysées, also very prettily illuminated ; at length we found a street which led into the Rue St. Honoré, and directly on to Madame B.'s, and it was nearly eleven when I reached her door. Some of the young ladies, who returned soon after, were more fortunate than I—they had seen the fireworks ; one party, however, declared they were fine, another that they were only middling, but all agreed they were nothing to those I should see in July, on the anniversaries of the Three Days. So much for the 1st of May, one anniversary : now for another, not forgotten here, the 5th of May, Napoleon's death-day ; the date is deeply impressed on my mind since I read Manzoni's fine ode, but here I could not have forgotten it, for here he is ever remem-

bered with adoration, and the base of the column in the Place Vendôme was hung with hundreds of crowns of *immortelles*. Madame B. would never be weary in relating to me traits of Napoleon's goodness, anecdotes of his kindness and familiarity with the soldiers and the people. I listen to her, but I have learned to hold him a little in suspicion; there was an outside layer of amiability to his puppets, in order to make them play their parts well, which I like not; it was caused, like all else in him, by selfishness, and not by any real regard for the *military machine* which he made use of. "So much for Buckingham!" and is it really come to this with me, that I, who once adored Napoleon, can now coolly canvass his virtues and his vices, and find the latter predominate!—Strange, indeed!

I must tell you, that since my last letter, I have not been entirely devoted to morning excursions, but have had some evening ones, Madame B. and her daughters having been very gay, whether in honour of the lieutenant from Montpelier, the *beau militaire* of whom I told you, or not, I do not know, but Mademoiselle L. has taken a part in the gaieties. First, we went to a concert at a place called Vauxhall. Our party filled two carriages, and our only gentleman was the attentive lieutenant. We were very early, that the young ladies might have the pleasure of a walk in the garden, before the concert began, so the saloon was not lighted up when we arrived, and there was not a soul there to interrupt our rambles through the very pretty little garden. The saloon in which the concert was held is very handsome, and, if well filled with well-dressed company, would have a beautiful effect; but, unhappily, there was, this night, a beggarly account of empty benches. The music was pretty good, consisting of solos and concertos on the piano, harp, flute, violin; and of two or three Italian and French songs. When the lady who played the harp struck her first chords, I bent my ear right gladly—"I know these notes," said I to myself; then came a long roulade and some flourishes—of those I knew nothing; again the few

notes which "came o'er me like the sweet south ;" and after a little tantalising of my ear and my memory, she played exquisitely some Scotch airs. It is surprising how much the enjoyment we derive from national music depends on association of affections ; for the people of one country do not find the sweet sounds of another appeal to their souls, as they do those to which they are native-born. I am sure I was the only one in the assembly who *understood* those airs, for when I turned with delight to Madame B., to let her know what they were, she coolly replied, "Ah, they appeared to me something quite *savage* !" and not a word more—so much for the music which Burns and Moore have "married to immortal verse."

Our next evening's entertainment was at the house of a Mr. K., "the schoolmaster abroad," I may in truth call him, since he is genuine English, and wields the sceptre birch here in Paris. We came away before supper, for we heard there was to be supper, yet it was nearly three o'clock when we reached Madame B.'s. The moon was shining gloriously, and our drive along a part of the Boulevards, where the trees remain in their beauty, unscathed by the revolution ; across a bridge, on each side of which are a number of fine statues, —looking so solemn by that light—and through the Champs Elysées, was to me the very best part of the night's entertainment.

Our next piece of dissipation was a dinner-party given by Madame B. ; and in order to have her dining-room at liberty, the pupils dined at four, and at six her company began to arrive, consisting of some sixteen or eighteen persons, principally gentlemen. The dinner was not very conformable to the English order and arrangement of a dinner, but it was a very good French dinner ; "the rage of thirst and hunger o'er," we all went into the garden, where we had little cups of coffee, and immense quantities of talk ; and then followed liqueurs, of which some of the gentlemen took no inconsiderable portions. One of these, a stout, bluff personage, was a

commander in the navy, and he gave us wonderful histories of his battles, and of the many ships he had taken ; however, it came out that he had been taken by British vessels three times. My national malignity made me hear this with something very like satisfaction, but that was because he had been boasting a little. Of the young men, I must say, that some of their talk, which they intended, like many college youths, to be about "fixed fate, freewill, foreknowledge absolute," seemed to me horribly profane. Yet they did not mean to be profane ; they thought they were talking like persons of sense and reflection—as if they were capable of so talking ; and they intended what they were saying for mature opinions. In short, it was evident that the great truth, that "none can by searching find out God," was unknown to them. The want of seriousness and of humility, which is almost the distinctive mark of the character of the French, must be ever a great bar to their improvement, and decidedly unfits them for taking the lead (as the world seems disposed to allow them to do,) in that great career which men have yet to run, before their rights and liberties can be firmly established. As the evening was by no means warm, I soon left the garden, and went to the drawing-room ; some of the ladies followed, and in a little time, Madame B. and the gentlemen, deep in politics, made their appearance. Such a discussion as we had ! The naval captain, being paid by government, is, of course, of the government party ; one of the young men, employed in some public office, takes the *juste-milieu* ; another is staunch republican,—he gave me his political creed, one day, in the laconic terms of "Mademoiselle, I do hate all kings !" this he said in English ; one other gentleman was of the side of Madame B., a radical reformer. You may imagine from this how animated the debate was. Heavens ! how they did talk ! What a noble disregard of the arguments of their opponents all displayed ! What distorting of faces, shrugging of shoulders, tossing of arms, slapping of hands ! What jumping up and sitting down ! The monotony of English society, bad as

it is, is charming compared with the *unvarying variety* of noise in such a party. At length some of the ladies made a move, which the husbands were obliged to obey, and at midnight all took their leave.

What I shall tell you of in the last place is, of a day spent at Mrs. E.'s. She insisted on my being very early that we might have a walk; so when I entered I found her with some morning visitors, a Belgian lady and gentleman with a lovely little boy, and a French Baron, an *il fanatico per la musica*, and a thorough hater of Louis Philippe and the Orleans family. I could not help being amused by his description of the king's person, with his whiskers *de cocher de cabriolet*, and then by his contrasting him with a king chosen by savages for bravery and beauty, showing how he was really a king obeyed and respected, while all the absurd etiquette of a court here only rendered the plain fat man, who was hedged in by it, more ridiculous. All this was amusing enough; but the fact is I believe, that in the true kingly qualities of courage and cunning, Louis Philippe equals any savage chief of an American tribe who ever held the rank bestowed on him, despite the intrigues of a dozen rival chiefs. When the visitors had departed, we went to walk in the gardens of the Tuileries; they were very full, and there was a world of fashion to be seen; but I saw nothing so admirable as the magnificent alley of chesnut-trees now in full flower. However, trees though beautiful cannot talk, and Mrs. E. found what was more to her taste, a number of acquaintances on whom to bestow smiles, and from whom to receive them. The first group she stopped to address was the Countess O'D. and her two daughters, all as affected and fine-ladyish as could possibly be desired: they are constant frequenters of the gardens, and as well known as the statues which stand in them from year to year. Burns's often-quoted line on "the German gentles," may be applied to an immense shoal of French counts and barons—they are, indeed, "but small;" smallest, however, of the small are

those with a true Irish name to which those titles are prefixed. Sometimes the name in all its purity remains, and at others the O is changed into *de*, and such a name as O'Grady may be changed into *de Grady*. I could name to you many of these Milesians.

I must not conclude without letting you know that I have let the B.'s know that I shall leave them, and that I have called at Madame M.'s, in the Rue de V. The house is infinitely superior to this, quite removed from the street, and surrounded by a beautiful garden. The apartments for the pupils form two sides of a square, and the house for the *demoiselles en chambre* is quite separated from theirs; they have also separate gardens, and separate tables, which will be very agreeable, I think. Madame M. is a very fat, good-humoured, motherly-looking sort of person, not very lady-like certainly, but by no means vulgar or ill-bred. Since you think I should be right to change, I shall make up my mind to go to her on the 1st of June, as I do not wish to make further inquiries about boarding-schools, and as I hear everything that is favourable of hers.

Good bye, then, for the present !

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#### LETTER VIII.

*Paris, May 22.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

IN order to tell you all I wish in regular order, I must go back almost to the date of my last letter, to the Sunday before last. That day was so warm that I did not go to church. I could not think of the tremendous distance between this and the Oratoire, so I sat in my room reading, and walked in the garden until nearly three o'clock; at that time I went into the saloon; the sound of a carriage attracted me to the window, and I saw an equipage which I knew



must bring me a visitor—it was the Duke of Tarento : I was summoned, and met him on the stairs. “ Ah, how do you do, Mademoiselle ? ” said he, in English, almost all the words he knows, for he cannot speak it ; but sometimes picks up a word or phrase in compliment to his many English visitors. I conducted him into the saloon, but the apartment next to it has recently been painted, and he found the odour of the paint rather disagreeable, so that he requested me to go into the garden with him ; thither we went, and placed ourselves on a seat under the trees at the farther end, where he remained more than an hour with me. Thinking that I was in duty bound to be interested in boarding-schools, he gave me the most minute details about the Maison Royale of St. Denis, of which, as Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, he was director for seventeen years, and he has consequently had the regulating of the education of more than two thousand young ladies. It is to me evident that this school has been quite a pet concern with the old warrior. He himself added a new class to the others, *la classe de perfectionnement* ; of course, after passing through it, as the school-girls say, *they were finished*. But I need not tell you anything more of the Maison Royale, as he has promised me a letter for myself and party, which will be a passport to every part of it, for his mother-in-law, the Countess de Bourgoing, is yet superintendent of the establishment, though he, after the revolution of July, resigned his office of Chancellor of the Legion of Honour. I listened with pleasure to all that he said about education and boarding-schools, yet thinking, like the poet, when a royal person criticised his tragedy, and discoursed about the unities, “ God forbid your majesty should know as much about those things as I ”—or like poor Goldsmith, when spoken to about bailiffs, “ I know what they are, for I have been in the rascals’ hands.” But I listened, admiring the excellent countenance, the mild yet spirited eyes, the silver hair, and the whole appearance of the man who talked about school-girls, and had outdone Hannibal at

the Trebbia, for his glorious defeat there, caused by Morean's defection, was followed by victories greater than those of the Carthaginian.

Various other subjects followed—his travels in England, of which he seems to like to talk, or else he does it in compliment to me. In passing through the court, as he was taking his leave, we met Madame B.; he took off his hat, and I named her to him. He immediately entered into conversation with her: from inquiries about her school, he passed to the *Maison Royale*, and again spoke with enthusiasm of its arrangements. At length bowing to them, and taking leave of me, with "*Au plaisir de vous revoir, Mademoiselle,*" he entered his carriage and drove off. Every one who saw him was as much enchanted with him as I am myself. A few days after, I had a very kind letter from the Duke, inclosing one for the Countess de Bourgoing; and, also, an order for admission for myself and friends, at the *Maison Royale*, on the following Sunday, and in addition to all these politenesses, inviting me to breakfast with him on Monday morning. On the evening before our excursion to St. Denis, we had arranged to set off at eight in the morning, as we were strongly recommended to be early; but at eight I was the only person on foot, and in breakfasting order; soon after arrived poor Mrs. W., having taken a very hurried meal at home: thus we English kept the appointment, and they French were ready at half-past nine.

We reached St. Denis soon after eleven, and found that it was a *fête* day; we could not be admitted until half-past twelve, the mass being longer than usual. To fill up the interval, we repaired to the old cathedral, dedicated to the patron saint of France, and in which are the tombs of her kings; but here the long mass interfered with our intention of examining the tombs, for they could not be shown until it had terminated. We waited then to hear the mass, and to see the procession of the priests. St. Denis is the place of retirement of superannuated bishops, and it is probable that all whom we saw engaged in the service were dignitaries of

the church ; they were certainly all very old, and wore most beautiful dresses ; some of the finest lace and embroidery which I ever saw, decorated the sides and skirts of their robes. In the midst of their performance, however, I was obliged to screen myself behind a large pillar, and indulge in a very improper fit of laughter at poor Mrs. K. She is very tall and awkward-looking ; yet, quite unconscious that she might attract any notice, she placed herself in the very centre of the church, and with hands joined, and with wondering eyes, she gazed on all that was going on with extraordinary intentness, standing like “the statue which enchants the world,” immoveable for half an hour. When she joined us, her first question to me was, “Do you know that the Catholic religion is very different from the Protestant ?” “Really, is it so ?” “Oh, yes ! it is very bad, indeed ; none of those priests whom you see have ever been allowed to marry.” “What a pity ! their wives and daughters might have had so much beautiful lace !”—said I, turning away and leaving her to discover whether I was serious or not, by her own ingenious mind.

At half-past twelve we returned to the Maison Royale. I delivered my credentials, and we were shown into the *parloir*, which is exactly that of a convent, with a grating or trellis-work across one end of the room, in order, I suppose, to separate the pupils from those visitors who do not come within the pale of the laws of the house. The long mass was not yet finished, and I had to wait a little time before I could see the Countess de Bourgoing. At length one of the ladies came to lead me to her, and I found her in a very pleasant saloon, which opens with folding glass doors on the large grass-covered court of the establishment. She is a very pleasing old lady, eighty years of age. She received me with great kindness, and after a little conversation, she rang and desired *Madame la directrice des études* to be sent to her. When this lady came, she requested her to show me and my friends the whole of the establishment ; she then asked me if all my party could

speaking French ; when I replied not all, she desired that another lady who could speak English should accompany us also. I then took my leave of the Countess, and returned to my party in the *parloir*. We commenced our inspection with the kitchens, which are very large, and admirable for order and cleanliness. Dinner was just being served, and the numerous neat maid-servants in their black dresses, white aprons, and handkerchiefs, were hurrying to and fro. As we passed into the refectory, the pupils, of whom there are five hundred and fifty, were then entering from the chapel, and taking their places according to their classes, each class occupying a separate table, and each is known by wearing a ribbon across the bosom, with certain coloured stripes, to distinguish one from another. For this number of pupils there are seventy governesses in the house ; there must be, at least, as many servants, I should think, for everything is in the first style of elegance, order, and cleanliness. There are nearly one hundred acres of garden and pleasure-grounds belonging to the house. It is a very fine building, and was, before the revolution of eighty-nine, a monastery of Benedictines, and those persons knew in general how to lodge themselves pretty well. We were conducted from the refectory to the chapel ; it is very pretty, but strangers are never admitted when service is being performed ; only on the day of the first communion of the pupils the *mammas* are allowed to be in the gallery. After this we saw the rooms for the drawing lessons, where are busts and models of all kinds to copy from, as well as pictures ; in short, there is all that an artist can require. Then we saw the gymnasium ; a late addition, made since Marshal Macdonald gave up the direction of the establishment. Everything in it is of beautiful polished wood, and there are sheepskin rugs spread on the floor, to prevent any danger to the young ladies from falls, while they are exercising. The dormitories are long rooms, with four rows of little white beds in them ; one of them contains two hundred beds, I think ; they were formerly long

galleries partitioned off into cells for the monks, but are now in a state much more conducive to the health of those who sleep in them. The bathing-rooms, and rooms for the sick, are also kept in the neatest order, and very comfortably fitted up. Besides these, there are *lingeries*, rooms where the young ladies' linen is kept, on open shelves divided into compartments and numbered, so that each pupil's is known; *broderies*, rooms where they are taught embroidery, of which we saw some most beautiful specimens; and *pharmacies*, rooms where they are taught the making of syrups and preserves, and the uses of plants for medical purposes. You will readily imagine from all this, that there are few similar establishments in Europe for the education of young ladies; although there may be some more extensive ones, for those who do not rank in that class; this, however, costs the French government about 18,000*l.* per annum.

The name of Marshal Macdonald was no sooner pronounced than all were eager to show us every place, and every thing; and I must say, that if we had been inclined to make any complaint of French breeding, it was not here that we could have had grounds for it; no doubt, much of the attention I met with was owing to the introduction I brought. I was much pleased with *Madame la directrice des études*; she told me she had been twenty-five years connected with this establishment, having been with Madame Campan at Ecouen, which was the root of the Maison Royale, formerly the Maison Impériale, when Napoleon transplanted the school of Ecouen to St. Denis. Madame Campan was firm in her attachment to the Emperor, venerating, as she did, his great talents, and knowing how much he had done for France, descending in his designs for her amelioration, even to the details of female education; in that, however, it must be confessed that his taste was not of the purest, and showy qualities were of more value with him than real goodness. It is said that Madame Campan had reason to complain of neglect and ingratitude from the Bourbons, after the restoration of Louis XVI., and that she died in poverty.

The present excellent order and arrangement of every department of the Maison Royale, is entirely the work of Marshal Macdonald. He sent me with my letter of introduction the book of its laws and regulations, and, indeed, when I read it, I could not but see the spirit of the soldier in its discipline, and in all its details so orderly, and proceeding from grade to grade with such exactness. You may remember, that when we read Lord Collingwood's delightful letters to his family, we declared that he was the only person of whom we had ever heard who was thoroughly qualified to be a *governess* to young ladies—or *governor* rather—such a governor then,—full of sentiments of rectitude and honour ; full of the desire for useful exertion, and the determination to fulfil every duty, joined to the finest taste in all that is pure, and refined, and elegant,—was happily found in Marshal Macdonald for the Maison Royale, to educate the portionless daughters of the officers of the Legion of Honour. We took our leave of the amiable ladies who had conducted us through the establishment, with a feeling of obligation for their kindness, and with the highest gratification with all which we had seen.

At the church we were again unsuccessful in our application to see the tombs ; another mass had commenced, and we were refused all ingress. To console ourselves, we determined to dine ; this we did at a *restaurant*, to which Madame B. had been recommended. No sooner had we finished our meal than we entered our carriage again, and drove to Andilly, where she wished to pay a visit : her friends have a pretty house and garden, and from the latter we had a charming view of Enghien, with its lovely valley and lake. It was nearly seven o'clock when we reached St. Denis ; on our return, we again made an application to see the tombs in the cathedral, but it was now quite too late—all was shut up for the night. On reaching Paris, a cup of tea was very grateful to us all, and I retired to rest, fatigued, indeed, but much pleased with our day's excursion.

On the following morning, at ten o'clock; I drove to Marshal Macdonald's "in my own hackney-coach." I found him in his library, conversing with an old gentleman; he received me with his usual grace and kindness, and soon began to make inquiries about the Maison Royale. I do believe he is more proud of that school than of all the battles he has fought. In a few minutes his dear boy entered; I do not wonder that he is proud of him, for he is a very fine youth indeed; he speaks English very nicely, and also German, having had, his papa told me, an English nurse and a German maid, at the same time. The Marshal was called away for some minutes, to attend to a petitioner in the drawing-room, and during the interval, the stranger, whose name I did not hear, approached me, and entered into conversation. He told me he had often thought of visiting Scotland, having been invited by Lord E., with whom he asked me if I were acquainted. Then, he said he was distantly related to Count O., (a name sufficiently celebrated in Ireland,) and by him he had been frequently solicited to visit Ireland; however, he had not yet seen any of the three kingdoms, being deterred from the voyage by his ignorance of the English language. He agreed with me, that this cause would not exist for the rising generation, and hoped that intercourse between France and Britain would be much more frequent and more intimate than it had yet been. When the Marshal returned, breakfast became the subject, and his son, declaring he was dreadfully hungry, skipped into the dining-room, and returned with the announcement, that dessert was quite ready on the table. This seemed to English ears a strange intimation that breakfast was ready, but it really was so, for he was followed by a servant who announced that it waited. The Marshal led me in: on the table were sweets, and fruits, and creams; caraffes, decanters, and glasses. On the side-board were all the substantial parts of the meal, côtelette, omelette, blanquette, and other dishes which were handed round in the first place; then, the dessert

was tried, then tea and coffee were brought round, and afterwards finger and mouth glasses were placed, as at dinner, so that you see this breakfast might have been made a dinner. When we had finished, we returned to the library, and during the time I remained, I had an opportunity of seeing a little of the real excellence of Marshal Macdonald's character. There was solicitation after solicitation for favours and kindnesses, all listened to with unfailing goodness and attention. A general officer, member of the Chamber of Deputies, came to speak on the subject of a motion to be made for a pension for a certain officer's widow ; in a moment the Marshal was at his desk, and a letter was written in her behalf. After him came Captain O., from his name, Irish by descent, if not by birth ; he seemed gentlemanly and modest in his manners ; the conversation was of his departure for his regiment, and immediately the Marshal had out a map to trace the whole of his route for him. As the old gentleman who had breakfasted with us took his leave, and as several military gentlemen began to come in, I thought it time to take mine, which I did, after having spent two delightful hours—delightful you must indeed suppose them.

My next letter shall be from my new residence, with Madame M. I shall be glad to leave this house, which being on the street, and near one of the gates of Paris, is extremely noisy, and more particularly so at an early hour in the morning, when the market-carts are entering the city ; but I shall be sorry to leave the family, who have been very kind and attentive to me ever since I have been with them. Madame G. speaks highly of the advantages of Madame M.'s establishment, and I am, therefore, still better satisfied with my decision. And now I must end my letter, which I hope you will find as interesting as any which I have yet written to you ; I have told you in it much that has been very interesting to myself. I hope my next abode may not be duller than this, yet it may be so, for Madame M. has not a family of her own around her, like Madame B. The arrangements there



are much more those of a boarding-school than here, I imagine ; besides, here they are Protestants, and have had many English girls with them, which makes it all more homelike to me ; but I think, independently of all other considerations, I am right in going to a place where I shall see another aspect of the French character, to rub off in every way possible the rust of English prejudices. If I can go back to you with my mind like the polished mirror, which reflects things just as they are, without any distortion, will it not be delightful ? Alas ! I fear it is unattainable, that perfection of candour—but let us hope : good bye, then, in hope !

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## SECOND BOARDING-SCHOOL.

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### LETTER IX.

Paris, June 6, 183—.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I LEFT Madame B.'s on the morning of the first of this month, and at eleven o'clock sat down to the *déjeuner à la fourchette* at Madame M.'s. After breakfast, I went up to my apartment ; it is a charming one. From one window I look over a great part of Paris, from the other the garden in front of the house. There are few situations which could be so agreeable and quiet as this. I was quite amused with the man who came to arrange the furniture in my room as I should like to have it. You know, that here it is not extraordinary that a man should put in order the furniture in a young lady's bed-room, for men do all that is to be done in them, except make the beds ; all the dusting and cleaning is their part. " Now, Mademoiselle," said he, " are you not well placed here ? Is it not an agreeable room ? In a moment your window-curtains and bed-curtains will be put up, which will

make all look charming. Here is a caraffe of water, most excellent water for drinking : pay attention, Mademoiselle, if you please : this is for drinking, that in the jug for washing." "But I must have a writing-table, Dubois ; I cannot do without it." "Yes, certainly, and everything else you want." It pleases me to see a servant like this good Dubois, who takes an interest in his master's concerns.

At dinner, I had the pleasure of seeing Monsieur M. ; Madame was not able to appear, being ill, and fearing *la grippe*. Monsieur is a good fatherly-looking sort of man. There were only four of the ladies of the house present ; but what a comfort it seemed to dine with so few persons, and without children ! The dinner was excellent, various dishes, and the quantity of each small enough to make you feel some inclination to eat. At Madame B.'s, when we dined so many together, it was necessary to have such immense piles of spinach, or asparagus, and other things, that one felt a dislike to "curtail them of their fair proportions."

The garden is surrounded by a thick shrubbery *à l'Anglaise*, with a score of winding walks in it. I sauntered through it by moonlight on my first evening here, and wished that I had had you to enjoy a stroll in it with me.

On the second day at dinner, our numbers increased a little, although Monsieur still did the honours, Madame not being able to come down. We had Mrs. H., an Irish lady, who has apartments in the house ; a young lady, her visitor, Mademoiselle B., one of the governesses of the school, and the Curé, who has the care of the souls of Madame M.'s young ladies. He is nearly eighty years of age ; I was exceedingly pleased with him, and should like to have more conversation with him than a dinner-table permits. There is not, perhaps, a race of men more to be pitied than the French clergy of the present day, bearing, as they do, the burden of all the sins of the Catholicism of centuries past, a very different thing from what it is now, when churches are neglected, and priests are obliged to slip through the crowd, with dresses as little as

possible calculated to distinguish them from it. Although they escaped in the revolution of '30 the sanguinary proceedings of '89, yet they were exposed to, and have experienced since, the contempt and hatred of the people in Paris. No situation can more call for the exercise of the Christian virtues than theirs ; and I am convinced, from what I have heard, that there are among them many noble examples of the excellence of the Christian faith, in giving dignity and humility of character at the same time, and in teaching to the oppressed charity towards their oppressors.

After dinner, Mrs. H. invited me into her room to see her daughter, who is a little indisposed, but who had a young English friend with her ; and when there, she insisted on my remaining to take tea with her. Now, if I tell you all about my evening's amusement, you will say, that from a charitable vein towards the priests, I am turning to a satirical one towards my own sex. No, indeed ; but my three ladies had spent the greater part of their lives in the East Indies, and I think a great portion of their intellect had evaporated in that sunny region. Poor Mrs. H. had set out from Ireland in early life, with an accent and phraseology which show her deficiency of education and of cultivation of mind ; and it is singular that she should retain both strongly, after a forty years' residence in India. It matters not, however, what her birth and education were ; for she is *now* a General's widow, with a handsome jointure. I shall give you an example of the mama's, daughter's, and visitor's style of making themselves great to me. " Yes, you may think what a difference it is living here after India, for it's not to say two courses or three, but five or six every day at dinner, and that as regular as the day came. But I do say this, the servants here make it much more comfortable than in England—for you do not meet with the rudeness you do there. They certainly are all great liars here ; but then, they will do the things you want, and wait on you with some sort of politeness,"—and much more in this enlightened strain ; to which the visitor sighing replied,

"I wish that I had never been in India, or that I had never left it. One *does* live in such a different style there—oh, dear! it *is* very different." Miss M. was falling in, in this maudlin way, also, when her doctor was at that moment announced. True Hibernian was he; and music becoming the subject, he was at home there. He had lately been at the church of St. Roch, and, "upon mee honour," said he, "the music was so fine, that really, I half cried at hearing it. The curate of that church is a sensible man; he sees that something must be done to make people go to church in the present day, and he has always the best musicians; and, upon mee honour, he *has* good music!" Hereupon, with admirable good breeding, for it was evident this man was a Catholic, Mrs. H. began to ridicule the mummary of the mass. At this he rubbed up his hair and said, "Ah, then, I declare Mrs. H. ye are a little illiberal." I thought a great deal so, as, passing from French religion to French morals, she gave it as her decided opinion, and candid it is, that truth, honour, virtue, and decency, were qualities unknown among French women. On this, the doctor defended the French with wonderful courage, considering who his opponent was, and what the utmost effort of argument with ignorance and prejudice is. He tried to convince her that there are in France some excellent and virtuous characters; that as bright examples of goodness may be found here, as any that England can produce. I ventured to hint, that the want of confidence in the virtue of their women and their young people, which was so often betrayed, excited in my mind suspicions that all was not always what it ought to be under the agreeable surface of French manners. In reply, he pointed out to me, what he is competent to do from a long residence in France, how many of the customs and habits of the nation require cautions which are unnecessary in England; from this, however, he was far from inferring that the people are less virtuous in the one country than the other. It was a subject which I did not like to continue, or I should, perhaps, have turned the ques-

tion thus—Are not the habits and manners of the English better, as being more domestic, as tending more to inspire sentiments of virtue ? As far as regards women, I am inclined to think so ; for there can surely be no better security for the virtue of women than a generous confidence in it on the part of men. Instead of saying anything of this, I took an early occasion of saying good-night, during a pause in the conversation, leaving Mrs. H. to the doctor, and the doctor to his patient.

On the following day we had, in addition to Mademoiselle B., another of the governesses, and an English lady, who had been in the country for a few days. After dinner, Mademoiselle B. asked me if I should like to see the school-rooms and dormitories, and other parts of the house, and she very obligingly took me over the whole establishment. It is really a very large one, and could very comfortably accommodate one hundred boarders. We entered first the chapel,—for all large schools have a chapel within their walls, so that the pupils may not be obliged to go out for divine service. This is the reason the curé dines with us twice a week, when he comes to perform mass. The little chapel here is very handsome indeed ; nicely arranged, and cushioned with crimson. From it we passed into the library, which is not very large, but tolerably well filled ; then into the dining-room, which has the usual bare, uncarpeted appearance of a school dining-room. Above these rooms are several school-rooms, large and airy ; one for general studies, and one for drawing, and another for music. Above these are the dormitories, very well furnished, and each little bed provided with a bed-side carpet—a thing not always attended to here. There is also an *infirmerie*, or room for the sick ; it is carpeted all over, and made very comfortable. There are also a great number of little apartments for the governesses and attendants ; but, in fact, the house is so large, that I do not think I could find my way through it alone. It was first a monastery—Messieurs the monks were put to flight ; then it became a

nunnery—Mesdames the nuns were also under the necessity of dispersing; then it was a *maison de santé*, or private lunatic asylum, but I suppose it did not succeed, for, two years after, it was again untenanted, and Madame M. took it for her young ladies—I should rather say Monsieur M., for this school is one of many school speculations which he has engaged in. It seems he is like Dogberry, “an honest man, and one that has had his losses too,” as I have gathered from what he has told me of himself, for, like most Frenchmen, on that subject he takes pleasure in talking.

He was once in the army, and served the emperor *en bon Français*; he was taken by the Austrians, who, with many threats, insisted on his bearing arms for their emperor; this he refused to do, and he was led out to be shot; however, at the last, their hearts relented; they let him off, and gave him a paper, declaring that he had refused to serve them. With much difficulty he made his way to Paris, and brought his paper to the minister at war of that day, thinking with pride of his patriotic conduct; but when he showed his certificate to the great man, he was told he was a fool for his pains, and that no kind of employment, either military or civil, could be found for him. In this extremity he thought of school-keeping, and began with four pupils and fifty francs. Through the generosity of a banker, however, to whom he honestly told his case, he received some thousand francs, without security and without interest, to be paid when he could. At the end of three years he had three hundred pupils, some of them children of the first nobility in France, and his establishment, at a beautiful spot, a few miles in the country, was quite a princely concern. At the same time, he had also two schools in Paris, one of them for day pupils; this is still kept up, but with diminished numbers; the other two have been completely ruined, Monsieur M. says, by the revolution of July; but I know not how that may be. His spirit of school speculation is not, however, quelled; he would now, if he had the funds, begin an establishment for ladies, in the

same splendid style as that which he had for boys in the country, but dedicating it entirely to foreigners, more particularly English. Thus, you see, I have unfolded some of the secrets of my prison-house, or rather *pension*-house, and you will understand among what a different set of people I am from the B.'s.

*June 9th.*

The quiet and seclusion of my apartment, and its pretty view, still give me pleasure, and they ought, you will say, to favour my studies. I cannot, however, boast of myself as a student, but I am always a reader. I have just got to the end of Guizot's "*Histoire de la Civilisation en Europe*;" and when I tell you this, and what I think of it, I hope you will pardon me adding, that I do not just now feel inclined to commence his history of the civilisation of France, which follows the other work.

I was at first very much pleased with his work. His clearness and simplicity of style seemed to me to stand in good stead of eloquence, and if I could not grant him the grasp of intellect of Gibbon, or the depth of Hume, I said that at least he had more candour than either, and that he wrote better for ordinary readers—wrote more usefully. But as what he has written is rather a deduction from facts than a relation of the facts themselves, it is scarcely fair to speak of him with those historians. Even in the beginning, I could not always agree with him. In searching into the causes of the present state of things in Europe, he appears often to take a certain fact (to use his own phrase) as cause, and to place it too independently of preceding causes. For instance, much that is connected with the Roman Catholic church, and which has had a great influence on European civilisation, did not spring out of Christianity; it existed before Christianity, and only became a part of it, because Christianity became a part of the Roman empire, blending itself with Paganism. This sort of tracing, or tracking of causes, might, however, lead the historian too far back. But although I found this

little fault, and although I could not agree with him in all things, I thought as far down as the crusades he had written well and wisely. After that there seemed a want of the broad views of the man who looks on the world, not through the medium of books or parchments, not as a scholar, or a diplomatist. It is neither books, nor the treaties of kings, which have made the civilisation of Europe. How is it that M. Guizot has so slightly mentioned the main agents of civilisation—commerce and navigation? These, without printing, would have done much; these, with printing, have done all that has been done, and with them will do much more. While priests, kings, nobles—by wars, exactions, and efforts to perpetuate ignorance—have endeavoured to keep men barbarous, commerce and navigation have struggled to civilise them, and to teach them what freedom is. As to all that can be said of the combats of the feudal power; of the democratic; of the ecclesiastic; of the monarchical; they are simply the combat of the strong against the weak; of those who had power against those who had it not, but who struggled for a share of it. The fact is, Europe is not civilised; and nothing approaching truth can be made out, when so general a view is taken as that of M. Guizot. The history of the nearest approach which some of its different nations have made to civilisation might be written, and a sort of balance drawn up. For this, we should have a German to do for Germany what M. Guizot has done for France; an Englishman the same for England; and so on. How would the matter stand then? You will say you cannot tell, until you know what civilisation is, and then you could guess how nearly the different nations have approached it. I know, indeed, if I were discussing this matter by your side, you would ask me what I think civilisation is—I will tell you then—I think it is a *wise freedom*. “A very indefinite definition,” you smile and say. Well, to leave it then! I think M. Guizot has been very unjust to Germany, in his estimate of her importance on European civilisation. He acknowledges, as all unprejudiced



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but it is the genius of society, not of societies—it has not yet been that which aids the civilisation of nations.

I heard that this house had been a *Maison de Santé*, and it is strange that I never look out of my windows without thinking of a story in “*Highways and Byways*,” which you once read to me when I was ill. It was about a *Maison de Santé*, and I am sure the author drew it from this very house : there is a confusion in my mind, very often in my idle moods since I have been here, of my sick dreams, and of your sitting at the foot of my bed reading. But I ought only to have pleasant dreams and visions here—I have such an agreeable prospect from my windows. On one side I can see more than half of Paris, the domes and towers, and spires of churches and hospitals lie beneath me, for we are quite on an elevation ; stretching away beyond the maze of roofs and chimneys, the eye wanders towards the south, but not a mountain outline is to be seen. Close under my windows, the trees of the garden all around make, with their leafy tops, a labyrinth of ever-varying shades, deepening from the pale foliage of the acacia to the dark-green of the pine. Good-bye—I have almost wearied you this time, I think, about my new abode. Good bye !

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#### LETTER X.

*Paris, June 22, 183—.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I SHALL begin by speaking to you of the weather—a strange “change has come o’er its spirit,”—it is, to-day at least, October—the wind whistling through our windows, the trees groaning all around in the blast ; indeed, there is almost “the angry sigh” of November in the sound of the wind. I was on the point of saying, that if all springs and summers here were like this, the French have not much to boast of

persons must do, that Protestantism has been a main instrument in making men acquainted with their political rights. Will he then place France, who massacred her Protestant subjects—who rejected a Protestant king—who expelled her most industrious sons, because they were Protestants—on a higher social level than Germany, whence Protestantism went forth—which has been a *focus* of thought for Europe—a country where men have been so quietly at work in effecting their own civilisation, that it would almost seem that in time they will civilise their rulers ?

As to the literary claims for France, it is certain that Italy is before her in the order of time ; the Italians will say, in merit also—for, although the merit of French literature is great, it has never been adopted by any other nation ; it has never founded a school out of France, as the Italian has done in poetry. M. Guizot grants to England the superiority in political matters, and I am contented ; but he has much which I cannot receive in his chapter on the revolution of 1644. To Spain and Holland he has allotted a much smaller space than, in my opinion, he should have done, when we consider what Europe owes to Spain by the discovery of America—owes her so much in the great political experiments America is making, and so much in the spread of the outward improvements of life, consequent on intercourse with America. To Holland, Europe is also indebted quite as much perhaps, for the great lessons of political freedom which she taught, both by her commerce and foreign discoveries.

Whilst the Dutch were struggling for their rights, and extending the comforts and the arts of life, what were the French doing ? Making unjust aggressions on the rights of every nation around them—led on by vanity and ambition, were making themselves foes abroad, and at home there was rising up one of the most atrocious of tyrannies—the *monarchy pure* of Louis XIV. But I must end all this, of which you will be fatigued. I end, then, by granting to the French the eminently social genius which M. Guizot claims for them ;

but it is the genius of society, not of societies—it has not yet been that which aids the civilisation of nations.

I heard that this house had been a *Maison de Santé*, and it is strange that I never look out of my windows without thinking of a story in “*Highways and Byways*,” which you once read to me when I was ill. It was about a *Maison de Santé*, and I am sure the author drew it from this very house : there is a confusion in my mind, very often in my idle moods since I have been here, of my sick dreams, and of your sitting at the foot of my bed reading. But I ought only to have pleasant dreams and visions here—I have such an agreeable prospect from my windows. On one side I can see more than half of Paris, the domes and towers, and spires of churches and hospitals lie beneath me, for we are quite on an elevation ; stretching away beyond the maze of roofs and chimneys, the eye wanders towards the south, but not a mountain outline is to be seen. Close under my windows, the trees of the garden all around make, with their leafy tops, a labyrinth of ever-varying shades, deepening from the pale foliage of the acacia to the dark-green of the pine. Good-bye—I have almost wearied you this time, I think, about my new abode. Good bye !

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in the superiority of their climate ; but that is wrong—I should say their weather ; that is, like ours, changeable, but the climate is much less humid and heavy than ours. That we have some sudden changes in the weather you will judge, when I tell you, that last evening I had one of my moody fits, which I could not for a long time banish ; and, as night came on, I indulged in a long contemplation from my open window, which made me better. All sights and sounds were so softened by the gradual sinking to repose of day, that I must have been sullen indeed not to have been pleased. The rustling leaves beneath my windows ; the twinkling lights of the wide-spread city ; the hum of men, made almost music by distance ; the quiet stars, looking with the serenity of the eyes of deities on this fair world ; all said to my heart, “ Peace, be still ! ” It became still, as even you could have wished it to be, dear mother ; and while I yet watched, it seemed to be filled with joy, for there came on a rain, which fell so refreshingly on the parched earth, I could not but be glad—and it made such sweet music on the thick foliage, that is to me one of the finest sounds in Nature—and she has many heart-touching sounds, from the voice of our God in the thunder, to that of our mother, when she says “ Good night ! ” Did you not say good night to me last night ? I heard you in my mind’s ear, as I was shutting my window to retire to bed ; and, this morning, I awoke to hear you say good morning amidst the sounding of the wind, which had arisen in the night. Yet I liked the morning, the sky was so varied ; I have no taste for a sky without clouds. This is a day which will not tempt me out, so I may give it all to you.

The night and rain are past ! and now, the clouds  
Disperse, and ’twixt their rents the sun gleams out  
In smiles capricious. See, they float away  
In masses dark, yet not irregular,  
Or without form ! A giant’s portraiture  
I see— But quick, the winds, magician-like !  
Are working spells. So ! he has vanished—Ha

A Centaur now looks into heaven with face  
Upturn'd of grinning mockery. Behold,  
Instead, a lion with huge bristling mane !  
And now a noble courser paws the air,  
Made for some Titan to bestride—but, no !  
A nymph, one of Titanic mould in truth,  
Is on his back, yet not of form ungraceful.  
Already she is gone !—A bull appears,  
His forehead broad and his large horns he bows,  
As if to toss some rival from the heavens ;  
A sunbeam idly lights his gloomy brow.  
See ! see ! A demon-angel ! At his back  
Vast wings, his robes float loose around his form,  
His hair in ringlets waves, his shadowy hand  
A trumpet raises to his lips !—He sinks—  
The bosom of a cloud like midnight black  
Receives him. Now appears a dark, rough island  
In a sapphire sea—'Tis rent—the unreal isle !  
And a bright strait divides it in the midst.  
A bridge the mimic current spans—sweet scene !  
For now the rugged coasts of the two isles  
Are fringed with gold—and now they 're gone !—The sun  
Still higher rising on his changeless way,  
Is victor o'er these varying shadows, like  
Immortal Truth o'er Falsehood's fickle charms.

So, what do you think of French clouds ? I could not help telling you the fantastic things which had pleased me so much, when I arose and looked out of my window this morning. But perhaps, indeed, this wish to describe the sky of the morning to you was but the remains of a vein in which I was last night. I had been reading the "*Hermite en Italie* ;" and you will be amused when I tell you, that, after reading a little, the mania of the moment made me stop to improvise ; and then I wrote my improvisation, which I shall give you. You must have first the hermit's French, however :—" *La ville est située sur les bords de la Trebbia, torrent célèbre par la bataille qu' Annibal livra sur ses rives*

à Sempronius. Depuis la visite des Carthaginois jusqu'aux combats que les Français conduits par Macdonald ont livrés aux Russes en 1799, je crois qu'il a été facile de tenir note des étrangers assez intrépides pour se jeter dans cette aspérité profonde."

### LA TREBBIA.

O Italy, once free, and glorious,  
And beautiful ! Alas, no longer so !  
And here we scarce can think that such thou wert—  
How wild the scene !—And Nature's aspect drear !  
In naked ruggedness the Apennines  
Frown o'er the sombre valleys. No green slopes,  
No happy peasants' vine-decked huts are seen ;  
No cheering voice of man, no song of woman heard,  
But in their stead the moaning winds, and murmurs  
Of a torrent brawling on from rock to rock.

That torrent is the Trebbia !—Ha !  
Now mighty shades descend the mountain's side,  
And bands of shadowy warriors fill the vale !—  
Here men, of climes far distant met in battle,  
And, in the cause of country and of freedom,  
Shed their blood. The torrid South sent forth her sons  
For conquest and revenge—'twas here the Roman,  
Girt like Mars for fight, in combat met  
The Carthaginian fierce—on that day  
The haughty eagle of the legions fell,  
Fell for a moment 'neath a master spirit.—

But ages pass—Carthage is but a name,  
And Rome the shade of what she was.—Behold !  
Visions of other warriors now arise.  
These from the North, barbarian valour theirs,  
Their chief a warrior stern, savage, fierce—  
Not Romans now contend on Roman ground—  
Gallia, Rome's tributary once, her children  
Sends to enfranchise fallen Italy ;  
Their leader worthy is to lead the brave,  
And such are they who follow him to fight—

Courage and genius light his manly brow,  
 And every gentle virtue warms his heart.—  
 Night darkens o'er the vale by fancy seen,  
 My visions fade, yet still to fancy's ear  
 The echo is awake with the loud clang  
 Of arms ; the torrent hath a voice which tells  
 Of great heroic deeds—  
 I hear in different tongues the battle cries,  
 " Carthage and Vengeance !—France and Liberty !"  
 And names beloved of glory—" Sempronius,  
 Hannibal, Macdonald, and Suwarrow !"

Do you not say, bravo ! bravissimo !—To be sure, the blank verse is a little *blankish*—but what of that ? Is there not a fine climax in Suwarrow ? Just this moment I perceive I might have put Macdonald first ; and I ought to have done so, for he is the best man of the four, I am certain, although I do not know the others personally. This does well :—

And names beloved of glory—Macdonald,  
 Hannibal, Sempronius, and Suwarrow !

But I must leave these flights of fancy, and tell you of my whereabouts ; and I think I shall begin at the beginning of my week, as the best way of recalling all that you may wish to know.

On Monday, then, I thought it time to return some visits which had been made me since I came here, and, having one of the ladies of the house to accompany me, I was able to do so. After our second breakfast, then, we set off. I went, first, to Mrs. W.'s ; I found her much improved in health and spirits. I then went to Madame C.'s ; and from thence to Mr. K.'s, which is not far distant. I was shown up to the saloon, where we had been received on the night of the ball—it is a beautiful room, the ceiling superbly painted, and the walls covered with looking-glasses from ceiling to floor ; some of the other rooms, which are used for dormitories, are still handsomer than this. I imagine Mr. K., and a great



many of his English boys, were never so lodged before as in this prince's palace. Mrs. K.'s family were Unitarians ; and she told me that that sect had endeavoured to obtain some proselytes in France, but ineffectually : the clergyman who had been sent over, after spending a great deal of money in different ways, had been obliged to give up the matter altogether, and had some time ago returned to England. I am not surprised at this ; the reading, study, and reflection which the Unitarians demand, and that exercise of reason of which they boast, would not suit the French—they leave Catholicism and rush to unbelief ; their religion, or want of religion, “ no cold medium knows,” and most persons say, that the cold medium is precisely the thing which the Unitarians wish to attain. Mrs. K. took me to see their chapel, which is a very large one. They have a clergyman of the Church of England, who officiates in the morning ; and a French one in the afternoon. We found it was past six when we got back to the Rue de V., so we ordered our dinner in our rooms, as we were rather tired ; and after I had made a very comfortable repast, I lounged away the rest of the evening in my arm-chair, amusing myself with some books which Monsieur M. had sent me.

On Tuesday all were on foot very early in the house, as I heard, for I did not see, as the hour was half-past six : eight of the young ladies were going to their first communion, and Madame M. had, of course, to accompany them. Mademoiselle B. asked me yesterday if I should like to go with them, as the *coup-d'œil* is one of the prettiest that can be seen ; but the earliness of the hour, and the account she gave me of the crowd which most probably would be in the church, made me determine to wait until next month, when there will be a communion of the same kind at St. Sulpice. There are, generally, some hundreds of girls and boys of twelve years of age ; the latter are in their neatest trim, the former all in white, even to their shoes. The church is always filled with the relatives and friends of the communicants ; and alto-

gether, the matter is quite a ceremony and a show, much more so than confirmation is with us.

I had a visit from Mrs. E. and her daughter this day, and they had not been long gone when Madame G. came. I was delighted to see her—she is an amiable and excellent person. I think one of her reasons for calling was to inquire about Miss D., as she has been asked by a French family to procure them an English governess. We had some talk on the subject of governesses and companions, and she readily agreed with me that they were verily nought but slaves. I had heard that they were treated more as they ought to be in France than in England; she, the opposite of this, that they were better treated in England. However, we were forced to conclude, that “the proud man’s contumely” is the same everywhere, although different habits may make it differ in the manner of its expression. Speaking of the numbers of young women who come over from England to place themselves as governesses here, Madame G., who knows Paris and its classes thoroughly, pointed out to me, that this is, of all places in the world, the most disagreeable for an unmarried woman dependent on her own exertions for her support, yet raised by education above the working-class of women—no place, she says, can offer her fewer advantages, fewer pleasures, and less respectability. I am the more convinced that she is right, from having listened to the conversation of men sufficiently liberal and enlightened; what I have heard from them, makes me think that the effects of the national demoralisation of the French before their first revolution, are yet to be seen and felt, and they will long remain.

At dinner we had our eight young ladies, all in white book muslin, with neat caps; the veils which they wear in church they had laid aside. They had but just returned from church, at six o’clock, when the dinner-bell rang. They have, as yet, only confessed, and had absolution: they must undergo many days’ praying before the communion comes on. All this is right, as far as it tends to make a profound impression

on the mind respecting the first sacrament, and all other sacraments ; for I remember well—although the school at which I was, was one where instruction in religion had been made of too much weight, taught as it was—that I felt a sort of indignation and horror at the coldness and carelessness of some girls of sixteen on their first receiving the sacrament. After the communion is over, there is to be a lottery in the church of many ornamental things made by the young ladies of different boarding-schools, for the benefit of the poor children of the parish who cannot pay the necessary fees at their sacrament.

While we were at dessert, a footman, in livery, appeared on the terrace on which our dining-room opens ; Monsieur M. went to speak to him, and returned with a note for me from Marshal Macdonald, containing tickets for the Chamber of Peers, for Saturday. He had waited until a discussion would come on which would form a sort of sequel to that which I had heard in the Chamber of Deputies, and of which he had heard me speak. With what a genuine spirit of amiability he does everything ! It is not merely, “I will do this because you wish me to do it ;” but “I will do it in the way which will be most gratifying to you.” In this he shows the best nature with excellent tact.

Of Wednesday, I must begin by telling you of school-room matters. I had asked to be summoned to the school-room, when any lesson was given which Mademoiselle B. might think would be interesting to me, and was called to attend this morning. We had a dictation lesson very similar to those which I have heard at Madame B.’s ; certainly it was, however, conducted in a more school-room-like fashion. There were order and silence ; the governess appears quite as much at home in the difficulties of her language as Madame B., but she seems to want much of that sympathy with the pupils which the other showed. Still, I must confess that the discipline of this school-room was much more agreeable to me, who am not one of the children, than the happy freedom of Madame B.’s.

After my schooling, Monsieur M. presented me with some tickets for a flower-show ; fortunately, Mrs. W. and Mademoiselle J. called on me, so that I was able to make use of them, having them to accompany me to it. It was one of rare plants and flowers, such as are common now in almost every town in England, and I have seen some at home much better than this, as far as the beauty and rarity of the plants are concerned ; not certainly better as to the place of exhibition, for this was in the orangery of the Tuileries—an admirable place—and yet the plants were not tastefully arranged.

At dinner we had the excellent old curé, whom I like every day more and more ; he followed me into a window after dessert, and while Madame M. fidgeted about, I kept him in conversation for an hour. He enlightened me about the new French Catholic Church, and I him about the Irish Catholic church, about which he seems deeply interested, and of the sufferings of which, under the English Church, he had formed but a very imperfect idea. After this we spoke of the flower-show at which he had been, and he told me he was more pleased with a child whom he had seen than all the flowers ; he was about five years old, and so simply and prettily dressed, (when he compared him with his recollection of the stiffness of his own childish dress, the difference seemed marvellous to him,) that he followed him for an hour with delight. I found that Madame M.'s fidgeting arose from her wish to ask Monsieur le Curé for a receipt for making a liqueur—and I can tell you curés are the very best persons you can apply to for any nice little memorandum worthy to be chronicled in the archives of a good housewife.

On Thursday I was very quiet all day. I walked in the shrubbery, enjoying the stilly hum of noon, and thinking that I could there have re-read Thomson, or Beattie, or Cowper, or any of our old English poets, with infinite gusto ; but I had none of them, so was obliged to content myself with some volumes of Madame d'Abrantès' Memoirs. They are cer-

tainly much more tedious than most French memoirs, and too full of family details ; some exhibiting vanity and self-complacency truly French, but very absurd at times. Still, one picks up an anecdote here and there interesting enough, and throwing, when rightly interpreted, some light on the characters of the Buonaparte family.

The other book, which Madame B. put into my hands as one which all young persons liked, I did not like, though I acknowledge the talent of its author. It is Dumontier's "Letters to Emilie, on Mythology." There are in them wit and tenderness, and elegance ; but they are a sort of satire on mythology. Now, I confess to you, that although I have only read translations of the classical writers of antiquity, there is something very unpleasing to me in any mockery of their Olympian Jove, or of that mighty host worshipped by Greece and Rome. And I am inclined to think there is a *fineness* of malice in the letters, which could not improve the taste ; at least, they suited not my taste. The heart is not rightly tuned when the lips speak thus, however elegantly chosen the words may be. In vain I look in writers who *intend* to be witty, whether French or English, for the excellence of Goldsmith ; of his wit, the essence is good nature ; and his satire never leaves behind one bitter feeling against our fellow-beings.

After this I tried "Les Saisons" of St. Lambert ; but I could not get on with them. I persevered as long as I could in their tedious monotony of rhymes, but it would not do ; still, as I read, some all-expressive line of the Scotch bard presented itself to my memory, embodying, as it were, a page of the French poet ; and so my sense of justice made me determine to give him up, until I should have forgotten Thomson, and should be able to judge fairly of his Seasons without thinking of ours.

And thus I have filled my paper, and cannot finish my week for you—can scarcely get to the end of the idle day which I have begun. If there were anything in the other

two days of my week worth telling you of, I shall give it you in my next. This way of recalling day after day is a good one for making me omit nothing, so I may practise it often. Good bye ! Do not fail in your letters, as I am always anxious.

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## LETTER XI.

*Paris, July 2, 183—.*

THAT which should have made the termination of my last letter, dearest mother, was our Saturday's visit to the Chamber of Peers, for which, you know, I had tickets. Mrs. W. was of course my companion, as I knew she had not an opportunity of procuring tickets herself. She and I and her son presented ourselves at the Luxembourg Palace soon after twelve o'clock. The door-keeper told us that half-past one would be soon enough ; so to pass the time we went into the picture-gallery again. Neither this visit to the gallery nor that to the chamber affords me anything very remarkable or amusing to tell you. The Peers were assembling as we entered, and my eyes soon rested on the venerable white head, which I admire so much. I pointed out the Marshal to Mrs. W. as he was bowing to me, and she admired his appearance as much as I do, finding in his face a likeness to that of Walter Scott ; and it is true indeed that there is something of the same expression of countenance ; yet Scott could never have been so fine-looking as the warrior is.

We had three very long speeches made, two of them very good, on the subject, which was the order of the day, the conclusion of what we had heard in the Chamber of Deputies. The scene here was very different from that which we witnessed there ; the speeches were long and studied, and were listened to with respectful attention ; and if there was not striking dignity of manner, at least there was perfect decorum. Mrs. W. not understanding French sufficiently to

enter into the spirit of the speeches, got tired, and we came away before the conclusion.

I liked the Chamber of Peers much better than the Chamber of Deputies, because it has a more sombre and serious aspect, but it certainly is far from being so beautiful. It is of the same form ; but instead of the theatrical boxes all around, it has a little gallery for strangers, with a drapery of blue, like all those of the Chamber, but, to say the truth, they looked shabby enough. There are some very beautiful marble statues between the pillars along the entrance, and in the anteroom, the flight of steps leading up to which is magnificent. Speaking on the subject of my morning's occupation at dinner, and the conversation continuing farther on the subject of the Peers, I was surprised to learn how the Commons had overreached themselves in their fury against everything hereditary, after the revolution of July. They actually wrested from the Peers a bill abolishing the hereditary peerage, titles of course continuing hereditary as before. But what is the consequence of the peerage not being hereditary ? That the King elects the Peers, and that he may always have a Chamber at his devotion. At least one would think so ; but I do not know enough of this matter, only repeating to you what occurred in conversation, for there may be some restrictions on the King's powers in this way.

Since that tickets were sent me by Madame G. for the museums in the Louvre, and as I asked Mrs. H. and her daughter if they should like to accompany me, we went one morning, and spent some hours there. Our first visit was to the suite of rooms containing the Egyptian antiquities ; they are splendid, the marbles, the columns, the gildings, the paintings, all fine ; and I think we passed through ten or twelve of these superb rooms. The curiosities are arranged in beautiful glazed cases around them, and some mummies lie in state on marble tables, in the centre. Very extraordinary things we saw, such as vases, jugs, bowls, cups, dishes, ladles, spoons, shoes, ornaments for the person, seals of the kings,

and idols of the ancient dwellers by the Nile. But to an *unantiquarian* person like myself, the *coup-d'œil* of the various rooms through which we passed is more striking than are the things which they contain. I sat down in one place to admire a beautiful mosaic pavement, and there the eastern things around me sent my fancy to the East. I remember having read, that in a part of Syria are yet to be seen certain cottages constructed of six or eight enormous blocks of stone, with one laid on their top for a roof; these are supposed to have been the habitations of Abraham and his contemporaries. "How many palaces more splendid than this," I said to myself, "how many capitals more powerful than Paris have crumbled into dust, while those cottages and the pyramids of Egypt remain unshaken!" Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, their cities, their temples, their palaces fallen and crushed, while some ancient cottages, and some receptacles for the dead, defy the wrath of man and of time. All that thousands of centuries seem thus to have taught us, is the possibility of happiness in a life of simplicity, and the certainty of death. In teaching us how best to obtain the one, and endure the other, all that I see of magnificence here has nought to do—nay, it is a hindrance to both. Shall I confess it? The splendour of palaces fills me with a kind of disgust. After the Egyptian museum, we saw the museum of marine. In it are models of vessels of all kinds; models of piers, and moles, and lighthouses, and harbours; pictures of sea-fights, and seamen; arms of all kinds used at sea. The rooms in which these are arranged are very simple, but in excellent order. Every step recalled Napoleon; there was always some new plan which had been offered to his notice, for national improvements; something that he had done, or something that he had intended to do. However, I could not help thinking as I went on, that if the French had the models, we had the realities in this department, and that Liverpool docks were a much better show than their museum.

We went from the Museum to the Picture Gallery: it



looks beautiful now ; all the old pictures are replaced, the exhibition of modern ones being over. I am glad of this, and must go again to see it, more than once ; to-day I saw very little ; being rather tired, I sat down, while Mrs. H. and Miss M. went to the end ; yet I think they saw even less of the pictures than I, being principally attracted by the dress of some ladies before them.

As to the rest of my sight-seeing, of which I shall tell you, it consists of a visit to the Expiatory Chapel, in the Rue d'Anjou, near the Faubourg St. Honoré. Madame G. called one morning, and took me there. It was erected by Louis XVIII., on the spot where Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette had been buried ; their remains rested there twenty-one years, and were removed by him to the church of St. Denis, where the kings were interred ; but I fear the sacrilegious plunderers of the revolution had left few of the royal skeletons there to be companions in decay of the unfortunate king and queen. The Chapelle Expiatoire is small, but the architecture is simple and elegant. The interior is very handsome, the chairs and seats being covered with crimson velvet, and the ceiling is beautifully ornamented. On the right hand, on a marble tablet, is engraved the will of the king ; and on one on the left, that of the queen. I think you must have read these testaments, which are very interesting, that of Marie Antoinette particularly so, I think—or, perhaps, I should say, I feel. There is a subterranean chapel, which contains a splendid altar of marble, on the spot whence the dead bodies were taken. I remarked that, on entering each of these places, Madame G. never omitted crossing herself with the holy water, and kneeling for a moment to repeat a prayer. It is right to keep up this feeling of devotion in places set apart for divine worship ; and I must say that I have more than once felt ashamed on going into a church merely to stare about.

I have called on Mrs. E., and have dined there, and walked with her, spending such an evening as I once described to

you. I was glad, however, to meet the N.s at her house ; they have come here, and I think will remain during the autumn. I have been visited by Marshal Macdonald, who likes my new abode very much more than my other. I have visited him also, and have breakfasted again with him, feeling, every time I see him, more delighted with his admirable qualities. He is now confined, he writes me, by an attack of gout. You will suppose that all this amuses me very much, and makes me very happy—no, indeed—I often think of you, with greater longing than ever. Sometimes I place my sombre mood to the account of disappointment about letters ; sometimes I lay it on the weather, which *will* be cold now and then, even in the middle of summer. The French lead such *nomadic, erratic* lives in their gardens, in the summer evenings, that they seem without a resource when the weather forbids them to go out ; and I cannot help participating in their discomfort, when there is no snug carpeted parlour, with closed windows, to receive me. It is very often not possible to have a carpet put down on a sitting-room, even if it have one ; for there are persons who come to your house, when the *carpet season* is over, and carry off your carpets until it returns ; they keep them safely, clean them, bring them back in nice order, and put them on—all *for a consideration*, as you may imagine. From this carpet history of mine I wish you just to gather this—that the weather is not so fine this summer as it usually is ;—and I shall now tell you about my books.

I have been much interested in a work on the education of women, by Madame la Comtesse de Remusat. It is written in a serious, honest, and religious spirit ; and is wisely confined to the task of pointing out evils, their causes and consequences, leaving to the good sense of parents to discover remedies ; she knows that as to those, what might be adapted to an individual or to a class, could not be generally useful, while an awakening to the knowledge of what is wrong must be so. Her observations on the system of education, at

present adopted in France, and on the moral condition of the female mind, tend much to confirm opinions which I had previously formed on these subjects. Much of the evil of former times remains, but the sense that it is evil, which was wanting before, has now sprung up. With a people of such peculiar sensibility to moral worth as the French, this cannot be long in producing good fruits.

Have I before recommended to you Dupaty's Letters from Italy? I think you would like them—they gave me great pleasure. They are full of fine traits of humane feeling, in the remarks on the legislation both of France and Italy of that period. These, however, are such as one might expect from an advocate of the latter years of the reign of Louis XV., when we know that his integrity and love of justice had drawn on him the vengeance of the ministers of that dissolute monarch. The work is, in general, I think, more valued for his observations on the arts, and for its descriptions of scenery, although there is something laboured in the style in such parts; but for me, I am more pleased with the traits in it of the character of the man—with something manly in the tone of thought which I find in it. I have been disposed to think, more than once, that the extreme desire of Frenchmen to become men of the world, men of society, takes away from manliness of character—it appears to rob them of much of what we call public spirit—it is certain that the mere man of the world is not the man who devotes himself to the interests of others, to the public benefit—this, Dupaty was disposed to do in the highest degree.

Dupatay's Letters I read some weeks ago, but it was only yesterday I concluded "The Martyrs" of Chateaubriand. I like Chateaubriand, because I like genius; and even all his affectations cannot turn me from him. But how strange it is that genius can find pleasure in working entirely with the materials of others! He has made a new body, and dressed it in old clothes: here is a rag of Homer, there of Virgil; here of Tasso, there of Dante; here of Milton, there

of Fenelon ; and, in the notes to this singular epic of his, he takes pride in telling you of all his thefts—at least there is a great deal of honesty in that. As a tale, it becomes interesting in the second volume ; but for an epic poem, it is a strange piece of patchwork—yet I like it, in spite of its follies ; it increases in interest to the last, and some of the latter passages are truly beautiful. But, in truth, I have *un grand faible* for Chateaubriand, for there is no denying that he appears, at times, to be drunken with the overflowing, the effervescence of the cup of poesy. I think a pretty tale for young persons might be made from his “ Martyrs,” by discarding all the machinery—the angels, devils, virgins, and saints.

I have also read another poem, but of a very different kind from that of Chateaubriand—it is “ Le dernier Chant du Pèlerinage d'Harold,” a termination to Childe Harold, by M. de Lamartine. It is really too much *à la Française*, even for my taste. It scruples not at the *inverisimilitude* of making Byron find on the sea a daughter—another Ada ; but with all that excursiveness—extravagance perhaps—of fancy, there are some very sweet and beautiful things in the poem. Lamartine's great fault is, that he cannot strike off a picture in a line as our great poets do ; his descriptive passages are always spun out ; one finds in them, amidst their beauties, *des longueurs*. After this poetry, I shall tell you of reading what is not poetry : I would, indeed, that the gods had permitted it to be a little more poetical ! It is the History of the late Revolution in Poland, by Roman Soltyk. I have felt deeply for the Poles ; yet all that I have read of them has left but this impression, that the slightest breathing of the spirit of Washington has never yet been among them. I was about to say, that I have learned, with sorrow, that they are a people unfit for liberty—but no !—I banish the thought—a Napoleon might so persuade himself—I cannot. No people is unfit for liberty at any time. The writhings, the struggles

with which nations are seized from age to age, attest the inborn, the divine desire in the hearts of all to be free ; the desire shows them to be fit for freedom, for freedom only can be their first step in social advancement. Tell me if you do not think so—and adieu !

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## LETTER XII.

*Paris, July 21, 183—.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

“July is begun, my dear,” writes Mrs. H., “and you may expect something terrible before it ends.” I hope, however, that nothing terrible will happen, and that you will feel as much at your ease about me during this month as any other. Everything I hear tends to make me feel perfectly tranquil respecting the state of Paris at present ; there will be no new revolution of July for me to witness, nor even an affair of an infernal machine, like that of which Miss M. gave me an account yesterday. She had witnessed the review of the troops on the anniversary of the revolution before, and on that occasion had not gone out, but passed the morning quietly in her room. On descending to dinner, she learnt a piece of news which, at first, alarmed her very much, that during the review on the Boulevards, there had been a horrible attempt to assassinate the king and his sons ; that it had failed in its object ; but that it had caused the death of the Marshal Mortier, Duke of Treviso, and of fourteen other persons. This was, indeed, sufficiently alarming, for no one could feel secure that other attempts might not follow that which had been made ; nor that some wide-spread conspiracy had not been formed. Every one exclaimed, “In what a frightful state would this city have been, had the head of the government been struck !” And this appears to me the security of

Louis Philippe's throne, that all dread what may follow its overthrow.

A few days after the fatal event, she went to see the *chapelle ardente*, in the church of St. Antoine, where the bodies of those who were killed by the infernal machine were laid in state. The exterior of the church, as well as the interior, was hung with black ; but within, innumerable candles burned on every side, and at the altars, lamps which gave a greenish light ; with all this light, however, the curtains and draperies of black were so disposed, and were so thick, that the church looked very dark ; yet still the scenic and theatrical effect of the church and its arrangements, took away (in her Protestant eyes) from the solemn and melancholy feelings which the sight of the fifteen coffins was calculated to inspire in persons aware of the sudden and terrible kind of death of those whom they inclosed. In the centre was placed the coffin of Marshal Mortier, Duke of Treviso, with its armorial insignia, and the others sloped down, step by step, on each side. The crowd was continually entering to behold this sight ; and the constant cry of "*Avancez !*" or "*Reculez !*" within ; and without, of "Give an alms for the sake of the unhappy victims of the 28th !" or, "Buy some *immortelles* in honour of the unhappy victims !" took away also from the solemnity of the scene.

Soon afterwards, the funerals of the unhappy victims took place, and the grandeur of this spectacle, she says, amply compensated to the Parisiens for sad feelings, anxious fears, or serious thoughts which might have been forced on them by the sudden slaughter made in their streets by the villain Fieschi. The funeral car used to carry the body of Marshal Mortier, was that which had been used for the interment of Louis XVIII., and was most splendid. Miss M. is, like myself, not to be caught by tinsel, nor even by "the barbarian pearl and gold of Ormuz or of Ind ;" yet she could not see, with dry eyes, the long train of splendid hearses, beginning with that of a young girl, who was killed, and rising gradually

in the rank of the dead, until it ended in the hearse of the Marshal. At least sixty thousand troops were under arms on that day, greater part of them of the National Guard, so that everything passed off as quietly, as, I anticipate, all will do on those *fêtes* of July, which I hope to behold ; but, in truth, their ceremonies are getting old and stale now.

I have conversed with a gentleman who saw Fieschi in his prison, and who interrogated him. He told me he was a stupid, ignorant man, of the lowest class of intellect ; incapable of forming anything like a plot, or of even taking part in one. Indeed, all that he told me of this great criminal, and of others with whom he had come into contact, convinced me that we, in general, form very inadequate conceptions of the ignorance, which is the great source of crime. We have taken it for granted, that the learning of certain things is doing away with ignorance ; whereas, those things may have been learned, and no enlightenment of mind may have been the result, because no powers of reflection had been developed. As you know I must give way to the humour of the moment, and as you wish me to do so with you, I am going to endeavour to give another form to the thoughts I have had on this subject, and you shall tell me how you like my

#### EASTERN APOLOGUE.

Two angels sat at the feet of the holy prophet, beneath the throne of Allah, and bent their looks on earth. Sacred pity and astonishment passed, by turns, over their countenances, as they viewed the folly and the madness of mankind.

"Would that I might take the human form for a time, and descend from heaven," said one ; "I know that by my counsels I could serve men." The prophet spoke :—"Thy wish is granted." And when the other turned to regard his companion, he was no longer by his side ; the will of the Eternal was accomplished as the words were uttered, and already that companion was amid the turmoil of the world.

He found himself on the streets of Bagdad, entangled in a

crowd that rushed furiously along, whilst on all sides he heard cries of "Where is he?" To which some responded, "Who?—the Caliph?" and others, "Who?—the assassin?"

The young Caliph Omar had just escaped the weapon of an assassin—a youth, a mere boy—hence, the rushing and the shouting on the one hand of those eager to see the sacred person of the caliph; on the other, of those full of detestation for the criminal, yet anxious to see him. He was hemmed in by armed men even now, like some fearful monster of the desert, although but a few minutes had elapsed since the attempt. The clamours of the multitude rose louder and louder; some, near Omar, hinted that justice might be robbed of its due, and the vengeance of the people might fall on the criminal too soon, if something were not done to turn their minds in another direction. The Caliph then coming to a wide open space, drew up his horse; his attendants took their station behind him; the guard of soldiers, surrounding the prisoner, opened on each side, and the intended murderer and the intended victim confronted one another. There had been a moment's pause among the crowd, as these movements were regarded, but now the heavens rang, the walls of the city rocked to the mingled cries of—"Death to the assassin! Long live our Caliph Omar!" One voice only was silent in the throng! one heart free from tumult amidst that sea of passion! The angel saw not the splendour of the caliph's dress, nor the brilliancy of his jewels, nor the grace of his person, nor the trappings of his noble horse; nor, on the other hand, the symptoms of poverty about the criminal, the meanness of his person, and the abjectness of his countenance. He saw only two men before him, or rather two immortal spirits going through an ordeal, appointed them by the Creator, of which this transaction was a part; he knew, that however men might regard the mortal life of the one as of infinite price, and that of the other as a thing of nought, to be trampled into the dust on the first crime, they were of equal value in the eyes of their Divine Father; he knew that whilst



the one had never known what contempt and insult, what meanness and poverty are, the other had only lived to know them. His had been the life of struggling degradation, to which the poor and the despised are doomed. "How, then, could either judge justly of the conduct of the other?" he asked, and asked aloud, his heavenly voice commanding, at first, attention, even from the disturbed multitude. "Allah has shown mercy to the caliph, in preserving him from one who judged erroneously of him; let the lesson of mercy given be taught again, and thus let the caliph instruct his erring brother to judge rightly!" There was a pause,—the angel said no more. The pause was short, for now the voices of all around arose, and swelled gradually into their former thunders, but not now, as before, in unanimity. "The stranger is right! mercy should be shown to those to whom light to guide them, the light of instruction, has never been offered." These words were heard on one side, whilst on the other they were responded to by shouts of derision, and cries of "Traitors, traitors!" and all became contention and fury. Whilst these continued, and the people were fully occupied in combating each other's sentiments—many by other weapons than words—the caliph returned to his palace, and the youth was conducted to prison.

It was late in the night before the disturbed populace of Bagdad had ceased from the tumultuous strife in which, with the volubility and fickleness of undirected passion, they had engaged, and in which artful men, working on their passions, could in a moment engage them—with such men, many would have classed the heaven-descended being who had trusted so much in the power of simple truth. But long before night had come on, the angel had returned to the abode of the blessed, where there is no night. Self-condemned for his presumption, he sat again beside his companion at the feet of the prophet, and acknowledged that Omniscience alone, which rules the whirlwind, "stilleth the sea and the noise of its waves," can rule the passions of men; their hearts are only

swayed by Him "who maketh men to be of one mind in a city."

Well, I shall leave this without comment ; but you will understand by it, that I would inculcate compassion for the unenlightened, and also, that from religion alone can arise those feelings which make men unanimous in the right.

You ask me if I sometimes see my old friends, the B.s Yes, frequently. When I was last there, Mademoiselle L. came into the room, and was laughingly announced to me as *La Fiancée*, the betrothed. I began to chat with her, and in jest to applaud my ingenuity, which had discovered, at the second interview, how matters were to proceed with her and Monsieur le Capitaine. She very seriously replied, "We shall be certain of it when the ceremony is performed." Had she been an English girl, I should have said, "How can you think of marrying a man in whose affection and honour you have so little confidence, that even when betrothed to him you doubt him ?" But as French marriages are managed, the doubt appeared natural enough ; besides, poor Mademoiselle L. has been twice or thrice on the point of being married, and these *garçons volages* of Frenchmen have disappointed her. The names of parties to be married are written up for a certain number of days at the *mairie*, or mansion-house ; during those days the happy pair are liable to all kinds of attacks on their generosity, from poets with congratulatory verses, musicians, flower-women, and trinket-women. Mademoiselle L. had very wisely given orders not to be at home to any inquirers on those days. After the names have been posted up the due time, the parties go before the mayor, and are married legally ; if after that, which respectable persons always do, they wish to be married religiously, they go to church ; but I am told the priests do not often let them off very cheaply on these occasions.

The poor gentleman with *le petit coin de folie* in his head, still goes to Madame B.'s, and still makes us laugh by his

speeches and songs ; most of those, they tell me, have been lately performed solely for me, as he wishes to gain my favour, that I may gain for him permission to visit at Madame M.'s, as he does at other schools.

I told you that I did not go to see the first communion with Madame M.'s young ladies, but I have since seen it. I went one morning very early to Mrs. W.'s, and accompanied her and her sister, and her son, to the church of St. Sulpice. A part of the ceremony was over when we entered, but what remained of it was sufficiently imposing in that splendid church, which is one of the largest in Paris. There were, at least, 300 young girls, many of them, no doubt, daughters of some of the old Carlist nobility, who reside in that quarter of the Faubourg St. Germain. They were all dressed in white, had even white shoes, a white bag on the arm, for the pocket handkerchief, and a large white muslin veil on the head ; the adjustment of this gracefully, I could perceive, occupied the attention of many. The boys numbered about half as many as the girls. I must confess to you that I could not behold such a large number of children engaged thus in a religious duty, and listen to the music in which they joined, without tears ; and I felt how dangerous is a religion which takes the imagination by storm, and leaves poor reason discountenanced. However, as to the young persons, who must have undergone a great deal of training before they could do their parts in the chaunting, and all the rest of the ceremony, perhaps even their imaginations were not struck like mine. The ceremony was performed by Monseigneur the Archbishop of Paris, whose palace and valuables the mob sacrificed in their fury, as you may remember to have read, the year after the Three Days' revolution. I was too far from him to distinguish his features, but I saw very well a very considerable number of his priests, the fuglemen of the children, and certainly they were anything but well-favoured gentlemen.

After leaving St. Sulpice we went to the chapel of the Carmelite convent, in the Rue Vaugirard : it is exceedingly

pretty. It was in this very chapel that the Septembrisers commenced their massacre of the priests, in the revolution of '89. We then went into the court of the convent to inquire for some pretty baskets, which the Carmelite nuns alone make, and which we wished to buy. We did not see any of the sisters. This is one of the most austere orders ; no one is permitted to enter the house, except by command from the Archbishop of Paris, nor do the sisters ever go out ; they hear mass in their church behind a grating, which completely screens them from profane eyes. After this we went into the church of Val de Grace, which was built, I think, by one of the queens of France, of the Medici, and is chiefly remarkable for some twisted pillars. It is connected with large barracks, and seems nearly deserted. Then we entered the church of St. Jaques, which is near the institution to which we were bound ; it is an ugly old church, but seems to be one of the most frequented, to judge from the number of chairs which it contains ; but this is, indeed, a populous part of the city, that is, it is a part in which there are more of *the people* than that in which I have lived. We observed one woman employed in making "a clean breast," in one of the confessionals ; there were no sighs and groans to be heard, such as those which betokened some dreadful mystery as related in the old romances, but I had a great inclination to go and listen as well as the priest. There is in that church an immense crucifix, with the figure of our Saviour on it in his agony, which thrills one with horror to look at.

Besides this, I have been out two other mornings with Mrs. W. On one, she called to take me to the palace of the Elysée Bourbon, and to walk in its garden ; on the other, to take me to St. Cloud. The last inhabitants of the first-named palace, were the Duchess de Berri and her family. It was once Murat's ; and in a dining-room yet remain some very large pictures of him, of Madame Murat, and their children. The Duke of Wellington and the Emperor Alexander were also birds of passage in this handsome abode. All the

pictures of the last occupants have been removed, also the busts, curiosities, and articles of *vertù*; but the furniture and draperies remain. There is one bed-room, which was the Duchess de Berri's, which is so hung with beautiful yellow silk, that, when all the draperies are down, it seems quite to form the interior of a tent, as the silk is made to slope up to the centre of the apartment from all sides, and to cover the ceiling completely. Everything is very handsome, and there are in all the rooms mirrors, lustres, candelabra, consols, pendules, tables, with a sufficient quantity of gilding and silvering to satisfy, at least, I should think, the little Duke de Bordeaux, perhaps even Prince Achilles Murat, who writes books in praise of republics. What a world it is! Since the days of the pious vagabond Æneas of Troy, there never were so many right royal wanderers. The gardens of this palace pleased us all very much: they are laid out *à la Anglaise*, according to the present taste and fashion in France. See how our English tastes and feelings make us so much more delighted with the gardens which we see, than the palaces, and yet we are a people so much more *casanier* than the French: so much more in-door livers, that one would expect we should be struck most with what is connected with internal splendour.

At ten in the morning we set off for Meudon, on our way to St. Cloud. The drive was beautiful, and we found the valley, which Meudon overlooks, almost as agreeable as that of Montmorenci; it only wants the lake of Enghien to make it equal to the other.

From the village we proceeded to the château of Meudon; it was built by one of Louis XIVth's ministers, but was afterwards given to *les enfants de France*. By this you are not to suppose it became an infant school for the public generally; by the children of France are meant simply the children of the Sovereigns of France: of these, the most interesting was the little king of Rome, for whom the château was much embellished by Napoleon. On the park, also, he bestowed

much pains, and it is, indeed, now superb ; perfect, I should think, in its kind ; which is not the kind *à la Anglaise*, but imposing and grand, with straight walks, broad terraces, high colonnades. The apartments of the palace are furnished with taste and elegance, and are not too much gilt. Don Pedro and Donna Maria occupied them, but different members of the present reigning family come occasionally to Meudon. We went through the park to Sèvres, and were conducted by a man with a sword, cane, gloves, moustaches, and everything suitable for a *militaire* of the respectable kind, so much so, that we hesitated whether we should offer him anything for his trouble or not ; he seemed of a sulky genius, and we did not know whether two or three francs would make him better or worse ; however, Miss E. made the experiment, and he pocketed the affront very readily. At Sèvres we saw the manufactory of porcelain, so deservedly celebrated ; it would be, I am sure, impossible to surpass the beauty of the paintings ; perhaps I might be inclined to say that I have seen, among Wedgewood's specimens, something superior in the elegance of the forms of vases and other articles. At Sèvres we dined, and paid a great deal for a very bad dinner ; afterwards we went to St. Cloud, and were without difficulty admitted to the apartments of the royal family, who are now at Neuilly ; but first we had a walk through the splendid park. Splendid—yes—now comes the word for the interior of the palace, or, if you like, you may take superb, or magnificent—any of those will do ; but I think beautiful and elegant are not nearly big enough words. To attempt to describe to you the painting and gilding on the ceilings is out of the question, or the beauty of the floors, which are all polished, and without carpets. Suffice it, that I have seen enough of gilding to please a baby or a king. When I thought of Napoleon, who was so fond of this residence, of Louis XVIII., of Charles X., of Louis Philippe, as I walked through the palace, all those persons within five-and-twenty years its possessors, how strongly was the little

tale of the dervise, who maintained that the king's palace was only a caravansery, brought to my mind.

It was past eight o'clock when we got back to Paris, and I was very much tired with our day's excursion, during which we had walked a great deal. Good-bye ! Do not let me wait for letters.

### LETTER XIII.

*Paris, August 4, 183—.*

Most dear of those intrepid hopes, received  
 With joy, when on Life's threshold glad I stood,  
 Was that which hail'd me first—was first believed—  
 The hope of Liberty for man. 'Twas good  
 To be thus cheered. Alas ! I must call now  
 My youthful hopes but dreams ; they are such ! Yes !—  
 For I have seen with scorn a nation bow  
 Before a despot's statue !—aye ! and this  
 On Freedom's solemn festival !—a day  
 When men had fought and bled, in thousands died  
 For Liberty ! How idle what I say !  
 How vainly thus this homage I deride,  
 On Freedom's festival ! A King was there  
 Who did with him, the despot gone, the homage share !

Can you guess what this rugged sonnet means, my dear mother ? It is to let you know that the *fêtes* of the Three Days are over ; that I have witnessed them, and when they terminated, exclaimed :—

“ O, servile land !

Where exiled tyrants still, by turns command,  
 Still prone to change, though still the slaves of state,  
 And sure the monarch whom they have to hate ;  
 New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,  
 And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear !”

But I shall begin at the beginning, and tell you that, on the

27th, I sprang out of bed at five o'clock, at the first roll of the cannon, and opened wide my windows, to have the full benefit of the glorious sunrise ; and I saw the light smoke rising gracefully in the clear morning air, curling over the dome of the Invalides. This firing continued at intervals of a quarter of an hour, throughout the day. Do you know, that even then, when I looked on "the incense-breathing morn," and although I felt my spirit stir within me at the sound of the cannon, as sublime as man's thunder can be, even then, I was half inclined to say, "these absurd *fêtes* ! for what are they ? Am I now to have my first illusion destroyed—that to which I have clung the longest, that which I have cherished the dearest, that of which liberty was the end and aim ? Even so, I fear." But I banished these thoughts, and determined to see what was to be seen. It was not very much—nothing more than what I had seen on the *Fête du Roi*, the 1st of May. One of the governesses was going to the Faubourg St. Germain, so I went with her, and remained with Mrs. W. a couple of hours, when she called for me and took me to see the sights. We passed through the gardens of the Tuileries to the Place de la Concorde, and saw some of the wondrous embellishments going on there, and the models of others. I should suppose that the effect of this place must have been much better before the Egyptian obelisk was placed in the centre of it. We then went through the Champs Elysées, which were very gay, and not too crowded : I bought in them a few toys to give away. We then returned quietly to our abode, and spent as quiet a day as if there never had been a revolution and an anniversary of it.

On the 28th, the cannon again roused me from my slumbers at five, so I thought the best way to employ my long morning was by going earlier than usual to the bath : we have some very nice baths near us, which are kept in excellent order. On my return, I dressed and had a cup of tea, and at ten went again to breakfast with Marshal Macdonald. I say again, for I have done so more than once since I last wrote to



you, as he is now much better after his gout. In a very short time his son's holydays will commence ; and then he will take him into the country, to spend them at his beautiful *château*, nearly two hundred miles distant from Paris ; so I shall soon be deprived of this kind friend.

The Marshal's son was there, having holydays during the three anniversary days ; before my arrival his kind papa had fatigued himself accompanying him through the public gardens, and along the quays to see the sights. I wish you could see those two, that son and father, in each other's arms ; there cannot be a finer picture of age and youth than they offer. As the boy presses his cheek to that of the old warrior, whose snowy hair then intermingles with his child's brown locks, and the dark eyes of both, so much alike, seem equally innocent in their affectionate and playful expression, it is most touching ; more so, when one calls up, as I do continually, all the recollections attached to the name they bear. While we were at breakfast, a servant entered to say that the Duchess de —— had sent to request the Marshal's son to go to her house immediately, as the king was expected to pass. He departed, but not without many inquiries from the tender father about his health, because he had looked a little pale : he confessed to a slight pain in the shoulder, but protested vehemently that he was well at the same time. He is certainly a very fine boy ; I only fear that as he is in so different a position from what his father was in his youth, he is receiving more of an artificial education than he did ; and the necessity for exertion, self-cultivation, and self-reliance will not be felt, which have made the other so noble a character. After breakfast, the Marshal and I had some interesting conversation until Monsieur M. came to fetch me away, for it was impossible to attempt the crowded streets with only a female attendant.

We made our way to the corner of the Place Vendôme, but found it impossible for some time to gain a step farther, and there I was kept in a state of continual terror, at one

time lest the crowd before should make a retrograde movement, at another lest those behind should advance. Soon the Queen and Princesses passed in an open carriage ; then came the King, attended by his staff, the foreign ambassadors, and other grandees. In my mind, he was very coldly received, without the slightest appearance of enthusiasm. The grand interest of the day was, however, concentrated around Napoleon's column and statue in the Place Vendôme—he is, one would think, the very god of Paris. How foolish was Nebuchadnezzar with his sackbuts and psalteries ! he might have found some better way of making people fall down before the golden image he chose to set up. War and slaughter seem what secure adoration best in this world ; for, beside me, in the crowd, was an old woman who had three sons slain in the service of the Emperor, and who had travelled some leagues to look upon his statue on this day ! and, not to go farther than myself, do I not adore the old Marshal for his “ hair-breadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach,” and for all that his good sword has done ? At length, with some difficulty, we made our way to the Boulevards, only a short distance : the National Guard was now passing along them in full force ; but there is so much space there that the crowd was not so dense, and we easily proceeded on to the Hôtel de Biron on the Italian Boulevard ; here were Madame M. and her party, and we got seats on a terrace, where we had an excellent view of the troops as they passed, and I assure you we were heartily tired of them before they had passed. We dined in town, and did not return to the Rue de V., and early in the evening set out for the Quai d'Orsay. We had some difficulty in making our way through the Gardens of the Tuileries,—there was such a vast crowd assembled, awaiting the return of the King, and the commencement of a grand *gigantesque* concert which was to be given. It was very fortunate we were so early at the house from which we were to witness the fire-works, for as they were exhibited on the Quai d'Orsay, a very few minutes after

we entered it, not another person was allowed to pass. The street was cleared by a dozen dragoons, and no easy affair they found their office; it was more especially difficult with the women—such discussion and disputing, such perseverance in their determination, either to remain, or to pass by the forbidden way! It was quite a comedy, and amused me as much as the *feu-d'artifice*. Of that I can only say *magnifique, superbe!* It was all the Parisians could desire, and exceeded anything I had ever seen.

When the fireworks were over, Monsieur M. found that he had lost his sons; but he did not seem in the least uneasy about them, and we set out on our return to the Rue de V. At the Pont Royal we were obliged to wait an hour, the people were leaving the gardens, and it was an utter impossibility to enter them, or to pass by the Place du Carrousel. Strange to say, here, in the midst of the crowd, Monsieur M. found his boys again. It was midnight when we got to the Rue de V., and we were all very much tired, for we had to walk all the way, as it was quite impossible, even when we reached those streets in which a carriage might have passed, to find one unoccupied.

On the 29th, I could not be tempted out by the gaieties in the gardens, nor by the solemnities in the churches, in honour of the slain martyrs for three days' liberty. From the windows, in the evening, I beheld some of the illuminations of the city, and they looked very well, particularly those of the Barrière de l'Etoile. But when they began to pale their puny fires, and the unclouded moon arose in silent majesty, the lights of the heavens fixed my admiration, and awoke contempt for man's absurd attempts at beauty and splendour. Thus, you see, I came to be in the poetical vein; so being in that kind of vein, I must keep it up by something romantic.

Madame B.'s afforded more of the comic and colloquial to amuse you in relation; Madame M.'s will, I think, permit me to interest you by what is really touching. I did not tell you that I observed, soon after I came here, that at dinner

something was always sent away on a tray for *la Marquise*. I asked about this Marchioness, and found that she is a Spanish lady ; they said she was a little insane, and that therefore she lived always in her own room, only visited, occasionally, by her two little girls, who are pupils in the school. For some mornings past I had remarked that there was a great deal of "bald, disjointed chat" between Madame M. and one of the governesses, about the Marchioness, and letters from Spain. I think I have made the same observation to everybody in the house, that if the poor Spanish lady is a little insane, there is very little prospect she will ever recover, kept, as she is now, confined to one apartment, without a companion, or even a maid, and permitted to see her children so seldom. Everybody said, "Certainly you are right, Mademoiselle;" and all looked as if they cared as little for her as for me. However, as Madame M.'s talk sometimes ran thus—"And it appears that, in Spain, the marriage of a noble without the consent of the king is not valid,"—I determined to know something more about this Marchioness; and a few nights ago, when poor Madame T., the *femme de chambre*, was getting sad about her own misfortunes, I said to her, "But see, in every class what troubles there are, that poor Spanish lady, for example!" This turned the tide, and she related what she knew of this mysterious affair. The Marquis San ———, who is now more than seventy years of age, about a dozen years ago, after the death of his wife and only daughter, married a beautiful young girl, the daughter of his housekeeper, without the consent of the king, of course. They went to reside at B., in France; there they remained a few years, when the troubles in Spain obliged him to return to his country. He left his wife and children, and they, with the assistance of a waiting-maid, who had gained great influence over the Marchioness, spent too much money for his taste, so that he had them transferred to Paris, and placed here; and thus this noble personage leaves them to the mercy of strangers. His relations, it is said, take every means to prevent him

from coming to France, and are endeavouring to prove the marriage illegal. In the meantime, the poor Marchioness here is constantly writing letters, which she requests every stranger she sees to forward for her ; she imagines that the M.s are in league with her enemies, and that if her husband could only get a letter from her, he would come at once for her. Poor thing ! that is her madness. I cannot tell you how all this made my heart ache ; and I could not help exclaiming :—" This most pernicious caitiff Marquis !" Not long ago she went down to confession in the chapel of the house, with her work-bag full of letters, which she entreated the confessor whom she sees, who is not our old curé, to send for her to Spain, but he refused to take them from her.

After hearing all this, I determined to visit her. I told the *femme-de-chambre* to tell her that I should do so ; that I had some Spanish books, which I could offer her ; and that I should be glad if she could lend me any. Accordingly, I did visit her, and I did not find her even, as Hamlet says, " mad, north-north-west ;" and as he could " distinguish a hawk from a handsaw," I think she can distinguish a friend from an enemy. Once or twice, when I spoke of her children, she said : " But they deprive me of my children ; they have altered the correspondence with the Marquis ; I get no letters now." In reply to this, I spoke of the necessity of making young persons attend to their studies ; of the political state of Spain, which, no doubt, occupied the Marquis's time and attention, as he was attached to the court. Then, to divert her from the subject, I asked her about her country, and about Madrid, and then she questioned me concerning England and London ; and, indeed, I found nothing irrational in her conversation, although it is quite evident she is a woman of no education, which might as readily be the case if she had been born of one of the noblest families in Spain. She speaks French extremely ill, and my worst English idioms were surpassed by her Spanish ones. She may have been handsome when younger, but she retains nothing of beauty now, except

her large black eyes, which have, however, nothing soft or pleasing in their expression. But, to end all this about her: The other morning, as I sat in my room, I was very much alarmed by a scuffling in the garden, and the voice of Monsieur M. loud in wrath. I thought a mad dog was the cause of the confusion, having heard a little before some talk about a dog, just beneath my window. I locked my door, lest there might be some danger of its being in the house, opened the *persiennes*, and, leaning out of the window, asked what was the matter. I learnt that no dog had occasioned the noise, but that it was, alas! the poor Marchioness. Seized by a sudden frenzy, she had run down to stab Monsieur M. with a penknife, calling him the assassin of her children. I was pained to the soul for the poor creature, when I saw how he lost his temper on the occasion, and heard how loudly and coarsely he talked to her at the door of her room, for he dared not go in. At night, Madame T. told me she was taken away to a lunatic asylum, or *maison de santé*. "But how did they get her away?" asked I. "Two Spanish gentlemen, whom she knows, came and told her the Marquis had arrived at Bayonne, and that she was to set out to meet him, so she willingly got into the carriage with them, and was taken to the asylum. How cruel! how very cruel thus to deceive her! Surely her malady will be dreadfully aggravated by such conduct! I feel ashamed that I should ever have allowed myself to be sad, when I think of the unhappy state of mind of this poor woman. But I must not make you sad by this melancholy subject, and shall change it.

Before lighting my candles, to finish this letter to you, I took, as I had done in the morning, a survey of Paris from my window, and I think the night-scene surpassed the morning. The moon's young crescent hung not very high in the heavens, and the stars looked out brightly: the noise of the city is much greater in the evening than the morning, and its contrast to the majestic silence of the heavens is deeply impressive. But here comes my kind *femme-de-*

*chambre* again. "Sit down, Madame T., I shall have done in a moment ;"—and now I shall tell you about her : I like her so much, and she is one of the most interesting and conversable persons in the house. Her husband was a surgeon ; he died, leaving her with two children, and in so destitute a condition, that she is obliged to take the situation of *femme-de-chambre*, while her husband's relations take care of the children. She is not a Parisian, but came to the capital in the hope of procuring a better employment than what she could in the country, or than that which she holds, but failed in the object. She thinks, if she knew a little English, she might more easily procure the situation of teacher ; and, as she dresses and undresses me, I teach her words, and afterwards hear her read, having given her an English book and dictionary : all this attaches her very much to me, and I find her full of information, as she has read a great deal in her own language, and had, besides, learned much from her husband's conversation. You will be glad that I have such a person to be kind to, and from whom to receive kindness.

Do you know that the N.s tempt me not to think of remaining here during the holidays, which commence the middle of next month, but to join them at their boarding-house ? Shall you be willing that I should transfer myself from a boarding-shool to a boarding-house for a month under their staid patronage ? Or, perhaps, I might make with them an excursion to Havre, where they have some friends ? Let me know what you think of all this ; and so, good bye, for a short time !

## LETTER XIV.

*Paris, August 24, 183—.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

"I COULD be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, if it were not that I have bad dreams," says poor Hamlet ; and so said I, when I awoke this morning. I had gone to bed disappointed at not having had a letter from you, hence these bad dreams. Yet, although I have had bad dreams, I have felt to-day almost like a queen of infinite space, in having had a very happy letter. If I were a paper-maker of genius, what an essay I should write on the mighty power of one of my own leaves ! A woman's happiness, a man's fate, the fortunes of a family, nay, even a nation's destiny, may depend on the manner in which that leaf is employed. But as I am a paper-destroyer, not a paper-maker, I shall say no more of what I should do with paper, only do as I have ever done, speak to you on it, as I do when I speak to you without it. But you will think that I have been trying to improve in letter-writing, when I tell you I have been reading the Letters of the celebrated Madame de Sevigné. A few mornings ago, Madame T., when she brought me my cup of coffee, brought me a volume of them to turn me from Shakspeare, of whose merits she is not so well convinced as she is of those of Madame. I fell upon them with avidity ; but, I must tell the truth, I soon found myself yawning over them, very shockingly—and I was even on the point of exclaiming, "What stuff !" It is amazing how the simplicity of the style of these Letters seduces us, and makes us forget the insincerity, the *unrealness*, of their sentiments. I could give you a hundred proofs of their want of truth and nature, but I should rather you would read them,



and mark what strikes you of this kind, that I may know whether I am right in my opinion. Many might ask, how can sentiments not drawn from what is true, natural, real, be expressed with *naïveté* and simplicity ! This is indeed the essence—the profound mystery of what is excellent in a very great deal of French writing and French talking. Nature and simplicity are liked, because taste has discovered that there is nothing better in art. This taste pervades French society, and French everything, and the refinement of art in which no artifice is seen, is what is aimed at ; and, to go yet farther, I almost fear they like virtue and freedom on the same principle on which they like simplicity of manners, that it is their taste, rather than their judgment, which is convinced on these points. This is scarcely, however, the principle that will make honest men and generous republicans.

You will see, by all this, that I soon gave up Madame de Sevigné : I did, for that day ; yet I mean to try to like her better ; and I do think, that to one who has mixed much with the world, and is interested in the little chances and changes of mere social intercourse, she must be very amusing. I laid her aside that morning, because one of the governesses came to my room ; I have left off going to the school-room, and this one, who is a young widow, comes to me, to hear me read French. What do you think I am now reading, from English into French, with her ? “ Twelfth Night ! ” She has something of intelligence and sentiment about her, which pleased me so much, that I was sure she was capable of being made to understand Shakspeare, and of course I preferred him to translate from. It is delightful to me to hear her at some of the poetical passages exclaim, when I have made them into French,—“ *Oh, que c'est beau !* ” and then, “ *Mais, qu'il est drôle ce Sir Toby !* ” Indeed, this lesson of ours is most amusing. What surprises me in these lively and feeling French governesses, is the good temper and good heart with which, in general, they accommodate themselves to their situation. They have the virtue of contentment, which I

have seen English governesses in vain struggle to acquire ; and, of all the ills in the long catalogue depending on young ideas being taught how to shoot, there is none that appears to me greater than that of being a teacher in a French boarding-school. I hope you will like this good young Madame P. as you do Madame T., the *femme-de-chambre* of whom I told you.

August 25.

You do not suppose I have given up my good friend, Miss J. O, no ! I have seen her more than once since the day she told me she was going to become a nun. But I must tell you of a visit I made with her to a convent, and of my introduction to the very lady Abbess, that awful personage of Mrs. Radcliffe's Novels.

She spoke to me lately about a young friend of hers who is in a convent here, and who wishes to return to England, if she could find an opportunity of travelling with any one. I thought, perhaps, the N.s might assist her, and so went with Miss J. to the convent, not altogether without some curiosity, as you may suppose. Is it not strange, and rather discreditable to Protestants, that they should be so completely separated from those of that religion from which theirs is sprung ; that they should be to them like persons of foreign habits, manners, principles, so that they are regarded as objects of curiosity ? The convent which we visited is that of *Mesdames les Chanoinesses de St. A.*, and all I have to say of it is, that it is an exceedingly nice place, delightfully clean and neat. After some conversation with *Madame la Supérieure*, we saw the young girl, Miss J.'s friend. She is an interesting-looking creature of sixteen, so fresh and rosy, so ignorant and childish, that it is delightful to see her ; she has been five years in the convent, and has nearly forgotten her English. She was brought in by a nun, who seemed to think herself more particularly her governess : this nun was very pleasing in her appearance ; a mild and touching countenance looked out from her hood, very unlike the ruddy face and

harsh features of the snuff-taking, red pocket-handkerchief abbess. Is it not sad to have one's romance all destroyed by such an abbess, and by a most comfortable convent ? But I forgot—there are the rosy novice and the pale nun to keep it from quite expiring. The superior took us through their garden, which is large, and as well kept as their house, everything about both being done by the sisters, besides their keeping a large and respectable boarding-school, in which they are the teachers. In all nunneries, I assure you, nothing like idleness is permitted. Many were the pinches of snuff the good lady abbess took as we walked, and many were the reflections I made on the *tartufferie* of the conversation which passed between her and Miss J. There are persons who play the hypocrite, without intending to do so, who have imposed on themselves before they begin trying to impose on others ; this hypocrisy excites our pity rather than our indignation, still it is despicable. I quickly perceived the lurking feeling of jealousy and discontent on the side of the abbess, because Miss J. had not chosen her convent instead of that of St. E., which she is going to enter. She openly expressed her conviction that a certain abbé had been the cause of it ; and that if she had had a different confessor, matters would have been different. Then, she dilated on the advantages of her order not being subject to so severe a discipline as that of St. E., and not being cloistered—that is, the nuns with her may go out when necessary for health, or for the satisfaction of seeing very near relatives ; in the other, they can neither receive their friends nor write to them, nor on any account leave the convent. All could not prevail on Miss J. to change her determination,—she was firm for the severe Franciscans, and left the abbess recommending herself to the good prayers of Madame.

After this, I had a great deal of conversation with our excellent curé, who was at dinner that day, to which I was led by my visit to the convent. He is not the least of a convert maker, so do not be afraid of my talking with him.

I never heard him speak for his own religion, or against any other; but he puts in practice every rule of Christian charity, which is the best kind of religion. As we were talking of convents and churches, one of the ladies became exceedingly loud in praise of a splendid blue curtain with which one of the chapels of St. Roch had been lately decorated; another then added to her religious enthusiasm by the description of some white draperies with blue flowers, which she had lately seen at St. Sulpice; and they agreed that nothing could be more conducive to religion than those draperies and ornaments of the churches, which the Catholic religion employs. "See," they exclaimed, "how cold the Protestants are, and how little religion they have!" "Yes," said another, "I have read some of the Protestant prayers, and nothing can be more dry and dull than they are!" I was silent; and Monsieur M. looked once or twice as if he did not like the turn the conversation had taken. Fortunately, Mrs. H. understands too little French to have her Protestant bigotry aroused by any of their discourses; and her daughter was too inattentive to what was going on, to be aroused. The curé only said, that something was necessary to strike the vulgar, and fix their attention. This is no more than we admit at home, when we say of *our* vulgar, so often the dupes of fanaticism, that they are blocks not to be cut by razors, and must be left to the sledge-hammer of Methodism, which all acknowledge to have done good. Why then not suppose, that that which may fix the attention of a more lively people than ours, differently constituted from them, may do good also? But this we will not admit in favour of Catholicism; we will have good to be done but in one way, and yet Providence does it in millions of ways.

After dinner, as we were on the terrace, Monsieur M., by way of indemnification for what they had said of Protestantism, made to the curé an eloquent speech in my praise, declaring it was seldom they had the happiness of having young ladies so enlightened and amiable from England. I

disclaimed any compliment at the expense of England, whereupon he lauded the nation generally ; and I laughingly upbraided him for his want of patriotism, and took my leave. One part of his praise regarded you : he was sure you had brought me up very well, and that I had never been permitted to *tutoyer* you,—that is, to thee-and-thou you, those pronouns being only used here when great intimacy is allowed. I was amused at this, and thought if I could but have you near, how gladly I should thee-and-thou you, and lose all his good opinion of me. The other evening I was at Madame G.'s ; she talked to me very much of the beauty of the scenery of her country, at the foot of the Pyrenees, and of its amazing cheapness. Then, I was theeing-and-thouing you in my mind, and thinking how happy we might be in that land of fruit, oil, milk, and honey, with the glorious Pyrenees before our eyes, and the noble Spanish language in our ears. Now, I think I hear you say, this is only a happiness in theory ; and you tell me of the gentleman in *Paradise Lost*, who says, “ the mind is its own place ; ” at the foot of the Pyrenees, or on the dull banks of our own river, we may be happy if we like—I suppose I must admit it—yet I cannot help thinking scenery and climate have much to do with our happiness ; perhaps I shall get wiser when I get older, and find they have nothing at all to do with it !

*August 26.*

You say that I have not made you acquainted with Madame M.'s family, as I did with Madame B.'s ; the reason is, I think, that the season being different, there is less assembling together in the evening,—all live more in their own rooms, or in the garden, here ; but I can pick you up some traits of manners at our dinners. To these, Madame M.'s two daughters, who are married, sometimes come with their husbands. Yesterday we had them, when the curé was there also. It was *maigre day* ; great, fat Madame M., who looks as if fasting would be of infinite service to her, begged to be allowed to eat meat as she was not well, and after a

little jesting on the part of the curé about her delicate appearance, he granted her permission to do so. Monsieur M., as he generally does, ate meat, and then exclaimed, "Mon Dieu ! I have eaten meat—it was quite from absence of mind !" At this I took the liberty of smiling, as I have heard it so often. During the dinner a paper was handed round, which excited many exclamations of wonder, but one glance at it satisfied my curiosity. It contained engravings, done from the microscope, of various ugly animals, found in water, vinegar, and other things. Last, but not least, of these magnified monsters, was the *roi des puces*, the king of the fleas. In its course round, the curé arrested the paper, and Dubois, plate and napkin in hand, stopped behind his chair, and, looking over his shoulder, said, "Ah ! that is really very interesting, very curious." This was a liberty which an English domestic would not have ventured to take ; but I was the only person who noticed it, for his "*bien intéressant*" made it difficult for me to keep my gravity. When some of the party had left the table, poor Madame M. began to tell her griefs to Mrs. H. and me, "with big round tears coursing each other down her innocent nose in piteous chase." The husband of her youngest daughter is going to live at Montpellier, 600 miles from Paris, so that she should be separated from her child and grandchild for ever, she feared. We consoled her, as well as we could, by the hope that her son-in-law would get forward in his profession, that of the law, as we soon discovered when he came here, by the amusing accounts he gave us of police trials. The curé, to divert her thoughts, began to speak of the late fêtes, and of some arrests of Carlists and Republicans, which had followed them. It was said that a kind of conspiracy was discovered, in which some youths of the Polytechnic School were implicated. However, the whole is treated lightly ; and things of this kind become so common on the occasion of these fêtes, that few are interested in the fate of the arrested. But what really interested us all, when the curé began to speak of it, which he did with a voice he could

scarcely command, was the illness of his sister. He is seventy-six, she is eighty years of age ; they have passed their lives together, going through many trying scenes in both revolutions. I deeply sympathised with him, when he said so hopelessly, "At her age, think, Mademoiselle, how little I dare to expect her recovery !" Poor man ! what a tie to rend asunder, before he is called away from his simple labours and duties ; in such cases, I almost think the woman bears better to be the lonely one than the man. As the holidays are beginning, this interesting old man took his leave of me, with an affectionate shake of the hand, begging of me, wherever I might be, sometimes to think of *le pauvre petit curé de* —

Almost all are leaving the house during the holidays, except Mrs. H., and I shall in a day or two be with the N.s ; an English governess in the house has already taken her departure for Geneva, quite alone. What a long journey ! I should have pitied her, but she destroyed all my pity by her affectation. She had youth and liveliness, and some accomplishments, and facility in French conversation, in her favour, and nothing but a plain face and this affectation against her ; and yet I could not reconcile myself to her, she so out-heroded Herod in imitating French animation. But, poor thing, she made me make some painful reflections on the state of that society in which so many young females, well brought up, and intending well, are cast on the world, to struggle for themselves—"to hang loose on society," as Johnson expresses it—grasping at anything for support in their dependent and despised condition—despised on account of its very dependence. How the heart and soul, and all good feelings, suffer ; how they are hardened and *selfized*, by the continual struggle which they must make within, against their natural inclinations without, against the pride of others, always seeking to humiliate them !

The weather is delightful, and we all anticipate much enjoyment in our sail down the Seine ; but you shall hear, as usual, all that occurs ; so, good bye ! now.

## EXCURSION TO HAVRE.

## LETTER XV.

*Havre, September 12, 183—.*

WE did not travel all the way here by the Seine, my dear mother ; from Paris to Rouen was a land-journey, and a very agreeable one. We left Paris early in the morning, stopped at various towns in our way, of which I do not now remember the names, and arrived at Rouen for a late dinner. The aspect of the country through which we passed was very interesting, and the harvest seems to have been abundant. We had much difficulty in getting accommodated at Rouen, the hotels were so full ; but they made us temporary beds, on which we slept, but for a very short time, as we had determined to go on the following day, and the steam-boat sailed at the very unreasonable hour of two in the morning. Uprose we, then, at two, settled our bill for discomfort at Rouen, and embarked for Havre. We regretted much at first our determination to go on, when we saw what the *brume*, or fog, of the river was at that hour, and felt its effects on our frames ;—it seemed as if its chilling damp penetrated to the marrow of our bones. I could not bear the cabin to which my friends had retired, and so I placed myself on the stairs, under shelter, and yet able to inhale the air ; but the hour was so early that once or twice, even as I stood there, I almost dropped asleep when I turned my eyes or my attention from the scenery on either bank of the river. It is an interesting and picturesque sail from Rouen to Havre ; and better lighted it could not have been than when we saw it. First, the broad, bright moon, smiling at her image in the unruffled Seine—then the morning twilight, the sun not rising in



splendour, but “kerchiefed in a comely cloud”—then, his noon-day effulgence, which dissipated both fog and cloud ; and then—to descend from the skies—I began to feel uncomfortable, just as we arrived at Havre. My first impressions of this sea-port were not agreeable, but it improves on acquaintance, however paltry its shipping must appear in comparison with that to which I have been accustomed.

The impression which the aspect of nature made on me in my short journey, after having been so long in a great city, had something elevating in it ; or, at least, it brought back the elevating recollections of the days when my thoughts and dreams were of the sublimity of nature, and of the happiness of life—thoughts and dreams which made me a better and a happier being, and the remembrance of them must be ever dear, unless virtue and liberty cease to be dear to me. Indeed, already, as I see more of the world, I have lost much of my trust in the happiness of life, and I seem to turn more gladly to the charms of nature. Yes ; but it is to nature teeming with associations of man’s past life—of his noblest struggles. In this respect I am happy ; for where knowledge fails to bring such associations, imagination never does ; and I can people every region with hosts in whom the long-extinguished light of life burns again. The steppes of Tartary, the deserts of Arabia, the prairies of America, would be stirred for me ; they would, in their silence, re-echo the tread and the voices of armies accomplishing high destinies, yet whose crowds have perished unnamed by fame, who spoke but of their leader. Or I should hear the passing of tribes of wild herdsmen and hunters, drawing near with undefined longings to the abodes of more civilised men, whom yet, in their vigorous enjoyments, they despised. And, after all, is it not thus with the unknown millions who have perished, we should repeople earth when we turn back on the past, and not with the few hundreds of whom renown talks ? Is it not from the great mass of life in the past, as in the present, from the people, who form the broad foundation of

society, that we must select the examples of suffering, of fortitude, and of virtue, the most worthy of our sympathy and of our admiration ?

You expected me to feel here as if justly sympathising with a wronged people. No, my mind took a different turn at the *fêtes*. The French have as liberal institutions as it may be good for them to have at present ; but, when I recall the gigantic energies which they at one time put forth in the cause of freedom, I feel disappointed that they are not yet more worthy of it. It is true, that when one reflects on the process of degradation through which they had gone before the revolution, until they had become intolerable to themselves, one cannot but feel that a long time will be necessary to make them fit for better things. Yet, it is difficult not to be impatient about the education of nations, which is always so slow ; under the Christian dispensation, however, we have the happy certainty, that its completion will arrive—a certainty which was always wanting to the lovers of the human race before, and it should, indeed, give us patience. Yet, on this very subject of religion (a fixedness and security in which seems absolutely necessary to all progress in good government), is found a barrier against advancement towards what is just and liberal. In England, the ardour of different sects begetting so much animosity among them, is hostile to improvement ; in France, indifference as to all religious opinions is no less hostile. While in the one country, every fanatic can attract serious crowds ; in the other, every charlatan may draw laughing ones.

We had proof of this in Paris lately. A certain abbé invented a new kind of religious worship, in which the French language was to be used instead of the Latin, for the celebration of the mass, and confession and fasting were to be dispensed with. He had a large room, in a fashionable part of the town ; it was neatly arranged with rows of chairs, placed in front of a very plain altar, and there, every Sunday, for some time he performed service. Protestants and Catholics,

to whom I have spoken, have equally concurred in ridiculing this new French church ; but, in fact, it was for some time very well attended by the curious—certainly not by the religious. I went once, as one of the former, and I heard Monsieur the abbé abuse the Roman Catholic priests most terribly. I had heard that the music was particularly good in his chapel, and that that had attracted many persons to it. Alas ! I was like one who had come at the end of a feast. There was no more music ; his funds were too low ; he was forced to abandon that part of his entertainment, and so, no doubt, his church has fallen.

*September 13.*

Mrs. N. met, to-day, a Parisian acquaintance, whom she was surprised to see, as she had imagined nothing could have tempted her from the capital even for a week. Now, you shall guess on what affair she had come. Well, what is your first guess—your second—your third ?—none right ; she had come to fetch a wife for a Monsieur J., who has long been her intimate friend. He has lately obtained a situation, and is placed in a position in which he thinks a wife necessary to do the honours of his house. He said to this lady, Madame C., as she told the tale to Mrs. N., “I abandon myself entirely to your taste and judgment in the affair ; get a young lady for me.” Monsieur C. had a cousin here wasting her sweetness on the desert air, since her return home from a Parisian boarding-school. Madame had an opportunity of obliging both her husband and friend at the same time, by making her the wife of Monsieur J. The matter was settled at once, and the young cousin sets out to-morrow for Paris, to be seen on her arrival by her future husband, and to be married in ten days afterwards. Mrs. N. had seen too many of these marriages made up after a few interviews to be much surprised at this, but to amuse me, she questioned Madame C. a little. “Suppose Monsieur J. should not see your fair cousin with your favourable eyes ; suppose he should reject her on inspection ?” said she. “Oh, impossible ; he

is a man of too much honour, sense, knowledge of the world, to act in such a way." "Well, grant that he is ; but suppose the young lady should object to him ?" "Still, still more impossible ; she has been too well brought up to do so—knows too well how unbecoming it would be—how unlike the submissive gentleness of a young girl, educated to feel that she must have her husband chosen for her—no, no—I have no fear of objections on her part—besides, her mother assured me that she had counselled her when she brought her home from school, not to permit herself to form an attachment to any of the young men whom she might meet in Havre, but to wait until a husband was chosen for her—and she has waited very patiently, for she is now past twenty years of age—so, judge of the mildness of her character !" After she had run on in this way, Mrs. N. had nothing further to say, but to beg, for the improvement of Lucy N. and myself, the pleasure of an introduction to this amiable young lady of so accomplished an education. We found her just what most young Frenchwomen are, and I had the pleasure of enchanting her by my English muslin dress. "Her husband will be happy with her, and she will be happy with him, no doubt," exclaimed Lucy and I, laughingly, as soon as she had gone. "What do you mean, young ladies ?" asked Mrs. N. ; "and why that satirical curl on your lips ? If women are to be marketable commodities, why should they not be prepared in the best manner for the market ? and, surely, it is better they should be brought to the market by another—by a mother, aunt, or cousin—than that they should be obliged to dispose of themselves to the best bidder—indeed, should be forced to seek out a bidder, as too often they do in our own country ?" We did not know what to say to this ; and, addressing herself to me, she continued, " You shall now, if you please, place yourself in Southampton, as I was placed last autumn before coming abroad ; you shall see, as I saw, a young lady arrive there from town ; you shall see her fix on a wealthy country

gentleman as her mark ; contrive a visit to his park ; contrive a kind of introduction ; contrive to return to town in his carriage, with him and his sister ; contrive not to allow him to forget her, by soon after writing him a letter, begging him to contradict a report, maliciously spread, that she was going to be married to an attorney in Southampton ; and so, an interest having been awakened, a correspondence begun, you shall see her, in a very few months, the wife of the squire ; you shall call on her—you shall see her as mild, amiable, and accomplished as the bride of Havre ; and if you have a French bonnet on, as I had, you will see her as much enchanted with it as the young Frenchwoman was with your gown. Blame me not for being so impartial as to give you an English match to put in the opposite scale of the French one—you still look saucy.” “ Yes,” I replied, “ because I think you have chosen an exception to set against a rule.” “ Be it so,” she answered ; “ I have but this to say, that I am much inclined to think that there are as many marriages made by parents for their children, from disinterested motives, in this country, as there are made by women for themselves from disinterested motives in ours.” “ And yet,” said Lucy, “ for all this, mama would not make a choice for me ; she says the responsibility would be too great.” “ So think I,” said I.

I do not know how many days we shall stay in Rouen on our way back, but I shall write to you from thence. Do you know, I almost begin to doubt the propriety of my having been persuaded to leave my *pension*, even for a few weeks, because I could have enjoyed the company of my friends sufficiently, and have remained in it. Glad as I may feel, at times, to escape from solitude, and my own society, believe me, I should infinitely prefer perpetual solitude to perpetual society. You will say, as you often do at my assertions, that when I am older, I shall think differently. Perhaps so, but you know I except your society, because you have allowed me to think aloud with you, or to be, when I please, silent and alone, though beside you. Do you, at this moment, feel

the value of being with one, with whom you can think aloud, or be alone ? Ah, I trust you do, though I am not that one ! Being so near England, makes me think about meeting you ; and I feel as if I had permitted you to fix too long a time of absence. But I shall not think of making any changes in what was fixed, and now turn to your last letter. All you wrote was so cheering, both of yourself, and of those in whom we feel most interest, that my spirits rose as I read. Is it not true, as worthy Menenius says, that “ the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but *empiricæutic* to this preservative—a letter ? ” I wish you could say, that I, by mine, “ have given you an estate of seven years’ health, for which time you will make a lip at the physician.” Would that it were so ! But the ebbs and flows of happiness and health are not under our control at all times. Let me know all the ebbs and flows of yours, as I do you of mine, and thus you will best keep me tranquil. So, good night—good night !

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## LETTER XVI.

*Rouen, September 25, 183—.*

WE have seen a great deal of Rouen, and are very much pleased with it, its churches, antiquities, and library. I think it must be a very agreeable place of residence ; and its being within a day’s journey of Paris, must take from it much of the usual dulness of a country town. On the evening of our arrival we walked out ; Mrs. N. again met with an acquaintance, a young Englishwoman returning home, whom she had formerly met, and had an opportunity of obliging in Switzerland. She had been governess with a family who were going into Italy ; some private affairs, however, obliged her to leave them, and she thought herself fortunate in finding an opportunity of travelling home with a countrywoman. She had thought herself fortunate ; but I cannot say that,

when we met her, she would have acknowledged her good fortune to be very great, in having been forced, for so long a time, to be the companion of the old, haughty daughter of a once-distinguished bishop. When she described to Mrs. N. how this scion of the church travelled, with a foreign man, and English maid-servant, and a couple of petted dogs, we all compassionated her very much indeed ; at last, however, her griefs were over, for she was now on the point of embarking for England. "Oh," she exclaimed, "what a delightful journey I should have had with you, instead of my present patroness, if it had been my fate to meet you at Geneva, and that you could have taken me with you !" "Nay, do not be too sure of that, you do not know but that my daughter and I torment our French maid, when we are out of humour, as much as your lady did you and her English one," said Mrs. N. "I am quite certain, Madame," she replied, "that you would not have placed your French maid, still less a countrywoman of your own, in the painful and dangerous situation in which she places her female attendant, an exceedingly respectable young woman. In the hotel where she was at Geneva, for so long a time, were a number of foreign ladies, and I could not but compare their conduct towards their maids with hers, and most disadvantageously to her, I assure you. They were particular that theirs should either take their meals privately, or in the same apartment with themselves ; hers was obliged to join the common table of the men of the hotel, exposed to all the insolence and freedom of the most impertinent race of beings in the world—gentlemen's gentlemen, grooms, and footmen. Whether she be at a crowded hotel, or a lonely country inn, she still keeps her maid at a Pariah-like distance from her, except when she discourses to her on the beauty of the writings of her dear father, the bishop, or on the benighted state of the catholic people, among whom it pleases her to travel." "It is strange," said Mrs. N., "that we meet with more inconsistencies of the kind you describe, among the English, than among persons of any other country :

inconsistencies arising from preaching loudly, on all occasions, a religion and morality directly the reverse of all that their antisocial, dependent, and tyrannical habits of life force them to practise. The French more especially, as aiming at nothing so much as being men and women of the world, carefully avoid that, which would not only expose them to ridicule, but cause them to be ill served by their domestics." Just then, a footman summoned the young person to the side of her patroness, whom she had left on seeing Mrs. N., and we could hear that she was sharply reproved for picking up acquaintances in the street. I have told you all these things, that you may see Mrs. N. has lost none of her vivacity, nor kindness of heart.

After this—I know not how it was that Lucy and I rambled from the others, but we found ourselves near the cathedral, which we entered. We were both extremely impressed by the size, the remarkable height, the gothic carving, the dimness of this magnificent pile, as seen in the twilight, with a lamp twinkling here and there before some tombs. There were a number of people at prayers, in different parts of the edifice, and more, and more twinkling lights appeared, which seemed only to give something of vastness to it, and to deepen its gothic gloom. At length came a procession of people, attending a corpse to be interred; they passed on to the nave, when the body was put down, and the funeral service was chanted; it was very imposing indeed, as the sound died away through the long aisles and cloisters. I forgot, in the effect which this humble funeral produced, and in witnessing the devotion of the poor people, all the fine tombs we had been shown by the man who conducted us through the church, before this ceremony began. Even the lately recovered figure of *Cœur de Lion* was uninteresting to me, after my heart had turned to sympathise with the living hearts around me. Nature, dear Goddess! thou hast bound us to our fellow-beings by ties, which make us look coldly (when we have not yet become altogether worldlings) on



sculptured forms, while breathing men are beside them. When we left the cathedral, the stars were shining, but it was a delightful evening, mild and warm. We met our friends, and, on our return to our hotel, saw the bridge, on which is the statue of Corneille, but we had not a good view of it by that light.

But speaking of evening scenes, I should tell you we had a delightful one at Havre. We went on board the vessel of Mrs. N.'s American friends, and staid very late. Nothing could be more beautiful than the night was. The sparkling phosphoric light of the waves, the brilliancy of the stars, the lights of the town in the distance, and at length the yellow moon rising over it, occupied our eyes and our minds for some time with much delight. On our landing, we saw the arrival of a Southampton steamer, which quite diverted our thoughts from the picturesque. There were four ladies hustled into the custom-house, to inhale the agreeable atmosphere of two or three tallow candles, and to see men perform the elevating duty of looking into their night-bags, before they could have the satisfaction of getting to their hotel and to bed. You may be glad that you have never had to encounter such disagreeables. In coming here we recognised as our fellow passengers many of the persons we had seen land from Southampton, and in addition to these were many French. The beauty of the river having occupied me going down, I now amused myself with the company in the packet. There was variety of nations certainly, though I am inclined to think, and it seems strange enough, that the Irish predominated—for we had three or four families from Ireland, besides stragglers from that island; some of that kind of men “who hang loose upon society,” whose tongues always betray them, and who are often but little creditable to their country. One of this sort we saw attach himself to a party, and lead them to an hotel, for which I strongly suspect he was *decoy drake*, though he played the part of a passenger from England on board the steamer.

You will be amused with what I enclose you, I hope, my dear mother ; it owes its origin to Mrs. N.'s indulging Lucy's romance and mine, and taking us not to any of the large hotels of this town, but to a retired old place in the country, where she had been many years ago, and where she did not find her former landlord, but one who thought it right she should pay like the wife of a milord. I had been amused at his matter of fact conversation with her, on the evening of our arrival, and the morning after presented her with the enclosed, as a translation from a dusty MS., which I had found in a closet of my room. "I could not help wishing, after I left you last night, Mrs. N.," said I, "for a volume of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, and for the power of forgetting past, present, and future, in its Apennine scenes and banditti horrors, as I forgot them some years ago. What a pity that romance and poetry so soon lose the gift which Sancho attributed to sleep, that of wrapping a man round like a cloak, and protecting him from the intrusion of all his cares ! Thinking thus, I began to search through my apartment for something romantic, to try its power on me yet, and I found this fragment, which I have translated for you." She laughed, and said she distrusted me on the score of its romance, but Lucy should read it to us.

\* \* \* \* The young Sir Philibert, after having patiently listened to all this good advice, from his sage father, sprang on his noble courser, and rode away, casting but twice or thrice a look on his paternal castle, as it faded from his view in the increasing distance ; and these looks told rather the exultation of a prisoner freed from bondage, than the regret of a tender friend leaving those who were dear. He had not ridden far, when he espied a gentle knight pricking on the plain, in an opposite direction from himself, coming towards him. "Courteous, or discourteous, which will he prove ?" asked curiosity in his bosom, and then added, "Which should you prefer him to be ?" But ere the novice in deeds of chivalry had time to make, after due meditation, his reply to himself, the

knight galloped up to him, and showed every disposition to prove himself the most courteous of sword and lance-bearing men. So much so, in truth, that when a few simple answers to a few indirect questions had elicited the facts, that Sir Philibert had, for the first time, left the safeguard of the parental wing ; that he was now seeking what adventures he could find to lighten the tedium of the way to Aix-la-Chapelle, where he was going to the court of Charlemagne ; and that, to make an honest confession of ignorance, he knew nothing of the roads after he should have got a couple of miles beyond the precincts of his father's woods, the stranger turned his horse's head, and declared he should esteem himself unworthy of the name he bore, if he did not make it his first of duties to attach himself to the brave young aspirant for glory. He would not leave him, he said, until he saw him safe within the walls of the city for which he was bound ; until he was welcomed by those paladins, whose deeds he was destined to transcend. What name he bore, in honour of which he acted thus, Sir Philibert did not know, nor did he care then to inquire, so occupied was he with the pleasure of answering all the stranger's questions, and of talking more about himself than he had ever had an opportunity of doing in his father's presence. His short life had been most eventful, in fancy ; in a day, nay, an hour, he had earned harvests of fame, the growth of the exertions of years ; he had spent a stirring time of it, amidst deeds that he could do, that he would do, that he was now going to do ; and what a gratification it was to relate them all to an attentive and friendly ear ! "But pray," said the stranger knight, after he had listened long with the most approving smile, "in what sort of adventure should you like first to try your sword ?—kill a giant ? Eh ! Overthrow three stalwart infidels in a narrow pass, between rocks as high as a church ? Rescue a distressed damsel ? Eh ! Which ?" "Oh," replied Sir Philibert, without hesitation, "to rescue some damsel from the power of a false knight, is the first wish of my heart !" "By the hand of Charlemagne ! then I can

tell you it is more easy to do that than to rescue a knight from the power of a damsel, when once he has fallen into it." "Ah, I know you mean that it is difficult to break the thrall of love! But what true knight would wish to do so? Is it not his boast to be faithful to the lady of his soul, faithful as she is constant through years and years of perils and temptations?" The stranger did not take a pinch of snuff at this, he had no snuff-box; he did not take out a cigar, and light it, as much as to say, I have no more to say; cigars were not in fashion in those days; but he caused his horse to make two or three extraordinary curvets, and then in a very decided tone he replied, "I have seen a great deal of the life of a knight, and this I know, that there is not a quality man or woman can possess, more inconvenient, more troublesome, more foolish, in short, than constancy."

Somewhat shocked at such an assertion, Sir Philibert entered warmly on the defence of his favourite virtue; and, proud to show his noble sentiments, and what had been his honourable and knightly bringing-up, from this virtue he proceeded to expatiate on every virtue in succession, and every virtue he meant to practise. He appealed to the stranger for his approbation on each separate point as he discussed it, but to his astonishment he received on each much such an answer as he had received on the subject of constancy. At length, getting warm, he exclaimed, "Of what use would my education be; of what use would all the truths, which have been so carefully taught me, of religion and morality, be, if on entering into the world, I should find all these virtues as you say, inconvenient and foolish?" "Of what use, indeed?" echoed the stranger. "If knights are not in all their actions governed by the virtuous motives which I intend shall govern me, are they not spoilers, robbers, and marauders?" "Are they not, indeed?" re-echoed the interrogated knight. "Ha! then you have only been making a merry jest—you are of my sentiments?" "There is not the breadth of a sword's point difference between us; let us then sit down in this quiet

green glade, and refresh ourselves like loving friends together." Sir Philibert agreed, and they both dismounted ; he had no provision for a journey, but the stranger, who, as he said, knew pretty accurately the nature of a knight's life, and had had more experience of the disagreeableness of long fasts, produced a leathern bottle and a loaf, which he had hidden very carefully under his shield, that hung at his saddle-bow. After they had eaten and drank, and talked—the young knight about virtue, and honour, and fame, the old one about settling in an abode of his own, and resting, after his adventures, for the remainder of his life, and about the advantages of being in a country where good wine could be readily procured—it is not surprising that they should both drop asleep.

Now the fairy Ziliana, who had been hovering invisible near these knights, for some time, had heard all their discourse, and she thus soliloquised, as she gazed on Sir Philibert, (who had taken off his helmet) as he lay on the green sward. "How charmingly this young knight talks ! None of our fairies speak like him of virtue, and truth, and courage, and sincerity, and love, and constancy—constancy—no ! fairies are certainly very fickle—male fairies, I mean ; but I must leave the contemplation of this beautiful young knight, and keep my appointment with Alexion now. I shall return, however, in the evening, for I have a plan in my head concerning him." So saying, she departed, but in the evening, faithful to her word, she was again at the spot where she had left Sir Philibert and the stranger. The sinking sun shed a rosy glow over the green open glade where they had rested, and gilded the tops of the thick woods, which clothed the heights around ; it was a most enchanting light, and all nature smiled in its softness. "It is a propitious moment !" exclaimed the fairy, "and I cast Alexion off for ever."

She was now at Sir Philibert's side ; he still lay fast asleep on the turf, although the dews of evening were beginning to fall ; but to her astonishment, she found him simply in doublet and hose, stripped of all his armour ; sword, lance,

buckler, his well filled purse, his father's last gift, charger, stranger, all were gone! and the young knight lay unprotected and defenceless, wrapped in the happiest of dreams. How great was the indignation of the generous and tender-hearted Ziliana, when at a glance she comprehended all the treachery, of which he had been the victim! Yet, great as her indignation was, it did not prevent her seeing in an instant, how opportunely the knight's misfortune might favour the design she had formed respecting him. She proceeded, then, to cast off her invisibility, and assuming the form of a lovely damsel, she appeared bound to a tree, near the sleeping knight, and then raising the sweetest of human voices, she cried, "Awake! awake! Sir Knight, defend thyself, defend a lady who calls on thee for aid!" At these words Sir Philibert sprang to his feet, and as he endeavoured to shake off the bewildering effects of slumber, in a different tone the lady cried, "Ha! false traitor, dost thou flee as soon as thou seest thy intended victim roused to defend himself?" "Alas!" exclaimed Sir Philibert, who had sought in vain for sword and shield, "Alas! fair lady, how can I defend myself or thee, I am robbed of my arms? But I am lost in amazement—explain to me if thou canst, what has befallen me? Yet, first—base that I am to think of myself at such a moment! Let me unbind thee. Detested be the coward, who could treat thee with such indignity, as to tie these knots! Tell me, sweetest lady, I pray thee, who thou art, and why thou art here?" "It is getting late," replied the now liberated fair one, "the shades of night are falling fast around; give me thy company, Sir Knight, to my poor castle, and as we make our way through the woods, I will tell thee all."

Sir Philibert gladly consented; and on their way she related to him, that, taking an evening ride, accompanied by only a single squire, she had come suddenly on the glade, where she found a base and traitorous knight stripping another, who lay asleep on the grass. Horror-struck at such conduct, she commanded her squire to attack him, but he

had, like a coward, fled from the encounter ; the knight then turned in wrath on her, forced her to dismount, bound her to a tree, and when her cries had aroused the sleeping knight, he fled, leading away with him the horses. When the lady had ended this tale, and when Sir Philibert had poured forth some expressions of gratitude for her generous, but ineffectual exertions in his behalf, they found themselves before the gates of a noble castle, situated on the declivity of a mountain, and surrounded by thick and tall woods, which seemed the growth of centuries. The knight, at the lady's request, blew a blast on a bugle, which hung at the portal, and they were immediately admitted into a court-yard, filled with troops of servants bearing torches, and all rejoicing in the return of their lady. He now recollected the plight in which he was, but was quickly relieved from embarrassment by a squire, who, commanded by the lady, led him to a chamber, and provided him with everything suitable for his station—not indeed, what was suitable for a knight, who was going to meet the foe in the field, but weeds of peace, adapted to one who was going to revels held in a lady's bower.

Sir Philibert remained many days the guest of the Lady Ziliana, whom he found the undisputed mistress of the castle, and the surrounding territory. She had neither father nor husband—neither guardian nor brother—to dispute her will, and everything was submission and happiness around her ; yet she, the mistress of all, had more than once secretly confessed to him, that woman's only felicity consists in being dependent, and that her dearest wish was, to resign all her power to one who should rule her as he pleased. He could not misunderstand her ; nor could he be insensible to the charms of the loveliest lady he had ever seen, and one who possessed every talent—every accomplishment and grace, that could enhance her charms ; but then, alas ! she was ready to bestow herself on him—there was no plotting uncle, no false knight, no great giant to be overcome, that he might win her. He threw himself at her feet ; he declared his love

for her, and his unworthiness of her, in the same breath ; he announced his determination of going forth, that by deeds of arms, by deeds of virtue, in succouring the oppressed and suffering, he might merit her fair hand ; and then he prepared to leave her. But she had raised him from the ground where he knelt, had placed him beside her, and had wound her arms so securely around his neck, that he found it impossible to withdraw himself at first from their gentle pressure. Then she poured into his ear a description of the world, of which he supposed she knew nothing, resembling very much that which his false friend in the wood had given him. And she endeavoured to convince him, that nothing could be more useless, and more foolish, than to try to do good in that world by aiding the oppressed and distressed ; she said that virtue was nourished best, that it flourished best, in quiet retirement, with love by its side. Now, as all that the false knight had said was set down in Sir Philibert's mind as the cynicism of a robber, who wished to make every man appear as bad as himself, so, all that the lady said he set down as an artifice of a loving maiden to retain her lover by her side. He kissed her a hundred times, and swore a hundred oaths, that he would return to her before the expiration of a year, but go he would—and go he did—for she fell into a transport of fury, during which he escaped, not, however, without being a little blasted by the lightnings of fairy passion which darted from her eyes.

The rest is soon told. Sir Philibert, the champion of the right, got knocked on the head, and sent to a better world, by Roland, whom he encountered as he was carrying off a lovely young damsel, much against her will ; it was a short time before he became insane, on account of Angelica's infidelity to him. Ziliana returned to fairy-land, and was long the subject of the jests of her fairy lover Alexion, on her ineffectual attempt to secure a human lover, a paragon of virtue. The false knight, aided by the purse he stole from Sir Philibert, founded an hostelry, the first that was known



in the neighbourhood of Rouen ; his wine was generally good, and, it is said, that the present landlord of this inn, which was built on the very spot where his stood, does not cheat his guests more than he did.

“As this legend seems very ancient,” said Mrs. N., laughing, “I suppose I am to conclude, that all the landlords, until the time it was written, had been extortioners, and that I am not to be surprised that the present one inherits their virtues.” “Exactly so,” I replied.

Good bye ! I shall write to you no more from this. Good bye, again.

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## A BOARDING-HOUSE.

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### LETTER XVII.

*Paris, October 8, 183—.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Once more in the city, I must, before I tell you our present arrangements (although you will laugh), tell you how I felt on re-entering Paris. I did not know, until that moment, how much it had robbed me of my illusions, for I sat silently back in the carriage, and said to myself, almost before I was aware that this mood of retrospect had stolen on me,—“What can France, or Paris, or their people be to me, now that I know them ? What can I have now, in exchange for those cheering hopes, for one nation at least, with which I came here, full of their late revolution ? What have I had in exchange for them ? The knowledge that that one nation is unworthy of freedom—fickle, vain-glorious, aimless in her views ; she knows not what freedom is ; she but differs from England in doing wrong with a lighter and more fantastic step. The one plays the charlatan in dancing-pumps, the other in wooden shoes ; and each is happy in the charlatan-

ism which is practised, and which increases a self-importance already too high." But I shall tell you no more of this. We arrived safely ; Mrs. N. found the rooms she had engaged in the boarding-house not quite ready, and we had to stay two days at an hotel. We dined at the *table d'hôte* one day, which was quite a new thing for me, and amused me very much. The company were well behaved, but not numerous : and, oh ! Mrs. Trollope, who place France above the United States in manners, one gentleman who talked of going to the opera, picked his teeth with his fork !! To fill up our time on the day after our arrival, before we could get settled in our new home, we made some calls, and I found, to my astonishment, my friend, Mademoiselle A., transformed into Madame la Comtesse de L.—married to a son of the celebrated De L. I had not the least idea that this marriage was about to take place, but I am very much pleased with it ; there is to me a great charm in a distinguished name, and I am glad she has taken one that is so very much so.

On the following day we came to this house, which is to be our home for a month. At dinner we saw our fellow-lodgers, and found them all ladies. This was the case while the master of the house was from home. He is, poor gentleman, a man of family, who has seen better days, and who has yet a small property in the country, but the last revolution altogether deprived him of the income which had enabled him to live in Paris, and maintain his rank in society. I understand that this boarding-house is kept much against his will, as he would rather live on his little estate in the country, but his wife is so much attached to Paris, and has such a horror of the country, that she has made him give some sort of sanction to it, and has endeavoured to make it more respectable than most establishments of the kind are here. We were first introduced to the lady of the house at the dinner-table ; she is perfectly well bred, and lady-like, but has an expression of countenance that is difficult to describe, but which certainly verges on malice : her mother, an old lady

of nearly eighty years of age, was there also. There were an Italian lady and her daughter, and three English ladies, one of them, Mrs. A., an excessively Frenchified little London dame. For the rest, I shall not say much about them, but remark, *en passant*, that it has not yet fallen to my lot to see Englishwomen in Paris, who merited much admiration; there is an affectation about them, in general, a straining after something; a want of composure and dignity, which is excessively disagreeable. After dinner we go to the drawing-room, and then is the time for visitors. There came, that evening, an English gentleman, an acquaintance of one of the ladies, who had just returned from a tour in Italy and Germany. He produced his journal, and read aloud some parts of it. It was really not bad. Not bad!—what a phrase, when it was all written in excellent heroic verse of ten feet, with a good rhyme at the end of each line! Think of that, and of my meagre prose about all I see and hear! Other visitors came, and after tea, at nine o'clock, we found that card-playing commenced; and learned, to our surprise, that it was quite the order of the night here. However, I am not the least likely to be an assistant in it, nor is Mrs. N., nor Lucy. I think we shall live very much in our own sitting-room; indeed we have begun to do so, for reading, in the evening, in the common drawing-room, is impossible; and those ladies who do not play, but join us—for conversation, devote their powers to talk, nay to such perfect *jabber*, about dress (for in this city it is a truth, that dress is of more importance than any other thing connected with human existence,) that we are already heartily tired of them.

October 9th.

To-day, just before dinner, the lady of the house came into Mrs. N.'s room to announce, with great pleasure, that her husband, the Count —, had arrived from the country. When we went into the dining-room, we saw him in his place, the centre, not the foot of the table, as in

England. He arose, and bowed in a gentlemanly manner. He is a tall, white-headed, weather-beaten, military man, of Napoleon's race of warriors—a race that will soon be extinct. Yes! There he sat opposite his niece-wife! and his sister-mother-in-law was looking at him with much affection, from the upper end of the table! The old lady had told me, one day, when she showed me the picture of her brother, that the uncle had espoused the niece; that that was permitted by a dispensation from the pope; whereupon, I did not like the old lady so well as I had done; for it was she who, from interested motives about some property, and from a selfish affection for her daughter and brother—from neither of whom she wished to be separated—had urged the marriage. Well! but these people seem kind and amiable, so that I try to forget their strange consanguinity, and instead of thinking of it, I think of the Count's having gone through the campaign of Russia; and I "cite up a thousand stirring times"—if not of York and Lancaster, at least of men as interesting.

On the first Sunday that we were here, we went to the church of St. Roch, before going on to the Oratoire, which is in the same long, long street of St. Honoré. There was a grand mass on that morning, and the church was so full that we could not get seats, but we walked round the exterior aisle, driven pleasantly on by the soldiers, musket on the shoulder, who were keeping the passage open. I cannot tell you how my freeborn spirit rebelled at this. "What, soldiers even in the church!" I exclaimed, "and one must either leave it or go the way they like! This is too bad!" Mrs. N. laughed, but had not time to reply, for the procession of the priests was drawing near. It passed close by us, and we had a full view of all their barbaric splendour of silk and gold; the train of boys following and composing their faces to the solemnity necessary, were even more interesting to me, because more to be pitied than the old priests in their finery; but, perhaps, the best part of the procession was the two Dogberries of beadles, who came first to clear the way; their

faces were most absurdly profound. Ah, pardon me, my dear mother, it is a shame to look with ridicule on any religious ceremony in which, it may be, some persons present find religion! In truth, I never feel inclined for ridicule where there is any real heart-work accompanying the ceremony, as in the cathedral at Rouen, where only the poor and mean were at prayer. Yet here, in St. Roch, when all was meant to be splendid and imposing, who knows, but that that unhappy woman, the queen of these people, who was present, found some consolation, in what was to me a mockery, and her heart may have accompanied it with true devotion? And why should I not sympathise with her, as much as with those who would be glad to pick up the crumbs which fall from her table? Ay, indeed, as an affectionate wife and mother, she demands our deepest sympathy in a situation so full of peril for those whom she loves!

Although I have accused the Parisians of too much indifference as to religious opinions, it is not that they are wanting in devotional feelings; and in no place have I seen more attentive and serious listeners than at the French Protestant Church of the Oratoire, where I attend. The service is different from that of the English Protestant Church, but I like it extremely. There are four preachers who are heard in turn during the course of a month, and they are all good; one of them is thought very eloquent.

The sermon on this day was of that kind which is at present called evangelical with us, the text "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that which endureth unto eternal life," and it was listened to by a most attentive audience, for there was none of the noise and shuffling with chairs which one hears in the Catholic churches so frequently.

A few days ago, Madame G. called to take me to the Hospital of the Invalides, and I think, I have not seen anything which has pleased me more. The grandeur of the building, its immense size, its utility (since men will hack and hew one another) make it striking and interesting. Then

the beauty of the church, with its monuments, and the banners of so many nations suspended on each side, contribute to the imposing effect of the whole. I have seen no church which pleased me so much, yet, I think now, this was more from associations connected with it, than from anything else. One of the old invalids known to Madame G., conducted us through the building, or at least, as much of it as was necessary to understand the arrangements of the whole ; to go through it all, would be the labour of more than one day. There is a very handsome library, where many of the old soldiers were reading ; all may have books, provided they do not take them out of the hospital. A very amusing talkative fellow conducted us from the library to the council-chamber, which is decorated with the pictures of the *dead* Marshals ; as soon as one dies, his picture is placed there. In the library is a picture of Napoleon, in his imperial robes, with the laurel on his brow ; it is one of the most unpleasing pictures I have ever seen of him, having a rigid death-like look. The latest addition to the ornaments of the hospital, are some cannon from Algiers, and some horsetail standards, which, the old soldier said, were not all worth a flag taken from the Prussians or English, for *ces gens-là* don't know how to make war, so there is no honour in conquering them.

After that, we went to the Louvre, to go through the picture gallery, catalogue in hand. I spent two hours, not with much pleasure, for not being anything of the connoisseur, I do not like going on from picture to picture, and looking on so many ; I came away with my head filled with a confusion of colours, and nothing more, unless it be a headache.

On the following day, I went with Madame T. to see the gallery of statues in the Louvre, which I had always before omitted. I was exceedingly delighted with them. I like statues better than pictures ; that is to say, the impression they make on me has in it something more of the sublime than that which pictures make. The life in death—the stillness of those forms apparently so full of vigour—features so

well defined, so full of soul, and yet no eyes to speak the thoughts—all this, is peculiarly impressive. I remarked, that the persons who were there, spoke in whispers, as if among those who had once had life. The halls in which the sculpture is placed, are very handsome, as indeed are all parts of the Louvre.

From thence we went with Mr. M., to see the *Musée d'Artillerie*. It is a very interesting place, and contains some fine specimens of ancient armour. One can scarcely help thinking, that those ponderous fellows of the middle ages, who bore such tremendous loads of metal on head, back, breast, arms, thighs, legs, feet, hands, were, after all, arrant cowards. If they had had that elevated courage which enables our men, defenceless in sheep's wool, "to be shot at for a shilling a day," they would never have required such steel casings as we saw. But I shall leave you to propose the question for some debating club, whether the man in iron, or the man in broadcloth, be the most courageous?

Since our arrival, there have been two new arrivals,—a young couple, who have just returned from Italy, after having spent a year there. They are English, but have with them, for their infant's nurse, an Italian, a dark-eyed, fine-looking peasant, dressed in the costume of her country; they seem very nice, intelligent persons, and, like us, not of the card-playing genus. We had some conversation with the gentleman after dinner, and he seems to entertain a very unfavourable opinion of the lower class of Italians, as to honesty and truth. Apparently, the want of these qualities strikes Englishmen more forcibly than the want of any other among foreigners; yet, in matters of trade, it is quite certain that the want of them is only too common in their own country. While Italy was the subject of conversation, a Spanish acquaintance of Mrs. N. came in, and took a part in the discourse. He had travelled a great deal in all parts of Europe, and had spent many years in Italy, making himself acquainted with the Italians in the bosoms of their families; and he took

their part most warmly. When Mrs. N. spoke of what she had read in books, he confirmed her in that which she said she had long surmised, that the tales about the *cavalieri serventi* are shockingly exaggerated. "How, in fact," she asked, "could society exist at all, as it is at present based, if no rights of legitimacy could be established in any family?" The Italian women, our Spaniard declared, do not by any means deserve the ill reputation they have acquired; they are free and careless in discourse, but not more incorrect in their conduct than the women of other countries. They have not, he justly remarked, so many temptations as Frenchwomen, because they are very simple in their dress; whilst in Paris, his own experience confirmed him in the opinion, that the unbridled passion for the toilet often led to frightful results. He knew well, he said, many women who wore what their husbands' fortune could never purchase; unhappily, Frenchmen were not sufficiently jealous of the honour of their wives, and thus the state of morals, influenced more by the conduct of women than by aught else, as yet was far from having made that progress which the great political advances of France might at first lead us to suppose. This may seem a strange tone which the conversation had taken, but there was nothing offensive in any observation which he made; and the Englishman had the candour to give way to the sentiments of one who had had a much more intimate knowledge of Italy than he could have in but one year's residence there.

I have not yet called on the M.'s since my return to Paris, but I shall do so, and let them know, that although they re-open their school about the middle of this month, I shall not return to them until the beginning of next month. In the meantime, good bye; you shall hear from me here as there,—your fortnightly epistle shall not fail you. Good bye!



## LETTER XVIII.

Paris, October 26, 183—.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I do not know whether I told you or not, that Monsieur M. was engaged in a law-suit, about a sum of four hundred thousand francs, as he told me. I may not have mentioned it, for it was rather a subject of laughter to me than anything else ; it having happened one day that the governesses were talking of the systems of teaching, and of the Jacotot system, that Madame M. said, " Oh, it is on that system that Monsieur M. learns his lawsuit !" Then, turning to me, she asked, " Do you not hear, very early in the morning, a murmuring sound in the room underneath yours ? It is he learning *son procès* before he is out of bed, on the Jacotot system of constant repetition ; he is determined to know it so well, that he cannot be confused by any question he may be asked." I laughed, as I tell you, at all this, more particularly as she said there was every probability they should gain their cause. Alas ! I do not laugh now—they have lost it, and are ruined. They were very much involved in debt, and depended entirely on gaining this suit to extricate them from their difficulties. Their school is completely put an end to, and in a few days their house will be deserted ; and they must leave Paris. I am very, very sorry for them, but cannot see them, to express to them my regret for what has happened ; nor could I see Madame T., or Madame P., or any of my old friends, to say to any of them that I was not a being destitute of all human sympathies, however useless my sympathies might be. The house was, indeed, a mournful spectacle ; and such is the event of the visit I told you in my last I should make. However, I must turn from others to myself, as you will be

rather anxious to learn my plan for fulfilling my year *en pension* here. Mrs. N. has already visited several boarding-schools with me, but that which we prefer is Madame A.'s. It is not at all in the same part of the town where I have been ; it is in the Chaussée d'Antin. It is a highly respectable school, and higher in terms than those where I have been. Even if Mrs. N. were inclined to remain where we are, I do not think it would be agreeable to me in the winter, when the house will be much more full than it has been. But I think she will return to England for a few months in winter, and come to Paris again early in the spring. When she goes, I shall go to Madame A.'s, if I do not go even before her departure.

A few days ago, Mrs. K., an acquaintance of Mrs. N., had invited us to join a pic-nic party ; we were delighted at the proposal ; but the weather suddenly changing, and a sharp east wind coming on, we had on the evening before the appointed day given up our design. In the morning, however, she sent Mr. K. for us, and never was man more determined not to yield to three ladies—so all our remonstrances were vain—we muffled and set off. At Mrs. K.'s we found a party of twelve, who had only decided that they would have a gipsy meal somewhere, the place was not fixed on—it was thought too late in the day to go to Enghien, as it is so far ; however, at last to Enghien we went, and a most lovely spot it is. The road to it lies through St. Denis, the town which I visited before, as you may remember. At Enghien we exchanged our carriages for boats, and sailed over the beautiful little calm lake to the Isle of Swans. A gleam of sunshine favoured us, although it had been so cold in the morning, and we had a delightful *déjeuner à la fourchette*. Our tablecloth was spread on the grass, and the champagne went round more than once, which the ladies seemed to enjoy quite as much as the gentlemen. We walked about the island a little, and then returning to the continent, we walked through the gardens of the bath establishment at Enghien, which is a celebrated place for mineral baths. The country around is

very pretty ; and some English families, I am told, have houses in the neighbourhood. After we had satisfied ourselves by seeing all that could be seen, we set off for Paris, and arrived at Mrs. K.'s for a seven o'clock dinner—so that I think we made the most of our day.

On the following one we went to see the manufactory of Gobelin tapestry. We found that we were rather before the hour of admission, and had time to go into the Jardin des Plantes, which is very near it, and very far from where we live—too far to be visited often ; but the day was so cold we could not enjoy our walk even in that delightful garden. The manufacture of the Gobelins is extremely curious and beautiful. We saw many things that nearly equalled painting in shading, and certainly surpassed it in brilliancy of colour. There are some pieces in progress, in which likenesses of the present royal family are introduced. We saw the portraits in oils, by some of the best artists of the day, fixed behind the frames of the workmen, for them to copy from. You perhaps have thought that I should speak of workwomen rather, as this is a kind of thing, like embroidery, more suited to them than men ; but no—we saw very few women, and what amused me much was, to see the men bearded and moustached like Cossack warriors, and plying their threads with the solemnity of Indian chiefs at a palaver. However, this is not surprising, since musicians, piano-tuners, joiners, and all sorts of men, are now “bearded like the pard.”

Since I wrote to you, we have had several additions to our party here. First, a Mr. O., certainly a most extraordinary specimen of mankind, boorish and silent. Then a Miss Y., a respectable elderly lady, with no French or English nonsense about her. Then a young Mr. N., whom I like ; he seems so fond of buying books, and is so unassuming. Then an old Mrs. A. and her son, a youth of quite a different stamp—but I need not go on enumerating and naming. Suffice it, that as the company increases, and the house becomes more gay, we are more and more retired, and find

less and less to like in a boarding-house life ; and if I had been disposed to dislike my boarding-school life, I should find here cause to rejoice in it as so much superior to this. You will think from all this, that our society has not improved on further acquaintance—perhaps it has not. The Countess seems indifferent to everything but dress and amusement, and to obtain these chooses to live in the way she does, when, if she would only make herself endure retirement, she might on the little property they possess, be free from the cares which this expensive and fluctuating establishment entail, and might be ten times more respectable than she is. The Count, of course, would prefer the country, and he tries by a careless levity to make the best of what he dislikes ; I scarcely know what to think of him sometimes. He now and then fixes a searching doubtful look on Lucy and me, as if he would, if possible, unravel the mystery of how we can be so quiet and contented, and free from the desire to be more *en évidence* than we are, which is very little indeed, as we are almost always in our own rooms. I dare say that, Frenchman, soldier, and man of the world, as he is, he suspects us of having some deep designs under our tranquillity of demeanour. He is, however, kind-hearted, I am sure, and this was shown in his efforts to give a humanising tone to the manners of the strange, silent, boorish Mr. O., of whom I told you. He has been a fortnight here, and has, I think, in that time spoken twenty-eight words, which is allowing him two a-day—quite as much as he has made use of, I am sure. Whether he be insane or not, is a question which none of us have been able to decide, for he seemed sometimes to be laughing to himself in a way more malicious than foolish. He never wishes any of us good morning or good evening, eats and drinks enormously, with his head bent over his plate ; at all this some of us have been inclined to make impertinent remarks, but Mrs. A. always takes his part, and has made it out to her own satisfaction, that he is a victim to the tender passion. Her praise of him the other day to one of the ladies, ended

with, "Oh, my dear, look at him ! that man has no back to his head, it is all intellect in the anterior part ; he has a very fine head, he is far from a fool." This piece of phrenology amused me very much ; but whether he has any back to his head or not, I cannot but think him a very unhappy being, cast into this world of Paris so lonely and neglected, and so determined to be neglected by his neglect of the forms of society towards others.

On Sunday last, our sermon at the Oratoire, preached by a different clergyman from him whom I named to you last, made much impression on me. He is a Monsieur Coquerel, and has obtained some celebrity here for his eloquence ; I have heard him frequently before, but never did he arrest my attention so much as on this last occasion. His discourse, though marked by much animation, was free from that affectation of vehemence which is so common a fault among the preachers of the new ranting extempore school introduced lately from Ireland into England. He was earnest, which is a much better thing than being vehement. And this earnestness, indeed, moved me to tears, when, after describing the way in which philosophy, reason, learning, endeavour to persuade men that they can arrive at the perception, the understanding of true religion, the knowledge of God, he added, "and, while they think they are able to attain that knowledge, that understanding, one thing has made them incapable of it—sin !" It is most true that the mind, warped by that, and by evil passions, has not even the power of using its faculties rightly, more particularly in that which presents itself, as religion ever does, in opposition to sin and evil passions. You will wonder how it was that I should have been so much moved by this, and have felt, as it were, a touch of remorse, bring tears to my eyes. It was, I think, that I could not help upbraiding myself for my passionate desire for knowledge as a crime—an involuntary one—of my childhood. And yet it is strange that I should have felt thus, for, not long ago, when I was regretting that the world

was robbing me of some of my illusions, I turned from that train of thought, and dwelt on my early thirst for knowledge as a blameless feeling, the source of much gratification to me. This you shall see :—

Numb'ring past wealth of dreams I smile—Oh, yes ! for now  
My earliest, happiest, best of dreams I hail—  
A sunny morn of childhood, and the gale,  
Of health and joy which fondly kissed my brow,  
Return in memory ; the lilac bough  
Waves o'er me disregarded whilst I read—  
Again, eve's deepening twilight nought I heed,  
Or loneliness in distant room, or how  
The sobbing wind passes the window pane—  
Unnoticed all that rouses thrilling fear,  
At other times—I, lost, absorbed remain,  
Till darkness falls o'er pages ever dear—  
Then the vast dream of knowledge ! priceless gain !  
Long-cherished thoughts, still may I smile, ye claim no tear.

Our Sunday was not all serious ; I must tell you of our visiting the Palais-Royal. Sunday is the only day on which tickets for seeing the apartments are given, so, do not suppose we went shopping to that great mart as on any other day—we went a stage higher than the shops this time. Wishing to recal all about Sunday, I began about our church-going, and thus was led very far from the Palais-Royal and its apartments. Some of them are very handsome ; yet you will scarcely think they were very pleasing to one who hates gilding, and Richelieu, and Louis XIV. Indeed, I looked with a most malignant satisfaction on the picture of the farce of the dying cardinal making a gift of that very palace to the king whom he feared in death—it almost makes me think, that even at that moment his God must have been forgotten, while his king was so well remembered.

The only things which interested me much were the pictures of Louis-Philippe in his different situations in life, and the portraits of his fine family. That man, although he



scene as one can behold, on any part of this terraqueous globe, I should think. Then, to us islanders, who are accustomed either to the noise of the pavement of a street, with its line of mean brick houses on each side, or to the monotony of a garden or park, where even pleasure looks dull, and but half awake—there is something very exhilarating in finding the animation of business and pleasure united ; the street of traffic, and the garden or park, one and the same ; for such are the Boulevards ; here, the brilliancy of gas-lighted shops, with gay colours of all kinds in the windows ; there, the solemn waving of tall trees in the varied lights ; here, the lamps of a theatre ; there, benches and tables in the open air, where parties of well-dressed persons are eating ices, or taking coffee ; here, young persons promenading ; there, the elderly driving ; and all this on a broad road, with rows of trees on each side, and houses of every variety of height and architecture, to add to the picturesqueness of the scene.

*October 27.*

To-day, our first visit was at the D.'s, a very pleasant American family, with whom we have lately had some agreeable intercourse. Mrs. D. made us laugh in speaking of an indefatigable literary countryman of hers, who was taking his leave as we entered. He had breakfasted with them a few mornings before, and had been then telling them that he had made fifteen pages for his travels on that breakfast ; this was certainly more than they expected from so simple a matter. My acquaintance Mrs. E. called while we were with Mrs. D., and also, a young United States gentleman, bearing the celebrated name of —. He paid his devoirs to his friends among the company, with the ease and self-possession of an accomplished diplomatist of twenty years' standing, and he has not been so many years in the world, to say nothing of his never having belonged to any embassy, or never having pretended to belong to one. Afterwards we went to Miss T.'s ; I believe I have not spoken to you of this young



friend of Mrs. N.'s ; she is a pleasant, frank-hearted creature, and I like her extremely. We had heard that she was setting off for England immediately, but when we arrived at her lodging we found she was out, and that she had changed her mind (which she had done half a dozen times during the last week) and that she was not going for a month. Mrs. N. is much interested in her, and had given her her advice most strongly in favour of going home, but she seems to prefer anything to that home, which is a quiet vicarage in —shire. At this I wonder now, although I am sure before I came abroad, I should have thought it very natural, so little are the ignorant and the young capable of judging of what is most for their happiness. When childhood is past, an indiscreet curiosity impels us to know for ourselves all that can be known of the world, as if that were necessary to our well-being, whereas, all that is necessary to it is the quiet fulfilment of a very narrow circle of duties. After all this you will be amused if I should ever wish to rove farther than France ; I cannot answer for myself, for when I hear people talk of Italy, I feel very impatient to judge of it for myself, so in spite of all my wise reflections at this moment, I may wander again for further knowledge. Our next visit was to Madame R., an English lady, lately married to a Swiss gentleman. We were their first visitors, in their new state of double blessedness, and it is really a pleasure to see two such happy, good looking, good humoured persons. With them are no over-refined tastes, no morbid sensibilities, no high-reaching ambitions to disturb the even tenor of their way, and with them happiness should dwell. But you will be tired of morning calls. I must lay aside the pen.

*October 28.*

We have an evening for company every week, and this was one of our parties. They have become very large, as the town becomes fuller. Cards, cards, cards, are the never-failing resource, and *écarté* seemed to interest a great many.

We remained in a corner, and were lookers on ; occasionally Mrs. N. was joined by persons whom she had met formerly, both English and French, for as the Countess only seeks to extend her connexion, she invites persons whom she meets in the most casual way to her parties, and these, more particularly if they are gentlemen, accept her invitations. All this makes her house not desirable for ladies who do not wish to mix in society of that *promiscuous* sort. Now and then there are *celebrities* at these weekly parties, to make them more striking, but these generally happen to be of the Carlist renown, for both the Countess and her mother are of that party. On one evening we had a Madame de —, a celebrated beauty, and niece to the ex-minister —, who was tried after the revolution. Then there was an author, I know not of what, but certainly odd-looking enough to pass for a younger Caliban, with another writer, an Irishman, transformed into a French Vicomte, and an old general with a young wife, sufficiently fond of *écarté*. Sometimes these parties are varied by little scenes, as, for instance, one evening, one of the English ladies in the house would, as a public mark of approbation, present an artist, who had just finished her portrait, with a bouquet before the company. This amused us very much, for her profound curtsies out-frenchifying France, and her alarming animation of face, were an admirable contrast to the stiffness of the poor painter, who looked, as he accepted the nosegay, as if he were suffering from having on a coat which was quite too tight in the back. When such little scenes are sufficient to amuse us in our *soirées*, you may suppose that we find the monotony of card-playing rather dull.

But I am drawing to a close, and this is the place where the most important part of a woman's letter is to be found ; my affair of importance is, then, the decision made since I began this letter, to leave this next month, and go to Madame A.'s : from her abode, then, you shall next hear from me. Good bye, until then.

## LETTER XVIII.

Paris, October 26, 183—.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I do not know whether I told you or not, that Monsieur M. was engaged in a law-suit, about a sum of four hundred thousand francs, as he told me. I may not have mentioned it, for it was rather a subject of laughter to me than anything else ; it having happened one day that the governesses were talking of the systems of teaching, and of the Jacotot system, that Madame M. said, " Oh, it is on that system that Monsieur M. learns his lawsuit !" Then, turning to me, she asked, " Do you not hear, very early in the morning, a murmuring sound in the room underneath yours ? It is he learning *son procès* before he is out of bed, on the Jacotot system of constant repetition ; he is determined to know it so well, that he cannot be confused by any question he may be asked." I laughed, as I tell you, at all this, more particularly as she said there was every probability they should gain their cause. Alas ! I do not laugh now—they have lost it, and are ruined. They were very much involved in debt, and depended entirely on gaining this suit to extricate them from their difficulties. Their school is completely put an end to, and in a few days their house will be deserted ; and they must leave Paris. I am very, very sorry for them, but cannot see them, to express to them my regret for what has happened ; nor could I see Madame T., or Madame P., or any of my old friends, to say to any of them that I was not a being destitute of all human sympathies, however useless my sympathies might be. The house was, indeed, a mournful spectacle ; and such is the event of the visit I told you in my last I should make. However, I must turn from others to myself, as you will be

rather anxious to learn my plan for fulfilling my year *en pension* here. Mrs. N. has already visited several boarding-schools with me, but that which we prefer is Madame A.'s. It is not at all in the same part of the town where I have been ; it is in the *Chaussée d'Antin*. It is a highly respectable school, and higher in terms than those where I have been. Even if Mrs. N. were inclined to remain where we are, I do not think it would be agreeable to me in the winter, when the house will be much more full than it has been. But I think she will return to England for a few months in winter, and come to Paris again early in the spring. When she goes, I shall go to Madame A.'s, if I do not go even before her departure.

A few days ago, Mrs. K., an acquaintance of Mrs. N., had invited us to join a pic-nic party ; we were delighted at the proposal ; but the weather suddenly changing, and a sharp east wind coming on, we had on the evening before the appointed day given up our design. In the morning, however, she sent Mr. K. for us, and never was man more determined not to yield to three ladies—so all our remonstrances were vain—we muffled and set off. At Mrs. K.'s we found a party of twelve, who had only decided that they would have a gipsy meal somewhere, the place was not fixed on—it was thought too late in the day to go to Enghien, as it is so far ; however, at last to Enghien we went, and a most lovely spot it is. The road to it lies through St. Denis, the town which I visited before, as you may remember. At Enghien we exchanged our carriages for boats, and sailed over the beautiful little calm lake to the Isle of Swans. A gleam of sunshine favoured us, although it had been so cold in the morning, and we had a delightful *déjeuner à la fourchette*. Our tablecloth was spread on the grass, and the champagne went round more than once, which the ladies seemed to enjoy quite as much as the gentlemen. We walked about the island a little, and then returning to the continent, we walked through the gardens of the bath establishment at Enghien, which is a celebrated place for mineral baths. The country around is

and sisters in exile" here, for from all I have heard I shall find more English than in either of my other *pensions*. Good night, now.

November 11.

Another evening's chat with you, my dear Mother. I have seen something more of this establishment, and can give you a further account of it. The pupils, who rise at six, have breakfast at eight in the *grand réfectoire*; we, the *demoiselles en chambre*, have breakfast at nine, in a little *salle-à-manger* near the saloon, where visitors are received, and which is a very pretty room on the ground floor, opening into the garden. The second breakfast of the pupils is at twelve, ours at one; their dinner at five, ours at six. Now for the company, which is not so large as I had expected. On one side I have a handsome Irish girl of four or five and twenty; on the other, an English one, some years older. The former is silent, the latter excessively talkative—she never ceases holding forth; all subjects seem alike to her, on all she can make a description; and if there should be any lack of argument, she will relate a story or fable which she may have read lately. Next her sits a tall young English girl, under twenty, pretty, silly, and rich; her father is dead, and her mother, who had a good jointure, has married for charity a fortuneless Irishman, and now resides in some provincial town in France. Then Madame A.'s place is next, at the middle of the table. Below her is a sister of the young Irish lady, very tall and stout, but not so handsome as the other; then there is a French girl next her, and opposite these another Irish young lady, and next her the English teacher of the school, one of the plainest women I ever saw, and one of the most absurdly coquettish. As for the rest, we have three or four French girls, but in making the whole round of the table, there are no very interesting personages; they are all too young-ladyish to present any but common traits of character.

There are not many masters in attendance here besides the music-masters; but one came to-day, a professor, who puts

young ladies through a *cours de physique*, not a course of medicine, as you might, if you have forgotten your French a little, readily suppose. No, this has nothing at all to do with medicine, nor is our *salle de physique* an apothecary's shop. Chemistry, natural philosophy, are our affairs ; and we have in our *salle*, retorts and crucibles and electrical machines, and everything necessary for our animated little professor, and I have already heard one of his lectures. He was endeavouring to-day to manufacture oxygen for our edification, and there he stood, patient, but far from silent, in a pool of water caused by two or three abortive attempts to turn upside down, without spilling, a large glass bell, filled with water. Poor man ! he is very *instruit*, but I believe I was more amused than instructed by him. The countenance, the gestures, and the ringing of the *r* when he had occasion to say, " That repels," or " That attracts," were admirable. The *Cela repousse* with the arms thrown violently apart, was admirable above all. What a contrast to the *sang-froid* of an English lecturer ! But I had a contrast to him after he had departed ; a gentleman serious and profound, who had none of his eagerness and vivacity. I was summoned to my room whilst I was chatting with some of the young ladies, to attend a *monsieur*—it was a hair-dresser whom I had lately employed ; he had discovered my address, and had come a great distance to offer me an unguent which, " Ah, mon Dieu !" would enable me to dress my hair perfectly. With the gravity of a prime minister, he recommended me to take some lessons from him in the dressing of my own hair—many young ladies did so ; and he regretted profoundly that I had not seen his wife's hair, which would at once have shown his powers of teaching, and the efficiency of his oil. With some difficulty I got rid of this professor, and so was I punished for having permitted myself to laugh a little at the other.

November 12.

The weather had been cold ; it was so much so, that we English were glad to draw round the fire after dinner, but

there has been a complete change in it, as you may suppose, from our having permitted ourselves an evening ramble. But it is astonishing how late one may remain in the open air here without any bad effects. I have heard persons, who have been in Italy, say, that the climate of Paris is infinitely better than that of most of the Italian cities, in that respect. A few days ago, I went with a party to the Invalides, and I was again delighted with that building, and its beautiful church. The English ladies, who were with us, had the bad taste to insist that there were no English flags among those which ornamented it, and I could perceive that this was mortifying to the old man who accompanied us as guide. In pointing out to us one particular flag, which he said was English, he related how the English, when they occupied Paris, had burned many hundred others, which had been formerly taken by the French ; none of us were able to contradict this, so that he gave us a Rowland for our Oliver ; and I was not sorry for it, as our manners certainly require improvement. On our way back, in passing through the garden of the Tuileries, we were overtaken by a thunder-storm, and very heavy rain. We took shelter under the archway of the palace for a short time, and afterwards, during a fair interval, got home.

The lightning was terrific, and the thunder directly over our heads, the most awful I ever heard. In the night the storm returned again, and I think it was quite as violent as before. It was very striking at the commencement ; it seemed really as if the clouds were calling on one another to summon up all their might. There was a slight roll on one side, the opposite appeared to answer, then it was heard in another quarter, then in another, and at last it rolled over our heads like a volley of artillery. Some of the ladies of the house were dreadfully alarmed, and got up, and putting on their dressing-gowns, sought consolation from one another. I lay still, and listened with an awe-struck delight.

Another day we went to the Bibliothèque du Roi, where

we saw many curious things, besides the twelve hundred thousand volumes which it contains. The ancient Egyptian zodiac, the enormous globes, the coins, medals, gems, had not, however, so much interest for us as some scraps of writing in the room of manuscripts. Jean-Jacques' and Voltaire's neat writing ; Louis the XIV.'s wide, insolent scrawl ; Henry the IV.'s masculine hand ; Franklin's, Père la Chaise's, and, I believe, even Fenelon's writing, were not so attractive to us, as some of the ladies'. Madame de Sévigné's was very bad, and I pitied her daughter, who had to read so much of it, as I pity you for having to read so much of your daughter's ; I dare say she skipped many a half-page—do you do so ? But poor La Vallière's note, how ill-written, and ill-spelt ! I do not wonder that she became a fanatic, for she must have been weak and uninformed, if the hand-writing be any index of the mind. Madame de Maintenon's writing is not so characteristic, as the manner in which she expresses herself.

In one part of the library we saw a great number of persons occupied in taking notes,—authors, no doubt. Poor souls ! writing books to be forgotten, like the thousands and tens of thousands around them. Yet, with all these mementoes of how poor a thing fame may become, I could not help wishing for a man's health and strength, that I might, like those men, labour to collect materials for some of my thousand and one plans of books.

But I must tell you an incident, which will show you how much Mrs. N. still enjoys showing a little more than the usual frankness of opinion on some subjects. We were spending the evening at the house of a friend of hers, where was a Monsieur de —, who is a man universally esteemed, and for whom she has a particular friendship. Lord — was announced, and as he had formerly known her, he joined the party who were conversing around her ; and, I know not how it was, he began to descant on existing vulgarities in England, and to lament that he had not been born some years earlier than he was, that he might have known the most



finished gentleman in Europe, and the Carlton House court. "That is," said Mrs. N., "you regret not having witnessed vulgarity in its perfection." "How amusing you are! How often you speak ironically," he replied. "But I did not speak ironically. I consider vulgarity to be the distinguishing attribute of the character of whom you speak." "What an assertion! You quite annihilate me! he that was universally acknowledged to be—" "Oh," she interrupted, "I know what you would say. But suppose some one who did not belong to your universe, M. de —, beside me for example, were to ask you to define vulgarity; and suppose your definition just applied to your universally acknowledged fine gentleman, what resource would you have?" Poor Lord — was astounded by this attack on his powers of mind; but as she insisted that he should make this definition, he hesitated, stammered, but at last, with more sagacity than she expected, said:—"Vulgarity—I suppose, I should imagine want of taste to be the foundation of it." "Très bien!" said Monsieur de —. "Now," said Mrs. N., "I shall leave it to you to prove that your exquisite man showed taste in anything. To begin with beauty; is the admiration for women, fat, fair, and forty, a proof of good taste? women, also, hackneyed in the world? in all the arts of the toilet, and of coquetry? Poets and painters are thought to be some guide in matters of taste of this kind; I have never heard that they voluntarily took such dames to exercise the pen or the pencil on. The charms which they choose are youth and artlessness—the candid brow, the clear eye, the changing cheek, the slender form, and, I believe, they would accuse of want of taste—that is, of vulgarity—the man who would ask them to sing, or paint, other charms than these." "Oh!" exclaimed her opponent, "I give him up on the subject of beauty; his taste was a little defective there." But he immediately took up a triumphant position, as he supposed, on the point of dress. "The dress of you gentlemen," she replied, "is so far removed from everything on which taste

can be exercised, except, in so far as showing it in wearing what manliness, simplicity, and differing ages require, that I cannot say much about the matter. Yet, I scarcely think your youth of sixty, with his curled wig and wrinkled face and rotundity of form, covered by a little frock coat, fine drawn in to fit his shape on his person wherever there had been a wrinkle or crease, would stand the test of taste, as to dressing suitably to his years. We will now turn to some trivial things, in which, nevertheless, it has been thought good taste may be shown,—I allude to the common-place concerns of religion, virtue, morality. Do you think that a man shows any good taste in the wish to preserve somewhat of the exterior of these ?” “Oh certainly, certainly ; but it is strange to place them among matters of taste !” “Perhaps so ; but we are, you know, talking of vulgarity ; something more important than vice. And now, another question :—Is there any good taste in showing magnanimity to a fallen enemy, who throws himself into your power ; or is there vulgarity of soul in trampling on the vanquished ?” “Ah pardieu !” exclaimed Monsieur de —, starting up, and ready to enter, with all his soul on fire, into the discussion, on this allusion to Napoleon. But Mrs. N. began to fear that the matter might become serious, and put an end to it laughingly, although she said she had many more arguments on her side, on manners, architecture, and other things I have scarcely room for. Good bye !

## LETTER XX.

*Paris, November 25, 183—.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

The N.s depart to-day, so that I think I shall, for some time, feel very much alone, as I have been a great deal with them since I last wrote to you. Yesterday Mrs. N. took me with her to the house of a French friend, where she was spending her last evening. We met there Mrs. H., overflowing with learning and literature, romance and refinement. I had lately been reading some very beautiful poems of Victor Hugo, and Mrs. H.'s raptures on the subject of a tale of his led to a discussion concerning him, and his genius and merits were analysed by some French persons present, more capable of judging wisely about them than she or I. The result has been painful to me. You know with what a sickening of the soul I turn from the detail of the errors of genius! How I loathe the common-places which we hear perpetually of genius being unfitted for the right onward path of virtue and honour! the path which uncensured dulness, ready at every moment with its abuse of genius, never entered. What! can the very highest attributes of mind be unfitted for that which mind was given?—No! Let us not condemn genius—let us condemn the constitution of society, the vices of which soonest infect those of the keenest sympathies, and the hypocritical virtues of which soonest disgust those of the quickest discernment—and those are they to whom that gift of Heaven has been given. But though I would plead the cause of the gifted ones of earth, and would draw a veil over the errors of their lives, except when the warning instruction of them may be useful, I should be the first to be severe on what was vicious in their writings. I feared, from the very

first book which I read of the popular author in question, that there was a vicious tendency in his writings. And yet I am convinced that he did not mean to be the advocate of vice ; by what casuistry he deceived himself, and imagined himself the advocate of virtue, I know not. It is indeed well to teach men that " there is a soul of virtue in things evil," an essential principle of goodness even in the vicious mind, if this knowledge could inspire them, one towards another, with the divine compassion for the sinner which Christianity enjoins. But it is much to be questioned whether a story or a drama, in which vice must be given in detail, portrayed at length, can ever be rightly employed as a vehicle for communicating virtue. The reasons, indeed, against such stories or dramas are obvious. The great means of interest which the poet must employ, or even the simplest tale-writer, are the exhibition and development of the passions ; with these our sympathies are too strong to permit the free exercise of our judgment, of our power of discriminating between the vice to be condemned and the hidden soul of virtue to be compassionated. The dangerous tendency then of Victor Hugo's writings lies in his powerful, yet exaggerated, delineation of the passions. We can scarcely feel that beings governed by such over-mastering impulses as those are whom he describes, are responsible agents. But not satisfied with the perilous absolution which he thus wrings from us, for his creations, he attacks our virtuous sympathies also, and gives the redeeming quality of a strong affection, an impassioned love to those for whom he would interest us among the erring. Where shall we find the teachings of virtue in all this ?

And now, perhaps, you will say to me that you suppose, since I must have genius to make an idol of, that I shall be forced to content myself with the little religious and pious hypocrisies of Chateaubriand, rather than take Hugo, with his terrible frankness. No : I think I shall not take either as altogether worthy of admiration, but shall wait for further information, for more light about them.

From authors the conversation happened to turn on great men of the church, and then I felt more indifferent to the cynical remarks of a gentleman, who declared that even had he lived in the days of Richelieu, Mazarine, and De Retz, he should have regarded the old coxcombs, in red stockings, (who had such trouble in selecting, out of scarlet stuffs of all kinds and all shades, one to suit their complexions) with even more contempt than he now regarded a cardinal. "Times indeed are changed," said an Englishman, "since the gayest man about town, the greatest man in the court circle was the cardinal. The Marshal of France has been for some time the envied and important personage. Instead of the exquisite dignitary of the church, selecting, with suitable anxiety, his becoming shade of scarlet, you have had the exquisite dignitary of the army choosing the tenderest shade for his under vest, to show off his shirt and his complexion to the best advantage. However there is hope that under a new dynasty you may see something new in the great man exquisite—the citizen dignitary—a happy compound between the trader and lawyer." This sally caused some smiles, but it turned the conversation again in a different channel, on the army and Napoleon.

Mrs. N. had associated in Paris, at different times, with many who had borne a part in the triumphs of Napoleon; with some of the Paladins of this modern Charlemagne, whose names are brightest on the rolls of fame. She said, she had been struck, when she knew men who had acted in the great events of the last fifty years, who had been in some measure concerned in the destinies of nations, by their indifference to, their unconsciousness of, the importance of what they had been engaged in. A French gentleman replied, "When you review the whole drama, from the coronation with Josephine to the abdication at Fontainebleau—I should rather say, when you look at the puppet-show game of making kings and queens out of a set of needy adventurers, in which Napoleon had taken on himself the pleasant task of pulling the wires;

you cannot but acknowledge that it was calculated to produce the effect you have described on those who seconded him in his plans." "Yes," said another, "and those puppets of whom you speak, and whom he thought quite at his disposal, were far from being so, for folly and ignorance are always very refractory." "And in what," asked Mrs. N., "have his narrow schemes of selfish aggrandisement, his plans of vulgar greatness ended, but in having the fame which followed his name attach itself to these absurdly elevated relatives of his?" "Oh, you forget," was the reply, "they have ended in something better than that shadow of fame—they have the solid satisfaction of well-filled purses." The Englishman again broke in. "I am of opinion, that, as 'all the world's a stage,' each man's life is a farce, and the history of nations the great drama of all. In ancient days there were plays called Moralities; let us suppose this great drama a morality of a different kind—a something from which a great truth is to be drawn. Have any of you discovered the moral of your great revolution, and of Napoleon's reign?" "I can only think," answered a Frenchman, "that the moral of the revolution is to be found, not in itself, but in what had been before it." "True. And the moral of the empire you will leave me to find in prognostics of what is to be; for both these parts of the drama had their mission to teach." "Yes, but not to teach kings; they are privileged persons, never intended to learn anything; it was to teach peoples." What I heard made me muse on the dark backward and abysm of time, the fabled well in which truth lies hid, and her name is, experience; and on the dark forward, the abysm of time, also, in which nothing is seen by the eye unaccustomed to explore the other.

But I must leave this last evening, which I spent with my friends, and which was a very agreeable one, to speak of some others before it. I went with them one evening to the theatre; the play was "*Les Enfants d'Edouard*." It has, to an English taste, something more of nature than the old

classical tragedies ; yet, in reading, I did not think it would be very interesting in acting : I was deceived, for I found it very much so, although there is no plot, no story in it, and little developement of character. Gloster is very much what I should think Cooke and Kean made Richard III.—not the bold and courageous Plantagenet, but the plotting underminer of his nephews' throne. The two children are taken quite from Shakspeare, but they are introduced more frequently than Shakspeare introduces them. Their mother Elizabeth is, however, quite a new character. The piece is well written, but wants power ; it is touching, but not striking ; and there are in it passages, word for word from Shakspeare.

As to the performance, I must tell you, that our principal object in going was, to see Mademoiselle Mars. We did not care what play we saw her in, and it happened to be this of Delavigne's, which I had read. I was delighted with the long-celebrated actress. She has not the least rant, but a simple, earnest, and tender style of acting, which is truly enchanting. I should not call her very handsome, but she has a very sweet expression of countenance, and her voice is soft and touching, "an admirable thing in woman," and extremely rare among Frenchwomen. On another evening, we went to the Opéra Comique ; it is a pretty theatre, and very much frequented : we saw the *Domino Noir*—a very amusing piece, in which there is some good music, and Madame Cinti-Damoreau sang very sweetly in it. However, this gave me but little pleasure in comparison with another evening at the theatre, when I was truly delighted by a new and most astonishingly talented actress. She is a Mademoiselle Rachel, of whom you must have read something in the newspapers in England, and she performs at the Theatre Français, in tragedy. The play was *Bajazet*—far from being one of Racine's best ; but everything that is unfavourable to it was forgotten in the interest Roxana's part excited, as played by Rachel. Her style of acting is abrupt and impassioned, full of the strength of genius. She is really wonderful, for she

cannot be more than twenty years of age, if so much ; and how she can have acquired the power of entering into the conceptions of others, and of delineating the passions at her age, is but little short of the inspiration of such gifted beings as Chatterton. What force she gave to passages which, in reading, seem nothing ! I cannot but think her conception of the character of Roxana even superior to the author's. She is a Jewess by birth, I am told, and was, like the late Kean, brought up in the lowest walks of life—they do say she was a ballad-singer on the Boulevards—but, of course, of persons of this kind so many absurd reports get into circulation, that I only ask you to believe of her what I tell you—that she is a woman of great genius. I do not think her pretty—indeed, some persons call her plain—but her talent and passion triumph over all things. Her voice, though not sweet, like that of Mademoiselle Mars, is deep and expressive—and so much for the theatre, and for an evening of very great enjoyment in seeing this gifted person perform.

You are not displeased that I have had a little more gaiety than a *triste pension* generally permits ; and now I shall return to my reading very quietly, giving you always an account of it. But, speaking of books, I must tell you a very droll thing. I asked a person who was purchasing some to procure me “*Montaigne's Essays*,” which I had heard spoken of as something very admirable—they have been sent to me—and I am quite disconcerted at the possession I have acquired. Four volumes of old French, on rambling subjects, apparently like an old English book I have seen, called “*Plutarch's Morals*,”—a sufficiently tedious thing. I feel exceedingly like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, after he had sent his challenge, and discovered that his opponent was valiant. “*Plague on't*, had I thought he was so voluminous, I'd have seen him burnt, ere I'd have purchased him !” But, no matter—Shakspeare, they say, read Montaigne, and liked him ; so I must try to read a little of him on that account, if on no other ; however, I shall not read him here, but attend to



more modern writers, who influence the taste, and, perhaps, the morals of the present day.

You are interested in the preachers of whom I have spoken, and I must tell you, that the last time I was at the Oratoire I heard a strangely unorthodox sermon ; it was against the eternity of future punishments. The line of argument of the preacher was, of course, similar to that of Dr. Smith, in his book on the Divine government of the world, but necessarily much condensed, and mingled with passages of declamation to make it effective. I always thought that there was much that is mere special pleading, and much that is extremely fallacious, in Dr. Smith's book ; and I found precisely the same faults with the sermon of which I speak. How is it that they do not perceive that this is a weapon which cuts both ways ? That, taking away eternity from what we choose to call punishment, we must take it from what we are pleased to call reward after this life ! And, yet further, the preacher's reasoning seemed to me useless, when he declared that the effects, the consequences of evil, never ceased. Now, the consequences of evil are the punishment of evil : if these last eternally, is not the punishment eternal ?

Had he confined himself to the consequences of evil in this life, and not touched on the sacred ground of that which must be left to the Just Judge of all the earth, his sermon would, in my mind, have been a very useful one. It was, indeed, most true, with reference to this life, what he said of time—"That that employed in going back to repair evil, might have been employed in advancing—that employed in undoing the evil done, in doing good—and the moment not seized on for advancing, for doing good, is lost for life." It appears to me, then, that if man were taught that punishment is ever near in the consequences of wrong, the Hell which has been placed beyond this life at hand at every moment, the effect would be more impressive than is that of a state of punishment altogether unknown to us, almost inconceivable by us in the present life. With all this, I am not the least inclined

to join with those who argue, that the words everlasting and eternal do not mean everlasting and eternal. Although they may be used sometimes in the Bible for things which do not endure eternally, I can never doubt that our Saviour used them in the literal sense of eternal, when he spoke of future rewards and punishments.

One Sunday I deserted the Oratoire, and went with some of the ladies of this house to a little chapel in the Rue Taitbout, very near this. The service was much more simple than that of the other : it was in French also, but it seemed to me more calvinistic than lutheran. I was very much impressed by it, and this effect was not diminished by the singing of some simple hymns, without accompaniment, by the ladies of the congregation. I think I shall be inclined to visit this place more frequently.

I find myself more at home here than when I wrote last. My companions are all very kind and agreeable, but most of them being English, we are too much inclined to indulge ourselves in speaking our native tongue when we get into familiar chat.

I can learn nothing of the M.s, nor of their dispersed household. I am very sorry for it, because there were many belonging to it in whom I was interested ; and I know not the address of the kind old curé, or I should endeavour to learn something from him. I think he lived in the country, for I remember that he surprised me very much by telling me that he walked eight miles every time he came to Madame M.'s. The B.s, also, I shall now see very little of, I am at so great a distance from them ; and it is both difficult and unpleasant to visit persons at a great distance, or to visit them often when one is a *pensionnaire* in so large a place as Paris. I shall not forget old friends, however, should I never see them. Do I ever forget to give you some kind of news of me ? Do not you, then, forget your punctuality.

Good bye !

## LETTER XXI.

Paris, December 5, 183—.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I HAD some letters from Marshal Macdonald, after he left Paris, and on his return, a short time ago, to the capital, our former intercourse was renewed, and I have since breakfasted and dined with him more than once. A few days ago he took me with him to St. Denis, to breakfast with the Countess de Bourgoing, to whom, I told you formerly, that I had been introduced. I have met her more than once at his house, and she has always been extremely kind to me. I also formerly described to you the *Maison Royale* of St. Denis, so that I need not do so again, but I assure you, I saw it all again with much interest, and think still more highly of the establishment. The Marshal called to take me in his carriage at an early hour, for he is, even now that his health has become infirm, a very early riser, having preserved vigorously his industrious, orderly, soldierly, habits. All that he regrets, indeed, is, that he ever in any way relinquished them, and took, what are called *habitudes de bureau*; these were necessarily forced on him, when under Louis the XVIII. he became Chancellor of the Legion of Honour. In that office he continued seventeen years; at the revolution of July, he resigned it, and being now, what he loves to be, free from trammels, he returns to his former mode of life as much as possible; still, Paris is unfavourable to his perfect independence, and it is in the country alone that he thoroughly enjoys himself.

We had a very pleasant breakfast with *Madame la Surintendante*, the Countess's title there, and when it was over, we went to her drawing-room, where she took her seat like a

lady abbess, at the upper end of the room, placing me on her right, and the Marshal on her left hand. Soon after this, the ladies of the establishment came in, to have the pleasure of paying their homage to their former chancellor, who seems to have been adored for his goodness, by every one in the house. There he remained for more than two hours, receiving with graceful kindness and good humour, about forty young, middle-aged, and elderly dames, in the plain black costume of the house, who paid their compliments to him, with a sincerity in their politeness worth all the fine speeches in the world. They sat down, forming a circle around him and the Countess, and it was delightful to remark how he recalled so happily circumstances connected with each of these ladies, either of their families, or of their different employments in the task of instructing the young ladies of the establishment. How naturally and unassumingly he seemed pleased by their evident gratification in his inquiries, and how agreeable he made himself! I cannot tell you how much this admirable character, equal to the very loftiest things, yet, not despising the lowest, wins our love and respect. After the ladies had taken their leave, which they did on the Countess bowing to them, as a sort of signal, we remained with her for a little time, and at four, departed for Paris, having spent a most delightful morning.

You will be amused when I tell you, that one day, when I was going out to dine, the hair-dresser came to me, in full military uniform, as if he had come to cut off my head, or shoot me, instead of dressing my hair. "How," said I, "do the military dress the ladies' hair here?" He replied, by begging a thousand pardons, but he had been on duty as a national guard the night before; had been called on by so many persons on his return home, had been sent for by so many persons, that he had not had time to change his dress. Satisfied with this, I submitted without trembling to put my head under his warlike hands.

I need not name to you the persons at dinner at Marshal

Macdonald's; they were about sixteen in number, for, although they were noble and military, of course distinguished, their names are unknown to you. The dinner was everything that a dinner ought to be, and the table beautifully ornamented. As soon as the finger-glasses had been used, the folding-doors between the dining-room and the drawing-room were thrown open, and every one left the table. Coffee was then brought round in the drawing-room. I wish that the middle ranks in England could be induced to adopt these habits of the French, as the higher classes have done; they are infinitely more agreeable than our drowsy dulness of a party of ladies, yawning to one another in a drawing-room, whilst their spouses are discussing heating wines and heating politics in the dining-room.

I sat, at first, near the Countess —, with whom I conversed in English. She is English; has been a pretty woman, and was much admired at the court of Charles the X., but she is no longer young, and her face now only tells what its prettiness, no doubt, once concealed, the *meagreness* of what is within, and the entire dependence on what is without for happiness. There was Mademoiselle de —, a charming young person, with whom I had a great deal of chat, when the elders of the party had sat down to cards—for tables for whist and reversi were prepared about nine o'clock; and this, she said, was the regular, old-fashioned way of spending the evenings there. This demoiselle proved to be, what the Marshal told me I should find her, *d'une volubilité étonnante*, but this did not prevent her from being extremely amusing. She told me all kinds of histories of the English and French courts, and of the noble and royal persons whom she knew in both, which I shall not take the trouble of repeating to you. At ten o'clock, tea was made in the room, by the servants, and drunk by most of the gentlemen, which I was rather surprised at, as most of them were elderly military men, whom one should not expect to have so new and English a habit, as that of taking tea. At eleven o'clock I returned home,

much earlier than the rest of the company, as you may suppose, but that is the latest hour of our *pension*.

*December 6th.*

After I had written so far, I laid down my pen, and went to call on Miss A., who came, some time ago, to a school in this neighbourhood, of which she informed me, by a note, on her arrival. She is very pleasantly situated, and I enjoyed a walk with her in the pretty garden of her mansion, as I had done several times before ; but I do not like it as well as our own garden, which is more shady, and more *à l'Anglaise*. I had observed a young girl there more than once, and as I had always called during the study-hours of the pupils, I was surprised that she should not be in the school-room, and had inquired of her, why she was permitted to escape from her lessons. She told me that she was delicate ; that her aunt, who took care of her—for she had no parents,—had desired that she should be as much as possible in the garden, in the open air, and that, therefore, she learned no lessons. We talked a great deal, and became good friends ; one day I spoke to her of some one whom I saw approaching ; she said, “ I do not know who it is ; I do not see well.” “ You are short-sighted, I suppose,” I replied ; but I found, on speaking of her afterwards to Miss A., that she was very nearly blind, and had been so from her birth. This added to the interest I already felt for poor Josephine (that was her name), and when I again found her in the garden, I walked with her, and talked to her, observed her more closely, and asked her about her complaints ; these I found, when explained to me, to be all that betokened consumption of the most rapid kind. On asking Miss A. about her, I heard that the girls who slept in the room with her, complained sadly of the annoyance of her frequent cough ; upon the whole, it seemed to me that both she and her companions were very much neglected ; and that although Miss A., as a parlour-boarder, might be very comfortable, the other boarders were not taken care of as they

should be. I told my thoughts to Miss A., who gave me to understand that Josephine was heiress to a large fortune, and that every indulgence might be afforded if her guardians would permit it. She afterwards asked the governess of the school if she were not aware how wrong it was to keep healthy children with a consumptive patient ; and having aroused her vigilance a little on the matter, she brought Josephine to dine at her own table ; consulted her friends about her, and, subsequently, a physician was called in. He gave no hope of her gaining ground where she was, and she was removed to the baths of —, a very nice establishment for invalids near this, where she could have every advantage of air and exercise. Some of the young ladies of her school visited her at the baths, and found her very comfortably situated, and well taken care of by a *sœur de charité*, who had been engaged to attend her. In a short time, however, the young ladies found, to their surprise, that Josephine was removed ; nor could any one at the baths tell where she was placed. The governess of the school called on her aunt to ask how she was, and where she was : she received for answer :—"Better ; but with a lady to whom it would be exceedingly unpleasant to receive any visitors," and the aunt declined saying where she was. The governess was confounded at this message to her, who had had the child seven years under her care ; she sent again, to say that none of the young ladies should visit Josephine, only she herself : the same answer as before. When I heard this, on one of my visits to Miss A., my curiosity was still farther excited about her, and I learned that she was a kind of interloper in the family whose name she bore. The gentleman and lady who had left her a fortune, had lived long without any children ; one day, the lady's maid found at the door of their house, an infant in a basket ; she carried it to them, they were delighted, and said that God had sent them this child as they had none of their own, and accordingly they adopted it. In a few years they died : the gentleman's mother, however, was

doatingly fond of her adopted grandchild, and she lived with her after their death, but at seven years of age, she lost this friend also, and was thrown on the tender mercies of her legal guardians, her nominal uncle and aunt, who could only look on her as one who deprived them of a portion of their fortune. Her blindness and her delicacy made it probable that she would not live very long, "*therefore*," added Miss A., "as little money as possible is expended on her—*therefore* her comfort, happiness and health are little cared for." Spirit of Christianity, what a *therefore* ! Spirit of honour, what double claims didst thou give the *unrelated* child on the kindness of her care-takers ! That her thoughts had not wronged those people, Miss A. gave me proof to-day. A few days ago, one of the parlour boarders met Josephine, and the woman with whom she is placed, in the street ; the woman said she had no objection to any visitors of Josephine's calling at her house ; accordingly this young lady and another called, and they found the poor girl amidst five or six dirty infants, in small and mean apartments—the person to whom she was given in charge is one who takes care of the children of tradespeople, who cannot keep them in the close parts of the city. "Poor Josephine !" said Miss A., "she will soon be at peace. How often, before I knew the strange circumstances of her few years of life, did she afford me food for reflection as I sat by her side in this garden ! How much more so now ! How inscrutable the intentions of Providence in bestowing such an existence, doomed to suffering, blindness, want of affection !"

"The intentions of Providence," I replied, "seem to me always inscrutable, if we take any isolated being from his fellows, and seek thus to ascertain them ; but we must not pass over, as of no value, the amount of happiness, this poor Josephine brought to the hearts of three individuals ; from all that you tell me of the tenderness of her adopted father, mother, and grandmother, her sufferings and helplessness seem to have awakened the best feelings in them, and with



those feelings, no doubt virtues of which they may now enjoy the reward." Our conversation continued for some time on this serious subject, and I could not avoid on taking up my pen, telling you Josephine's tale.

I shall now return to my books.

Chateaubriand's "*Génie du Christianisme*" has occupied me in my leisure moments. He is an eloquent writer, and one whom I cannot help liking very much, but yet he sometimes makes me angry—there are in him some such great absurdities. In this book, he, with a most "light fantastic toe" trips away from reason, and to decorate religion, scruples not to seize on all kinds of ornaments. He brings for her embellishment flowers from all climes, and for her support, props of all ages—some much older than herself—for example, he finds in the speculations of Indian, Persian, and Grecian philosophers, who existed before christianity, arguments in support of the doctrine of the Trinity; and yet, it would be impossible to discover among the Jewish writers of any period, any argument in favour of it. It appears to me, that arguments such as his, must tend to infidelity, and that with regard to him, the church might exclaim, "Heaven defend me from my friends!" It is not, however, as an argumentative writer, that one is to regard him, but as an eloquent and poetical declaimer in favour of Christianity; and in his second book, on the Christian virtues and laws, he pleased me very much. But in the two following books, I found much "vain babbling," at length he put me quite in a passion, when his critical ramblings through various poets, brought him to Milton. He gives some portions of "*Paradise Lost*" in translation, and then says, we may judge from them, what a perfection of a genius Milton's would have become, had he only been born in France, in the reign of Louis the XIV. This is too much for my patience. As little could the ostentatious hollowness, the contemptible parade, the detestable follies, of the court of Louis the XIV., have nourished, aided, or satisfied Milton's mind, as the jingling monotony of French verse could

have enabled him to produce the majestic, the mighty flow of his English versification. The stern, staunch, and daring republicanism of the blind old man, was as necessary to the development of his genius, as it was unnecessary to the production of Racine's elegant Elegies in Dialogue. Angry as I was at this impertinence of Chateaubriand, I laughed aloud, when I found him carrying his solemn fooling so far, as to make the Satan of "Paradise Lost" a type of the spirit of Cromwell's party, and of the men of the Commonwealth, and thence he draws some most moral conclusions in favour of legitimacy and divine right. With all this, I like Chateaubriand very much, because, whatever he may be, he is not common-place; there are genius and originality to be found in him, which are wanting in too many modern writers.

My library-man, not having the book I had sent for, sent in its stead, "*Mémoires et Souvenirs d'une Femme de Qualité sur le Consulat et l'Empire*"—it is another of those collections of tales of meanness, of which so many have been made, concerning the sayings and doings of courts. One cannot but regret that the court of Napoleon—of so great a man—should offer, also, too much to be condemned. I have often thought, that the great source of his errors was, his contempt of human nature. Yet, how was it possible he should not despise it, we may ask, as La Rochefoucauld's friend does, in excusing him, since he only judged of it from soldiers and courtiers? They are both but a sort of slaves, and we cannot take slaves as fair specimens of what man is. The soldier is, however, the more honest slave; he is deceived by a name in his slavery, and gives more than the value of his hire in the midst of perils and death; but the courtier, the weightier his chains are, and sometimes the more rusted and soiled they are, the better he likes them; and his return for value, received as hire, seems to require no courage but courage of the countenance. I read this woman of quality's book only *with the thumb*, but I cannot tell how I came to do even that, for it stirred my bile too much as I went on; yet, I laughed

frequently at the maliciousness of its author, whether man or woman—a clever *femme-de-chambre* or courtier's mistress might have written it. The pretensions to acquaintance with everything that happened in Paris, and the inventions about her means of knowing everything, are very amusing. Whether the book tend most to show that there was, with all Napoleon's greatness, a strong taint of vulgarity in his character—or whether it exhibit best the baseness of the courtier's life, is the only question it leaves one to determine.

To the Consulate and the Empire succeeded two volumes, purporting to be from the same hand, on the affairs of the revolution of 1830. There are some piquant things in the malicious anecdotes given of courtiers and politicians, but I began to get weary even of my very slight method of reading them. It appears to me, from all I have read of Charles X. and his family, that it would be scarcely possible to find persons, placed in so interesting a position, so entirely uninteresting as they were in the period of their great reverses ; one thinks only before their fall of their blindness, almost stupidity ; and after it, of their contemptible want of spirit ; this does not at all dispose the mind to pity them, but Madame d'Angoulême I must except—of her I think with deep compassion.

Good-bye, my dear mother.

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#### LETTER XXII.

*Paris, December 19, 183—.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Do not suppose that I read none while with Mrs. N. I have continued since I have been here a work which I had begun then. Mr. T., indeed, accused her of permitting Lucy to imitate me in reading too much. It is true that there are a great many *vices* of infinitely more importance to a man's

happiness, and to that of his family, than the *vice of literature*, which he can forgive; whilst *it* is always unpardonable. But I am not surprised that it should be held by him as something very hateful, and very much to be shunned, as he imagines, no doubt, that it absorbs a woman's mind too much, and turns her from the necessary attentions to him. It is, I think, only apparently that she is absorbed; for with her when the affections put forth their claims, those of the intellect are but slightly attended to. Man's vanity, indeed, does not stop to consider this matter as his affection, if rightly called into play, would do; and vanity is too often the source of asperity in our judgment of the conduct of others. To many there appears a reasonable foundation for the dislike of men towards women who have literary tastes; they believe that where a love of learning, or science, or poetry, takes possession of the mind, it must become dearer to them than the simple duties of the woman. I do not think it does so farther than in appearance—but appearance is sufficient to scare affection a little. “One would excuse,” said Mrs. N., “the feeling on which men act in this matter, if it were carried out into other things; but this *vice* of learning is the only one of which they seem to have a pious and jealous horror; there are others which absorb the minds of women more completely, more perniciously than it does, which are at all times looked on leniently. And why? Because they flatter the vanity of men—it is seen at once that they are practised for men. To take one, the least: I know nothing more destructive of the generous feeling which is the source of devotion, of self-forgetfulness in affection, than the love of dress, yet this very thing has actually a charm for men; and they will scarcely be shocked to know, that many a woman marries, whose dearest hope in marriage is to indulge more largely her taste for dress, whilst they would deride one who should marry to indulge her taste for books. When I have spoken in this way, I have sometimes been told that there have been some most determined dress lovers who have been generous; I

think they have only given away carelessly and profusely what they did not want ; for I have never known in them an instance of their showing the devotedness of affection which forgets itself in others. But of how many of the great faults which are made a part of woman's education, might we not say that they operate like this, making them incapable of self-sacrifice ! Yet literature has not that effect."

As she has so positively said this, you will not feel any distrust of my affection for you on learning, that I have just concluded the perusal of a large work, M. Ginguené's "*Histoire littéraire d'Italie*," in which I was very much interested indeed. The first, second, and third volumes, brought me from the origin of Italian poetry down through the analysis of Dante's wondrous poem (of which I am incompetent to speak, not having read it) to Petrarch, whose sonnets and canzoni I had read with delight. Well, am I not sorry now, to be obliged by M. Ginguené to give up Petrarch's purity and fidelity in love ? Laura, only in reality, possessed those qualities, and inspired his conception of them ; but both he and she seem to have been pretty strongly imbued with vanity—however, do you know, I shall soon be Frenchified enough to look on this quality as a virtue.

Ah, I stop this mocking spirit ! I am angry with myself for saying anything slighting of Petrarch. Ginguené's exposition of what love poetry was among the Romans, has shown me how much we owe the genius, who first united purity of sentiment with the passion of love. Honoured be he, for that ! And, let us not point out the withered leaf in his laurels ! There is one thing, however, which I must say—and I may say it—as it is not a personality directed against Petrarch, (for I discovered it in what was said of Ovid and his set,) that to be rightly (I suppose I should say, wrongly) loved, I mean, loved with passion enough to be made immortal by a poet, a woman must be any other man's wife than the poet's. We have no English poets of Petrarchan stuff, I

think. Moore has rhymed a great deal about love ; but he is no more of a lover, than old Anacreon himself was, and that was not at all. But we must be contented, since having had no misfortunes in his love, he has done so well in singing those of his country. Byron was too arrogant and selfish ; too much corrupted by his pretensions with regard to wealth and fashion, to be a thorough lover—on the whole, therefore, we must, I think, allow Petrarch to be European, and without a rival.

The fourth volume of *Ginguené* I should have read long ago, before I read even as much as I then did of *Ariosto*. Perhaps in that case my opinion would have been different from what it was of the *Orlando Furioso*, for it only appeared to me a brilliant heap of confusion.—Yet, no !—On second thoughts, it would only have been of the genius of *Ariosto* that I should have thought more highly after *Ginguené's* analysis of his poem, and the poem I must still have esteemed a waste of genius. I am so hard-hearted about him on account of his flatteries and his indecencies, that I do not pity him for all the neglect he met with from the house of Este, nor for his poverty. Ay, so savage am I, that even the sufferings of the blind man of Ferrara, touch me not after the description that is given of his poem. If it be true, as Milton has said, that, “he who destroys a good book is more guilty than he who destroys a reasonable being, for he destroys reason itself ;” how true also is it, that he is more guilty who sends forth to the world a vicious book, than he who leaves as his heir a vicious child, vicious from neglected education. To destroy reason which might be useful to thousands is bad, but to adorn vice for the seduction of thousands is yet worse. But let not *Ariosto* stand alone in our condemnation. What were the people—what could their destinies be—whose earliest, whose broadest outpouring of mind after the invention of printing was this thing called, “the romantic epic ?” Sixty of those interminable mazes of folly, of from thirty to one hundred cantos

each, were given to the craving of the worthy descendants of the Romans, before their satisfied appetite cried, "hold, enough!"

In the fifth volume of Ginguené, I had the life of Tasso—it is too oppressive to the heart to read such lives! Poor Tasso! simply to avenge his wrongs on the execrable wretch, the Duke Alphonso, he re-wrote his "Jerusalem Delivered," leaving out the lines in Alphonso's praise, and calling the poem "Jerusalem Conquered." Is it not well that it did not supersede, as its author intended it should, his earlier work? It would not have suited my ideas of retributive justice at all, if the verses in praise of the Duke had not remained to his eternal infamy.—Perish not his name in Tasso's immortal verse, and let poets learn from it the truths taught by Tasso's wrongs.

In the sixth volume we have the rise and progress of the drama in the sixteenth century—a wonderful century, certainly, for Italian literature, when we reflect how Italy was torn and rent by the struggles of Spain and France for supremacy there. But the history of that literature contains much that is painful to one like me, ardent, earnest, sincere, in the desire to maintain that the republic of letters is the republic of virtue. Ah! how am I forced to waver in that ignorant, youthful faith of mine!

I believe it was the intention of Ginguené to do for the Spanish literature, the German, and the English, what he did for the Italian; but so vast an undertaking was more than one man could reasonably hope to accomplish. I begin to think that such works will soon be unnecessary, or that they will be histories of things which no longer exist—histories of *dead literatures*. For, does it not seem that the strong characteristics of national genius must pass away, now that the minds of the different nations of Europe are blending into one? blending, not only by *inter-translation* of literature, but by facilities of intercourse and similarity of manners. The German can make Cervantes his—the Frenchman, Shak-

spere, both can make Dante and Ariosto theirs ; and, thus imbued with the spirit of these various minds, all will no longer labour to shape their nationality into Greek or Roman forms, to be classical, or give way to the vulgar taste on the other hand and be romantic—they will write for a universal taste. Thus, something more difficult for genius is coming, I imagine, than has yet been—difficult as far as regards taste ; but there will be wanting that strength arising from individuality, or nationality, which we have hitherto had.

*December 20th.*

I continue to tell you of my reading. I have looked over a few volumes of "*La Revue de Paris*," to obtain some sort of acquaintance with the present French writers, and with their various styles, without reading their works. As far as I can judge, we seem to follow at this moment nearly the same course as that which they do in literature. A constant flow of trashy novels makes the main body of the stream of printed matter ; attendant on this, (for they are almost all founded on the novels), is an inundation of licentious dramas : a little current of historical works, and another of poetical, are left far behind by the greater floods of fiction.

I read to-day in this "*Revue de Paris*," a paper on Sismondi's "*Histoire des Français*," in which his critic tries to prove him in error, in writing about *the people*, when there was no such thing as a people in France. I could not help thinking, as I read this, which appeared to me absurd, that a good article might be written on the question, "What is the people." Every Englishman will say, the English are a great people, but no velvet-vested, frock-coated personage will permit himself to be called one of the people ; every such personage, from the noble to the shopman, has "his order," to which he is proud to belong ; but to the people ?—Nay. Yet, to the people is owing all that makes the name of English worth being borne ;—perhaps this does not so entirely apply to France, where the government, and individuals belonging



to classes, have done most for the nation, although many sprung from the people have also made the name of Frenchman illustrious. But here they resemble us in speaking of the pleasure of living in streets *où il n'y a pas de peuple*, as we do of living in a street without shops, and of not meeting shop-keepers in our walks; yet they, like us, will fire up in maintaining the greatness of their many-headed monster, as we of ours. Yes, indeed, we must grant him some attributes of a shocking, vulgar kind of greatness: but to say with the critic that he *was not*, we cannot consent.

I have run through a couple of volumes of Balzac's "*Scènes de la Vie Privée*," as I wished to know something of French social life from their own lips, as well as my own eyes. Such works as those of Balzac are called *romans de mœurs*; but if you take this word for morals, and expect to read moral tales, I fear you will be disappointed—at all events, you will not find the moral paraded on the page vulgarly, as is done by many of our *good* writers, who seem to have taken the immortal Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, of Goldsmith, for a model, and to show, like her, that they can "talk about virtue till midnight." It is to be regretted that some of them are rather long and tiresome in their talk; of this fault of a tedious discourse on virtue, one has never to accuse Balzac; however, to tell the truth, although I am unlike Dogberry, and hate tediousness, even in a king, and on the subject of virtue, I should like a little more severity of principle amidst his lively descriptions and fine sarcasms. He seems rather to offer an excuse for error and vice, than to condemn them; but perhaps he thinks they are sufficiently condemned by their consequences, which he depicts truly. I fear not, when error and vice are painted in the seducing colours which he employs.

December 21.

The morning being fine, I went with a lady to see the gallery of paintings of Monsieur Aguado, or rather of the Marquis de las Marismas, such being now his title. I could

not help thinking that he and the Rothschilds are satisfactory proofs, that it is much better to be a banker than a king now-a-days. In fact, let the banker's country be rent by what factions it may, he may be only the richer and more secure by the throat-cutting of his brethren; not so the king, when men, whom we must not call his brethren, begin to unsettle things a little, beneath him, and around him.

M. Aguado's galleries are handsome and well filled, and we were politely furnished with catalogues by footmen in splendid liveries, so that we might have studied his pictures there through all their hundreds in the most methodical *connoisseur*-like manner. Ignorant as I am of the merits of pictures, I could not, however, help being much struck by some of Murillo's and Velasquez's heads; there is such a life in their eyes, and in their expression, that they remain before me now like the faces of young persons whom I had known intimately in my childhood. This is all I can tell you as a proof that I saw a few good things in the collection. One picture amused me very much, it was the wise men of the East around the infant Saviour, and one of them was bending forward, looking at him through a pair of spectacles; this is certainly a droll anachronism in painting.

After that we took a walk in a place where I had never been before.

You used to take much interest in Madame de Genlis' Journal, of her manner of educating the young Orleans' princes. We went to visit the park de Mousseaux, where that accomplished governess spent a great deal of time with her pupils during the present king's youth. It would have interested you more than it did me, I think, for I never could feel much admiration for Madame de Genlis as an instructress, although I acknowledge her talent as an imaginative writer. There is something in many of her details, intended for those of actual occurrences, which has left on me an impression of want of truthfulness of which I cannot get rid. But, of this park where she lived—it is called *à l'Anglaise*,

and it has certainly many spots in it of a sufficiently melancholy aspect, to suit any foggy November spirited Englishman. It is rather confined, and with all its imitation of nature, not natural enough for me. There are some representations of ruins in it; and in one place some fifty or sixty pillars surrounding a piece of water, have a pretty effect, and this is all that is worth telling you of it.

I had a visit lately from Mrs. H. I soon found she had a selfish as well as a polite motive in this attention. My room she found charming—such a view! I was quite raised above the damp and the exhalations from the trees in the garden. Were there any disagreeables on the floor on which I had my room? She wished to lodge here and to have the room opposite mine. The M.s made fifty changes to please her when she was there. She thought she had a right to give them as much trouble as possible for what she paid them. I was quite angry with her, for I cannot feel any of this ungenerous spirit that would encroach wherever money is given, that would exact to the uttermost farthing. So I did not recommend her to Madame A. I have seen many things of this kind on the part of the English since I have been in this country, although they rail so much against the French for being extortioners, and that encroaching feeling of theirs is a kind of extortion also. One must be a little of a cheat one's self, I think, to know in an instant when one is cheated, therefore, I say, let me be cheated still! and—*entre nous*—although my mother will not like to hear this, I have been cheated once or twice in Paris. I think I must end after this confession without a word to blunt the edge of your reproof, not a word in my own favour—I know none is necessary.

## LETTER XXIII.

Paris, January 6, 183—.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

DURING the last month, not of English Christmas, but of French winter, I could only write about my readings. The gaieties of the new year in France you have often heard described ; I need not tell you anything about them—so must turn again to my books. With us *pensioners*, if not prisoners, you would not expect the gaiety to be extreme ; we had, however, our presents to make and to receive, and good wishes to offer and to accept, like the rest of the world.

Having told you this, and saying nothing of all my wishes for you, which cannot be told, I commence not with my last book, but one which I looked over before my last ; it is a celebrated work, yet I really could not read it. This will surprise you, who know that I can read most books if there be any truth in them. The book in question is the “Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz.” I think there is some truth in it—but I could not get my mind down to the depths of the duplicity, meanness, cunning, baseness of queen, king, prince, princess, duke, duchess, cardinal, marshal, bishop, marquis, count, chevalier, and abbé ; so that all the time I read I was losing the thread of the history, and was lost myself in wandering mazes—mazes of villany and folly. You will be surprised that this cardinal’s life should seem to me so revolting as it does—I think that a shade of deeper blackness rests on it from his having been an ecclesiastic, a dignitary of the church. I fear what I have learned of the past, of Paris, from this work and from others, disposes me to judge more unfavourably than I ought to do of the present ; but it does appear to me that few great cities can be in a state less friendly to the establishment of free

institutions than this. The love of frivolities, of fashions, of different noisy courses of dissipation, of the plaudits of the world, which makes the value of existence to so many here, presents, on all sides, too many golden links to bind men to any party that has the power of dispensing the means of gratification. Of how little importance to many is the character of those who rule ! If they can satisfy the inclinations, or the ambitions, of a certain number, they thus excite hopes in the bosoms of ten times that number, and are secure of success for a time. The temptations to betray the cause of freedom are very great in a city like this ; yet the very same things are temptations to betray one party for another : hence the liability to sudden convulsions. When we read such lives as that of De Retz, we cannot but perceive that both the degradation and the turbulence of the people of Paris were the result of the corrupt morals and manners of their rulers, and we cease to wonder that they should have been what they were ; we no longer smile with contempt at the picture which is drawn of them dancing with delight in their chains, then shivering them indignantly to pieces—that they might have the satisfaction of re-making them and putting them on again.

But to descend more than a century from De Retz, my next book was the “Memoirs of Mirabeau”—and many were the changes of my mind and of my feelings as I read it. At the end of the second volume I began to keep a guard over myself ; I wished to be neutral if possible. Although my former most hostile of prejudices against him was not overcome, I felt that my interest was beginning to be excited, I determined that it should not be in the ascendant, and I said to myself that the book was a defence and not a life.

But he soon gave me reason to repent of any leaning towards him—at the end of the fourth volume, I thought that his father had *raison et cent fois raison* for imprisoning him in the *donjon* of Vincennes, or any other *donjon*. Yet old Mirabeau, the father, was a sad vicious person himself—still he was not

what he called his son, the *scélerat achevé* ; he seems rather to have been of that class of persons who never say a foolish thing and never do a wise one. Among these strange Mirabeaus, we have one pleasing one, he is the Bailli de Mirabeau. Although he speaks sometimes as if full of contempt for the world, his heart overflows with love for mankind ; he is the mediator between the ever-contending father and son. But it is of this son I must speak—well, at the end of the sixth volume, I actually found myself veering round to his side again, although, during the perusal of those two volumes, I had more than once been most indignant against him. That which made me think I could entertain some favourable sentiments towards him, was, that I had come at last to his political career. There, all seemed consistent and unflinching. The life, force, and sincerity of his manner of expressing what justice and truth seemed to dictate as best and wisest for societies, charmed me ; I could not help exclaiming, “ How could he be what he was in private life and show so much principle and good sense in his public services ! ” Yet, two more volumes, and had you been beside me you would have asked as Collins does of Fear, “ Where wilt thou rest, mad nymph, at last ? ” I had changed again, and I found nothing that I could esteem in Mirabeau, although his biographer extolled his political course. Two volumes more brought me to the close of his career, and then I had given him up in every sense of the word, neither morally nor politically had he left me one saving point ; for, at length, the conviction was forced on me that his patriotism was assumed to serve his own ambition, to pay his debts, to make his fortune.

The “ last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history ” is not the least curious part of it. What a singular, what an inexplicable thing it is, that a mind so luminous as that of Mirabeau on so many subjects, should have been made up of falsehood in all that concerned himself. That a man should play the hypocrite to accomplish certain purposes in

life, I can imagine, but that he should make a scene in a play of his death-bed, is inconceivable to me. Yet this man, so far from truth, could speak, with the very heart of honesty in appearance, and such are the tendencies of human nature to trust to this appearance, that there were men who would have died for him, and one youth offered to give the blood from his veins to be injected into those of Mirabeau, when it was known that his life was despaired of.

Why have I said so much of this book? That you may tell me if I am wrong in those judgments which I find it impossible not to make on what I read, and in which I know my feelings have often a greater share than my reflections. I am more indignant at meanness and falsehood than compassionate towards them, and in this I am, perhaps, too little charitable. But I shall turn from what has, perhaps, wearied you, and speak no more of books.

A few days ago, I had a walk with Madame A. We went to the church of La Lorette, the decoration of which was only completed a short time ago. She has never been in England—never been accustomed to places of worship, so simple and unadorned as they are there, and she cannot think it right they should be so; therefore, our tastes being quite differently formed, we could not at all agree in our opinion of this too pretty new church. It is, in fact, more than pretty; yet, from its not being large, I used that word, but it might be called gorgeously ornamented in the interior. I could not think it anything but gaudy. Madame A. having been in Italy, and having seen churches and chapels with infinitely more gilding, painting, and ornaments of all kinds in them, was surprised at my want of admiration for this one. She took me, then, to another new church, in the hope of a more favourable opinion of it, and in this she was not disappointed. It is the church called La Madeleine, and its exterior I had always much admired. It was begun before the first Revolution, but is only now approaching its completion. Napoleon caused the building to be continued, after a long cessation,

but he intended that it should be a *temple to glory*. His fall made another pause in the labours of the architect, but they have at last been again resumed ; the heathenish idea of a temple given up, the original intention of its founders is to be carried out, and it is to be a church. They are now proceeding with the decorations of the interior, which will be very handsome ; yet not overladen with gilding and bright colours, as far as can be judged, from the commencement.

This was one of my mornings ; another was spent in a drive with Marshal Macdonald. He took me to a part of the city which I had never before seen—the Place Royale—once fashionable in the days of Madame de Sevigné, but now deserted. I admired its regular and antique architecture very much, and framed to myself many a strange romance for its once admired inhabitants, so long silent in the tomb, or only speaking to us in those gaily candid letters and memoirs which they left for posterity to smile at.

Then we drove along the Boulevards, and it seems that “ custom cannot stale their infinite variety ” to their admirers, for Marshal Macdonald often repeats, “ *Ils sont charmants, ces Boulevards* ”—and, indeed, I believe no other city can boast of a drive or walk of the same extent, so agreeable and so varied. We stopped to view the column which is being erected opposite the site of the Bastille, in honour of the revolution of July. It will be a very fine pillar, although not equal to Napoleon’s in the Place Vendôme. The large public granaries for the city are in this quarter of Paris ; they are handsome buildings, but only of one story. On the whole, every kind of improvement is going on ; and most things of this sort have for their object the accommodation of the people, such as flagging, sewerage, laying of gas-pipes.

I was pressed one day into dining at Mrs. K.’s ; there was only one lady visitor besides myself, but there were three or four English lads, who are at a school here, and who had got a holiday. I was much amused with them, as they became familiar, in the happiness of speaking English, from which



they are generally debarred. They discussed their school in every way. The first and most important point was, what they got to eat ; next came beds, fires, and early rising ; then a calculation of the too great profits of the masters from one hundred boys, at 50*l.* per annum.

"I suppose," said Mrs. K., "you think keeping a school so pleasant a thing that your masters should make no money at all by it. It is in itself a sufficient compensation."

When these lads had gone away, an English gentleman, who had dropped in in the evening, exclaimed to Mrs. K., "All men think all men mortal but themselves, which is foolish enough ; but there is yet a more foolish thing in the world—all men think all men's sons liable to be corrupted except their own ! I think if I had a son I might be induced to send him, for a few years, for education among the red Indians, or among the Bheels and Coolies of Hindostan ; but I can scarcely think that anything could induce me to send him to a large English or French school."

There may be much that is bad in schools, it is true, but I could not agree with him in all that he said against them. I think that the generous emulation which is frequently inspired by the education in the crowd is infinitely to be preferred to the selfish impulse given at home. For there, quite as much as at school, are youths taught to regard life as a race, in which one must trample down another ; and "to get on in the world" is made the all in all. But, not to continue this serious subject, I shall speak to you of the lady who was at Mrs. K.'s. I thought she was French whilst she spoke French, but when she joined in the English conversation, her accent showed her to be Irish ; yet has she lived five-and-twenty years in France. We could not help smiling when she began to make known some of her political prepossessions and prejudices. She had formerly held a situation about "the best of women," the Duchess de Berri, and her standard of good government was formed on a very simple scale. "Under the late government I had 400*l.* per annum ; judge

if I did not think *that* a good government. I have lost my 400*l.* per annum ; I am sure *this* is a bad government for the country !" Well, but after all, we need not have smiled at this, as rather too simple a woman's method of settling political matters in her mind, for (enlarging the sum a great deal) is it not the basis on which many great statesmen judge of what is best for a people's interests ?

Although I did smile at this good lady's exposition of her principles, I could not refuse to accompany Mrs. K., some days after, to call on her, and I found her very kind, indeed. She has a pretty apartment—that is, a suite of rooms, in a street in the Faubourg St. Germain. I now quite admire and like the plan of living in a suite of rooms in this way, and think, for small families, that it is preferable to our small houses, with their narrow flights of stairs. Yet, so much are we all inclined to like what we have not, that I have heard some French ladies talk of the delights of a small house only occupied by one family—there seemed to them a sort of dignity in its independence and loneliness.

But now, dear mother, good-bye !

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#### LETTER XXIV.

*Paris, January 27, 183—.*

I CEASE not in my readings, my dear mother, and my last book gave me much more pleasure than those memoirs of which I lately spoke to you. It was Thierry's "*Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands.*" I have seldom read a book into which I entered so heartily as into this. The Anglo-Saxons seemed to have made so much greater progress than their immediate neighbours in the arts of life, and to have retained so much more of patriarchal freedom in their government, that one is tempted to indulge some pleasing fancies on what their advances might have

been, if the *great impediment* of the Norman conquest had not been placed in their way. There have been many conquests which, with all the ills ever attendant on any conquest, seem to bring with them a compensation ultimately, in the arts and improvements, sometimes in the freedom, introduced by the conquerors ; but the Norman conquest is one which presents the opposite of all this, and that anything of good *necessarily* succeeded its ills I cannot discover. Thierry shows, that those who followed William's banner were discontented and worthless spirits from all parts of Europe, his own subjects having at first refused to join him in his enterprise, and being rather entrapped into it, when awed by the forces which the hope of plunder had collected around him ; therefore, it is no matter of surprise that there should have been so much cruelty and tyranny in their acts, when they had made themselves masters of England. All that is surprising is, that the Saxon spirit should have at last risen above the flood of martial barbarism, which swept over the land at that time, and should have maintained its pre-eminence.

In addition to this historical reading, I must tell you of some dramatic, into which I was tempted. Some new plays fell in my way, and now, when I recall all the delight I formerly had in Racine, I am sorry I read them, for they make a sad contrast to his beautiful and refined productions. And yet, genius ! Must I condemn it, and so condemn Victor Hugo ?—for some of these plays were his, and unquestionably, there is genius in them, with all their horrible faults. No,—let them go,—I shall not speak of them ; but, instead, speak of a play called “*Chatterton*,” by Alfred de Vigny. If Chatterton's fate were not one on which nothing can be written, to which the epithet amusing may be applied, I should say, how amusing is such a *travestie* of English life, as this play of Alfred de Vigny's offers ! He meant to say so much for poets, and he has said so many good and tender things in it, that it is a pity he should have spoiled the effect, the moral

of the whole. This he has done by making another interest than that of poverty ; he has made Chatterton in love with a married woman, the wife of a quaker ; has depicted a love which is an absurdity in English life. How could he permit the desire to delineate any passion,—any feeling to intrude, when about to show the awful struggle of genius with poverty ? the struggle in which the mighty child of Heaven sank beneath the mighty rivetter of the chain which binds society together, Poverty.—For, would the millions be what they are, were they not dependent on the thousands ? And thus is society held up. Poverty should make the beginning, the middle, and the end of a drama on Chatterton. Poverty should be the interest,—poverty the passion,—poverty the crime. There are some who have dared to blame him ; I can only pity him. With wonderful talents,—with stores of strangely collected knowledge,—with a strong inborn pride, which a man of fifty years' experience in the world would have found it difficult to guide and direct, how was he to guide and direct himself in the very years of childhood ? A hard task would it have been for a man of mature years, in the most favourable circumstances, to have managed wisely such powers, such heaps of indigested information, and such ambition as his ; but how was this to be done by a boy, in a despised rank of life, with all the rigours of poverty around him ? I dare not even condemn his suicide ; yet how I sigh that he should have died at so early a period, when I think of what the sobering of age would have made of such genius. Certainly, it would have been something only inferior to Shakspeare's. Yet, indeed, had he lived to forty, it would scarcely have been possible for him to have surpassed himself in his play of *Ella*, so admirable in its true and simple spirit of poetry. But whatever extraordinary powers he possessed, nothing that he could have left would have touched the heart more than his few letters do,—there is a *sanguineness* so boyish in them, and they display such generous and affectionate feelings towards his poor mother and sister, that the

heart must be cold that does not feel for their writer. Unfortunate Chatterton ! Often may thy sad tale be read until a better order of things arise for the sons of genius, and long may it be read afterwards in remembrance of thee ! Alfred de Vigny wishes well to the poet ; but, alas ! seventy years have passed since Chatterton's death, and the poet is still left to the tender mercies that slew him, if his lot be cast in the same rank. Is it not true, that there is yet for *poor genius* but this choice, to become the hireling writer, or to starve ?

Enough of this,—and enough of French novels,—French periodicals, and French plays ! From the periodicals I have gleaned that most of the novels and plays are best unread, and the most famous of all the novelists, George Sand (or Madame Dudevant), I shall not have the curiosity to look into at all. Of too many of the tales and novels which I have seen reviewed, the subject is the love of a wife for some man who is not her husband. There would seem to be, if one judged from these books, some strange want of understanding respecting the sacredness of the marriage vow ; one would think it was held to be a promise which there was no honour in keeping ; but in France, I assure you, no more than elsewhere, are such ideas entertained, whatever romancers may choose to write, and the mothers and wives whom I know here are just what mothers and wives are in other countries.

Having done with my books, I am going to answer your question, whether we have not a priest in attendance at Madame A.'s as at Madame M.'s. Yes, we have—for we have here, also, a handsome little chapel in the house, where service is performed for the young ladies ; but the priest is very unlike the dear old curé of whom I was so fond. He never dines with us, but he breakfasts with us sometimes, and none of the English boarders like him. He is not old, not simple in his manners—not pious, I feel very much inclined to say, but that would be wrong. Unlike the good

old curé, who thought we could be Protestants and yet be very good, he pretends to think otherwise, and tries to lead some of us English into argument, to entangle us in something which we cannot believe, yet are not accomplished disputants enough to controvert. I got ensnared in this way a few mornings ago, so I had to laugh, and I ran away declaring that I was victorious, when he assured me I was beaten. This is all I can tell you about him, for I really see him very seldom, so I turn to what is more interesting—a dinner at Marshal Macdonald's, at which I met another Marshal of France, the Duke de Reggio, and at which the company was large. As to all relating to the mere dining, the eating and drinking, it was the same as before in arrangement, of course.

Marshal Oudinot seems a very quiet and unassuming person. I did not hear him converse much. Marshal Macdonald did not look well, and he ate nothing at dinner; but his spirits were good, and more than once he was very delightful in conversation. His readiness of memory is extraordinary; not only does he remember circumstances and events, but he can quote from authors whom he has read with ease, and at length. It strikes me that he is superior in reading—in information from books—to the other gentlemen whom I met at his house; they are almost all military men, who, like him, have seen, and have acted, but they do not seem to me to have felt, and thought, and read so much as he.

There were many ladies of the party, but some left us to show themselves in the circle at the Tuileries, for an hour, when they returned, bringing an account of an overflow of deputies, with congratulations to the royal family. Then we had a large addition of gentlemen in the evening. One of these had been a long time in the East, and he related to me many interesting things of the men and women of Constantinople. But the person who struck me most, perhaps from his very infirmities, was a little, blind, old man, General —,

and a peer of France. Some conversation respecting certain prisoners, for political offences, having occurred, it was painful to me to hear this infirm old man, on the threshold of eternity, talk of his not having omitted one sitting of the Chamber of Peers (before which these offenders were tried), and of his having thrown in his mite of judgment against those misguided disturbers of the public peace. Perhaps I am wrong in this feeling, which so often arises in my mind *against* the judge, and *for* the judged. If I am, do you know, I think I must *blame* Shakspeare for it ; whatever fantastic tricks men, dressed in a little brief authority, play before high Heaven, have been so touched by him, that he has to me stripped the great image of authority of its robes and furred gowns, so that all its vices appear as if it only wore tattered clothes, like the meanest of those whom it condemns ; this is bad, indeed, and the glass eyes which he recommends, that seem to see the things they do not see, are much better for this world. I am very glad that Marshal Macdonald was prevented, by ill health, from taking any part in judging and condemning those prisoners, because it seems to me, that he speaks more like a soldier, more severely, than he should do of them. This recalls to me what the Countess de ——— told me of him, that, although his justice had never been called in question, and although he was naturally kind-hearted in the highest degree, yet he had always been noted for severity of military discipline ; and I am sure that it is true, because I perceive that he judges of everything connected with the practical details of life, of social order, of government, of politics, as a soldier—vigour, resolution, discipline, with him are all in all. She said, that Prince Borghese, who was once aide-de-camp to Marshal Macdonald, spoke of the impression which his military chief's manner had made on him, as being felt by him, even at a late period in life, so that he seems to himself yet but a school-boy, when he comes into his presence.

You will not be surprised, then, on learning that this

prince is not very bold in the Marshal's presence, that I am not so ; and that, when in the midst of some political talk about England, he turns to me and says, "*Mais, vous êtes Whig !*" I have not the courage to say, that I am a greater lover of freedom than is to be tolerated even by Whigs. I have not wanted this courage before Madame de L., however, and she often exclaims, laughingly, "One can soon feel that you have inhaled the air of the mountains, from your sentiments ;" but she does not oppose me, she only listens—the phrenologist was right in declaring me destitute of the organ of combativeness ; yet, certainly, even if I possessed it, to employ it against the opinions of a man of rank, a military commander, of forty years' standing, would be rather presuming and quixotic. You are not to suppose, however, that Marshal Macdonald is a friend to Tory English principles, or Carlist French ones. There cannot be a firmer friend to every reform in both countries, which tends to the well-being of the people of both ; but he saw, unfortunately, all that was most disheartening in the attempt of a people to make a government for themselves, so that it is not surprising that he should have lost the hope of their being able to do so ; and, indeed, perhaps you will say, that I only retain that hope, through ignorance and enthusiasm, which time will correct.

But I have wandered from the conversation about those prisoners, and not as it wandered, for it wandered from them also. Some of the gentlemen spoke of transportation as their sentence, and then of the place to which they were to be transported ; this led to the subject of certain transportations under the Reign of Terror, old times, interesting ones to me, were spoken of, and Dumourier came on the tapis. Shall I say that I was interested, or amused, or made sad, by the description of his two female aides-de-camp ? Perhaps I experienced a little of all three feelings. These two were sisters ; they dressed always in male attire, and took part in many bloody battles, one of them frequently acted as secrete-



tary to Dumourier. Colonel de —, who entered the army at fifteen years of age, resembled at that time, one of these demoiselles so much in appearance, that her father when he went to see her at the camp, frequently mistook him for his daughter, from which circumstance, the young man contrived to make some amusing scenes. He told me, that the elder of the two had much more spirit and presence of mind than the younger ; that the latter had been once offended by some insolence on the part of an officer, which the former did not think she resented sufficiently, so that she, herself, challenged him, and obliged him to make an ample apology to her sister. After the revolution of July, this lady came up from the country, and presented herself at the court of Louis Philippe, to remind him of those *pleasant* times, when he and she fought under Dumourier for the republic—in truth, to try to obtain a pension from her ancient royal companion in arms. —I do not know whether she did obtain it or not ; but Marshal Macdonald related with much humour his meeting with her at court, and recognising her. Nothing is more delightful in him, than the happy humour with which he tells anything, in which the ridiculous is mingled, he enjoys a pleasant jest, even a boyish trick, with the gaiety and simplicity of a child.

On another occasion, when I was at his house, the conversation turned on Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon*. As was to be anticipated, many of the gentlemen present who had served under the emperor, condemned it altogether ; Marshal Macdonald, however, defended it, in so far that it had done justice to the valour of the French army. He then related to me that when Sir Walter was in Paris, collecting materials for his book, he had visited him, he having had an introduction from some Scotch friend of his. He told him many anecdotes of Napoleon from his own personal knowledge, and desired him to make a note of them, but Sir Walter replied that he could trust to his memory. "None of those traits which I related to him did I find in his work," he

added. Scott was very far from possessing fluency in French conversation, and seemed only to understand what was distinctly spoken and addressed to himself; this deprived him of the power of making use of much that would have given life to the character of his hero, amidst the long historical details. Marshal Macdonald invited to meet him at dinner all the distinguished persons who had known Napoleon most intimately; every one was eager and happy to tell Sir Walter something of their great master; but he, overwhelmed and confounded amidst their French vivacity, and driven to despair by the volubility of their foreign tongues, told the Marshal afterwards that he had actually not understood a single word that was said about the emperor during the whole evening. And thus the good-natured attempts to get him the best information *à vive voix*, ended in a hearty laugh on the parts of both host and guest; both, with all their great talents, equally endowed with a happy disposition for enjoying the amusing and the ludicrous.

I must end, although I have many things to tell you about the man whom I admire so much, the Marshal; but I think I shall keep them to relate to you when we meet, which will now be so soon, and shall fill my next with a different subject, or subjects, as they offer themselves.—Good-bye!

## BRUSSELS.

## LETTER XXV.

*Brussels, February 25, 183—.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

As you knew sooner than I of the gratification which my travelling propensities were to receive, you will be less surprised, on reading the date of my letter, than I have been in writing it—indeed, my change of place was accomplished very speedily, Mrs. N. having determined to spend as few days in Paris as possible, and I was hurried off with very short adieux to all my kind friends there.

I shall now begin and relate our journey hither ; when you have travelled with me all the way, I shall let you know what Brussels is like, and how we like it. We set off early from Paris, and as long as it was light we amused ourselves with looking at the country, then we chatted until we came to our resting-place for the night. At first the country was interesting enough, but still rather *triste* looking, and the villages and towns through which we passed were particularly so. There was a want of life everywhere—melancholy-looking rows of trees, or still more melancholy woods, were to be seen, but no cottages sprinkled up and down, nothing of the cheering animation of the preparation of the fields for the grain. We passed the Oise at a pretty spot, but I forget its name, and indeed the names of the other towns pointed out to me on that day. On the next day we were at Cambray, a large fortified town, containing about 15,000 inhabitants, I believe. It is more interesting to every lover of humanity, from having had Fenelon for its bishop, than for the leagues

between popes and princes, which have been drawn up in it at different times. Yet, during the fury of the revolution, when the madness of an oppressed people made bullets dearer to them than the remembrance of the virtuous, who had made the name of their country illustrious, the tomb of the gentle and benevolent bishop was torn open to take the lead from his coffin. This insult has been in some measure expiated, and an atonement made by a very handsome monument erected some years ago in the cathedral of Cambray. There is a fine statue of Fenelon by David, and there are representations on the four sides of the monument of some of those incidents in which he so artlessly and nobly showed the benevolence of his character—as in leading back the poor man's cow, which the soldiers had driven away.

From Cambray the country wore a more cheerful aspect, and the spring-time labours made us picture it covered with grain and with the fruits of man's industry—there is no sight more cheering than that, and the anticipation of it was felt with a grateful effect on our spirits. The country through which we passed was not highly diversified, not picturesque ; it consisted of wide open fields, with here and there some plantations, and many comfortable-looking dwellings ; but it gave infinite pleasure to contemplate it, merely from its being in general cultivation and occupation, while a really more picturesque and varied tract, after leaving Paris, had not pleased from its wanting traces of the life and well-being of man. We were told, by some of our country-people, that when this wide, unenclosed, hedgeless country is covered by its broad carpet of grain, lively green flax, darker clover, pale lilac of the poppy-field, and brown hemp, it is very striking to English eyes which have not been accustomed to so great an extent of open country. Here—are altogether wanting divisions and subdivisions by hedge-rows, and the delightful green lanes, which are so beautiful in Warwickshire. The towns through which we passed were striking also, on the very opposite account—they had the enclosures, which the

fields had not—I mean their fortifications. I do not think that my habits of freedom *in thought* could ever be reconciled to a fortified town. Do you think I should be able to send my mind on speculations concerning the destinies of men under the shadow of the Andes, or of the Himalayah, or by the frozen lakes of Canada, or on the burning plains of Africa, if I lived in such a place? Indeed, I think I should feel always as if in prison.—Passing through three or four gates, over draw-bridges, over fossés, between high walls, would make my mountain spirit chafe terribly. Péronne, a *maiden* fortress, which first lost its reputation to that seducer, Wellington, was the first of those towns we came to, then Cambray, then Valenciennes—the former more interesting from its association with the name of Fenelon, than the latter with all its lace.

I think Valenciennes is rather larger than Cambray, but it did not appear to me so neat a town. The streets are narrow, and the houses are not by any means handsome, except in one square. They boast, however, of great antiquity for their town, the good citizens of Valenciennes declaring that it was founded in the fourth century, by the emperor Valentinian, on account of the salubrity of the air of that region—why he should have liked the air of the Scheldt I cannot discover, since in his dominions he could certainly have found rivers of greater beauty and of softer breezes. Besides these towns of war, we had famous battle-fields to pass—Malplaquet and Jemappes, for instance. As a woman, I have no right to love battle-fields, nor do I love them; but it would be impossible for me to pass over any field of battle without my feelings being stirred to their profoundest depths, as it were in sympathy with the long-past struggles of the now peaceful fighters. I do think we are wrong in the manner in which we generally regard wars; when we would condemn them, we look not so much at the unjust, the unjustifiable, commencement of wars, the demoralisation attendant on fighting in a bad cause, as on the pains and sufferings of individuals.

Now the government of the world, under a just and merciful Providence, shows that man was never intended to escape from pain, and suffering, and death ; therefore, it is not on such accounts that we must condemn war, but on much higher ones. As to the inhumanity of the leaders in battles, their disregard of the lives of their fellow-beings, such reproaches may as justly be made to *great leaders* in many of the occupations of peace. The merchant who sends out sailors in insecure vessels, and the manufacturer who overworks the poor mechanic, are as careless of the lives of their fellow-men as the generals of armies, whose deeds they almost fear to read—ay, and the general must share the dangers of those who risk their lives, while the careful friend of peace is secure from those of his labourers ! But are we not to value the power which enables men to encounter danger, to despise pain ? Is the feeling of perfect union—are the elevating sympathies of those who peril their lives together for their country, or for one and the same cause, not to be highly estimated ? Every natural, unspoiled sentiment within us, says that they are to be prized. And, from the days of the betrayed Spartans at Thermopylæ, to those of the betrayed Red Indians of yesterday, all that is best in the life of the heart and soul of man, has been kindled into energy by a tale of war. He has learnt more deeply to hate injustice and treachery, therefore to be more just and true, when his indignation awoke against the insolence of the Persian, and the avarice of the Anglo-American.

But now, let me turn to Malplaquet and Jemappes. Think of the former field. On one side, Marlborough, Eugene, Nassau, true hirelings all three, with their hireling English, Germans, and Dutch, and yet in truth, with all this hireling spirit they were bound together on the right side against the encroaching insolence of Louis XIV., and to a certain extent for freedom of principle. Then, on the other side, you have Villars, with the noble-spirited Boufflers, an older Marshal than he serving under him as a volunteer ; and the Cheva-

lier, James the Second's son ; really a trio of high-minded hirelings, whom one likes better than the others, although their cause was worse—the Chevalier charged twelve times with a truly valiant fury. But then as to the troops on this side, unleavened by the spirit of the Reformation, which had been long working among those of the other party, they were indeed unfit to be citizens, most proper for soldiers, the term being usually employed as distinct from the *civil man*—of the duties of the latter character they had been kept in most admirable ignorance. And how did they fight, these soldiers, who knew not what it was to be citizens?—Admirably—but they were beaten. The English, Germans, and Dutch, who felt that in being victorious, they upheld something more than their country's glory, their king's fame, conquered, though they could not daunt the French.

Now, pass over eighty-three years, and look at Jemappes. French soldiers fought at Malplaquet and were beaten, brave though they were ; French citizens fought at Jemappes, and they beat, to the astonishment of Europe. There was a king's son at Malplaquet, who yet hoped to wear a crown, a lieutenant under Villars ; there is citizen Louis-Philippe, lieutenant under Dumouriez at Jemappes : the former never obtained the crown he sighed for, no one suspected the latter of sighing for a crown, one audible sigh for such a bauble would have cost him his head, yet he on this day wears a crown. I think he must certainly put his hand to his brow oftener than most kings who have reigned, to make himself sure that the golden circlet is there, for, if he ever recal the battle of which I have been speaking, he can hardly believe the surprising fact of his royaltyship. But let us leave him and Dumouriez : this is not a battle in which generals, how great soever their names, how high soever their ranks, are of importance ; our sympathies go not with them. No !—they are all with the mean, the low, with the masses,—the untutored, the unhonoured, the unpaid,—on that day first awakened to a sense of their force, despising death, for-

getting even glory, which had been for ages their idol, hungering, thirsting only for liberty. See them storm redoubt after redoubt to the song of the *Marseillaise*, while the astonished Austrians retreat before their enthusiasm—retreat from a position which had been considered impregnable, for they perceive that no obstacles can keep back men like those against whom they now fight. Their dismayed leader, the Duke of Saxe Teschen, sees that war has assumed a new aspect, it has ceased to be a trade, for none who fought merely because they were paid to fight, could have done what the French did that day. Let the Duke then retire until his Austrians have something more than pay in the cause, and then they may gain a battle.

But alas ! for the French !—alas ! for that glorious cry, “Liberty ! the Republic !” which, even in the jaws of death—on the field—on the ocean—they sent forth till it made the hearts of nations beat, the ears of kings to tingle : Alas ! for them, that while on every frontier of their land, the noble and the brave affronted perils of all kinds, wearied not in the good cause, the treacherous, the ambitious, and the selfish plotted at home, till they left the high-minded no good cause for which to fight ; and the freeman and the citizen became once more the hireling soldier, once more was vanquished. And so, dearest mother, I must leave with a sigh this glorious field of Jemappes, and yet with good hope that another field of as much glory at some future day, will not, as it did, flatter the hopes of nations, to betray them. I have written all this from the enthusiasm of the moment ; but indeed, our entrance into Belgium was rather impressed on us at the time, not by dreadful ‘larums of famous fields lost and won, but by little things, very great to little minds—by custom-houses and custom-house officers, by examining of nicely packed trunks, which is grievous to ladies’ hearts ; but, we have no reason to complain, we were civilly used, not having in any way a contrabandish air : however, nothing escaped close inspection.



We perceived soon a great difference in the appearance of things in Belgium and in France ; much more animation in the former, habitations much more thickly spread, a greater show of comfort and cleanliness ; a greater number of vehicles of all kinds on the roads. The very strongly fortified town of Mons, where we rested, is much superior to those French towns of the same kind through which we passed, and its neatness and cleanliness are quite attractive. It is the capital of Hainault, a very fertile and productive district ; abundance of coal must be found there, for we saw many carts laden with it on the roads as we passed. This same town of Mons ought, indeed, to show some symptoms of progress and improvement, for it has had experience of the different civilisations of Spain, Austria, and France, having belonged successively to each ; yet, it seems as if the people of Mons, (shall I call them *monsters* ?) thought they knew more about their own business than any of their foreign governors, having shown them all, by turns, even to their last rulers, the Dutch, that they could manage their own affairs. In 1830, the grievances of the Belgians were more clearly stated in the address sent in to the government by the city of Mons, than in any other public document. So that you see, these honest burghers, the Monster-men, though they be but manufacturers in wool, flax, cotton, and clay, traffickers in soap, and hops, and mill-stones, and are but twenty thousand in number, have learnt that they have rights ; are not afraid to maintain them, and defend them.

The latter part of our journey did not give us much pleasure ; we began to get tired of travelling, and to long for Brussels ; the country, also, is flat, and, at this season, not very interesting. Before darkness closed in on our last evening, we had on one side the wood of Soignies, and on the other a fine glowing sunset after a heavy rain ; then we sank back, and waited patiently for Brussels, in which we found ourselves at ten o'clock. On the following day, on first going out to walk through the town, I felt rather disappointed in it ;

I had heard so much of this being a gay and delightful little capital, that I expected to find it exactly Paris, only smaller. I should have remembered that it is precisely the size of Paris which makes its Boulevards so animated, swarming with life as they are ; and although the people here may be social and fond of pleasure, one cannot expect the out-of-door existence so full of life, as one has it in Paris. Indeed, I almost feel inclined to pity King Leopold and his queen ; certainly if a man must play the *triste rôle* of majesty, always the very saddest which can be picked out of the cast of characters in the drama of life, it must be very disagreeable to play it on so small a scale as in Belgium. But the town of Brussels, although it struck me as being small and dull, is, in itself, very pretty ; very clean and snug, and smug-looking ; and there are some very handsome buildings in it. The king's palace, that of the Prince of Orange, the palace of the chambers, the cathedral, and some other churches, the mint, the theatre,—all look well as to the exterior. But, upon the whole, I cannot think of "Belgium's capital, and a gathering of beauty and of chivalry," at the same time ; nor, of "high halls with windowed niches, in which sat fated chieftains." Oh, imagination of the poet ! how much canst thou do to embellish life ; and how much are we indebted to thee ! I am almost sorry that I have seen Brussels, when I think of the tears of rapture which Byron's verses have drawn from me, and now look out of my window, and see a street which has nothing of romance or interest for me ; which is no classic ground.

Ah, that street ! let it be what it may, you will say there is classic ground in Brussels of the right sort, not made so by poetry, but in reality. Yes, you are right, the square in which stands that beautiful ancient building, the *hôtel-de-ville*, is deeply interesting to every lover of humanity by the remembrances it calls up of the brave and noble, but too gentle friends of freedom, Egmont and Hörn. On that square, these honoured victims of *religious atrocity* were executed. Well might the hearts of the Netherlanders sink

within them, when two men so illustrious by descent, by possessions, by great services in war, by the respect of all who knew them, and of those who knew them not, who had been in close connection with the court from their earliest years, were chosen out to be first sacrificed. Their death was but a prelude to the swelling act of Alva's government, at the end of which he was able to boast of eighteen thousand persons having been executed by his orders. And yet, the cause which he and his royal master, Philip the Second, of Spain, trusted thus to subdue, triumphed in the end. The people might tremble for a moment, but from their very despair they gathered courage, and the Petitioners, "the beggars," as they were scornfully called, were at last victors. But they had a valiant, and a prudent leader, the friend of Egmont and Hörn, younger than they, and of a more determined spirit—William of Orange, whose illustrious character, in its consummate prudence, perseverance, freedom from ambition, moderation and bravery, seems to me to approach nearer to that of Washington, than that of most heroes.

But I must draw to an end, and leave all that I have yet to say of Brussels, for another letter. Once more, good bye!

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#### LETTER XXVI.

*Brussels, March 19, 183—.*

WE have now, my dear mother, seen all that is best worth seeing in this place, and have made some excursions in the neighbourhood, so that we begin to speak of taking our departure, but have not, as yet, decided on so doing. One of the first places to which we were taken was the palace of the Prince of Orange, which remains in the state in which he left it, when forced by the revolution of 1830 to take flight. After the palaces which we have seen in France, it appears small, but it is extremely handsome, and much more

to my taste than some of those, not being overladen with gilding. It is particularly admired for its floors of inlaid wood of different colours, finely polished. The walls, where uncovered by the splendid hangings, are of polished marble, the ceilings are ornamented, but neither painted nor gilded, and this, in my opinion, far surpasses in richness and beauty, the great paintings and heavy gildings of former times. The tables of porphyry, malachite, and lapis lazuli, the candelabra and lamps, the consoles and mirrors, all correspond to the beauty and splendour of the apartments. There is nowhere to be seen anything gaudy or paltry, all is like the dwelling of a man of taste and wealth. The gems are the pictures ; all first-rate, I believe. I must say I believe, for a very impertinent fellow who showed us through the rooms did not give us time to look at them. I only carried away a countenance or two of Raphael and Vandyke, too speaking to be forgotten. From this palace we went to the picture gallery and museum, which are attached to a large building for lectures and study, if it be not quite a college. There was nothing very particularly striking in the gallery and museum, but they show that the people of Brussels wish to keep pace in art and science with the people of other capitals. We went afterwards to see the two chambers, that of the senate and of the chamber of deputies ; they are very handsomely fitted up ; of course they are much smaller than those of Paris. The cathedral and churches we visited, as all wandering, staring, strangers do in foreign towns, but I need not describe to you what you can read in any guide-book.

The higher part of Brussels is considered very beautiful ; in it are the palaces, public offices, and best private houses ; these surround a fine square, or park, laid out with pleasant shady walks. Yet this part of the town, though it retain many traces of the effects of the late revolution, is not, by any means, so interesting to me, nor do I think it so picturesque as the lower part, in which the streets are narrow and crowded ; there, are the great market-place and the

hôtel-de-ville, and every one sees the narrow pointed, antique-looking architecture of the middle ages, while in the upper town all is modern, white-washed, cockney-looking. The walls which surrounded the city have been thrown down, the ramparts have been planted and laid out in walks, which will in time be handsome boulevards. I can scarcely think that the lower part of the city, with all its picturesqueness, is very healthful, particularly in those parts where it is intersected by the canals, which connect the Senne, the river on which Brussels stands, with the great canal of the Scheldt.

That which I should have wished most to see is the manufacture of Brussels, or, rather, I should speak of its manufactures, for they are many and all good, but I, of course, thought first of its lace. None of the party, however, except myself, care about such matters; they seem rather inclined to look at what has been done than at what is being done.

We spent one evening with a Brussels family, known formerly in England to Mrs. N. We heard from them a great deal that was interesting about Brussels and its societies. Among other matters, we were told that it was much more difficult for English travellers to get into good society here than it had been formerly. The inhabitants have discovered that many of those obliging British who patronised their town "had left their country for that country's good," and that they were not persons who would do much good to any other land, so that the feeling that it is best to keep them at a distance has been growing stronger from year to year. It is, indeed, a melancholy fact that almost as many bankrupts and spendthrifts have resorted to Brussels as to the nearer haven to London, of Boulogne. We heard also, that at this moment provisions are very dear, there being much scarcity in consequence of former storms and inundations having done great damage; whole villages, it is said, have been almost swept away. How often one is forced to think of Sterne's submissive monk, and his "no doubt there

is misery enough in every corner of the world !” At first, on entering Belgium, we thought there were not nearly so many beggars here as in France, but latterly we have been obliged to confess that it contains a great number also—no doubt the circumstances alluded to have increased that number.

Our excursions to Antwerp, and a few days’ stay there, afforded us very great pleasure. I admire that town very much more than Brussels ; it is a place in which I really think I should like to live, it has such an antique and respectable air ; there is such an appearance of cleanliness and comfort in the houses, that to one accustomed to a mercantile town of England they convey something of a home feeling—they speak of wealthy burghers, and of burghers of past days ; there is all of historic interest connected with them, which almost all our mercantile towns want in their buildings. The railway, by which we travelled to Antwerp, is as well arranged and well managed as any of our railways, of which we are inclined to boast so much ; and more than once on our way we were tempted to think ourselves in some of the prettiest parts of Lancashire as we steamed along. On our arrival we dined at the *table d’hôte* of the hotel. There were several English at table, but the greater number of those present were Belgians and Dutch, and the conversation taking a political turn, became too animated to be agreeable. They seemed, in general, to be very sore on the subject of the Scheldt, which is a tender point. I was quite startled at last, when in reply to one of the disputants, who said in a deprecating tone, “ *Mais nous sommes Belges, enfin !*” his opponent struck the table fiercely, and said, “ *Malheureusement nous sommes Belges !*” Presently after, he tried to be good-humoured, made some wager about the dispute, and took his leave, to our relief ; but indeed we need not have been alarmed, for those loud and vehement words, which would inevitably lead to a blow with us, or would only be uttered by men who intended to come to a battle, are in

most countries, except ours, mere "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Our first visit was to the cathedral, a very imposing structure, both as to exterior and interior, but its glories are rather Rubens' paintings, than what it is in itself. I have visited some galleries of paintings, and have generally come away from them, conscious of nothing but a headache, only here, for the first time in my life, did I come away, from looking at a painting, conscious of what the divineness of the art is. I had never placed the painter on a level with the poet, I begin now to doubt whether I was right or not. To dare attempt such subjects, as the Elevation of the Cross, and the Descent from it, and in their delineation, not to fall short of the imagination, nay, to have the power of giving in it an impulse to the imagination of many, is of the highest order of genius. The force and life of those pictures are amazing, although it may be, that in the details something can be found, by connoisseurs, to which to object. And yet, I believe Sir Joshua Reynolds, who came over to Flanders on purpose to see them, did not find much. For me, I was like the man who thanked God for his ignorance; I was glad I could not criticise, I thought only of the scene, and the painter, and gave way to tears, which I was forced to hide as soon as possible. On the Sunday, we again visited the cathedral, when, to the gratification of looking once more at Rubens' pictures, we had that of seeing a respectable and devout assembly, and of hearing a very fine mass of Mozart's admirably performed.—All this was, I assure you, almost enough to make one in love with the Catholic religion, yet, I viewed it as I had done, in all respects, except in that of seeing it, to be a greater inspirer and protector of the fine arts, than it had occurred to me before to contemplate it. Well, but, (shall I say fortunately or unfortunately?) I had all the pleasing thoughts which painting and music, in connection with that religion, had put into my head, dislodged. It was not the jolly, contented, self-assured looking priests,

so very, very different from those of France, who dislodged them. No, nor was it a handsome church, to which we went in the afternoon, and in which we heard again some very fine music. Nor was it another church into which we sauntered, more modern and Italian-looking in appearance, than the others (the Church of the Jesuits); in it there was service also, and there was a large congregation, consisting of more men than I have seen elsewhere, and with a more profound air of absorbed devotion. Nor was it the church of the Dominicans, which we entered afterwards, but it was, what is called, a Calvary, attached to that church. It is an assemblage of all kinds of bad statues of saints, and holy persons, in a little garden; in a kind of angle, formed by part of the buildings of the church, is niched a tomb, containing a figure, covered with trimmed muslin, intended to represent our Saviour; surrounding this, is a representation of the flames of hell, made in painted wood-work, with hideous faces glaring out of them, and arms and hands stretched out to receive the money of those who wish to give something to save themselves, or their friends, from the torments of purgatory. Above this Calvary, is a figure of the Virgin, and scattered about the garden is the crowd, really a very large crowd, of ugly ill-made statues, of which I spoke. The whole appeared such a collection of trash and trumpery, that I could not help feeling something of scorn and indignation, that *anything calling itself* religion could tolerate it. These feelings were, perhaps, more lively at the moment, from their contrast to those I had so lately experienced—from the kind of revulsion they made in my mind, after my silent enjoyment of music and painting in the cathedral. Whatever it may be, it is quite certain, the place seemed to me detestable, and it made a most disagreeable impression on my mind.

On the following day we saw the hôtel-de-ville, it is a fine building, though not so antique-looking as that of Brussels. The Exchange interested me more; it is said to be the model



of the old Royal Exchange of London. It ought, indeed, to interest any one who is interested in that, which is one of the most important of things connected with social progress and decline, and the philosophical history of which is yet to be written—commerce. In this history Antwerp must have an important chapter ; for its days of greatness, when it had more than two hundred thousand inhabitants, more than two thousand vessels in its harbour, when its river was covered by ships of all nations, are in strange contrast with what it is now. Yet, it is far from appearing sunken, or even humbled ; it is like a stately dame, who has become old, is less sought than she was, but who yet retains her pride and her respectability. We had in the evening a pleasant walk on the quay along the Scheldt, a fine river, but offering no more of beauty at that point than the Mersey does at Liverpool.

We visited, also, a museum, which is kept in what was formerly a monastery ; it is surrounded by a neat garden containing some tombs and busts—among the latter that of Rubens is conspicuous ; indeed, the great painter seems to be the great man of Antwerp—reminiscences of him are to be met with on all hands. The picture galleries here are much more interesting, and in much better order, than those of Brussels. There are two modern pictures which seemed to me very well done ; one is the death of Rubens, the other is a siege of Antwerp, not its late one ; in this the beautiful airy tower of the cathedral is seen rising above the smoke and slaughter of battle with a fine effect.

It seems to me that, in some of the buildings in Antwerp, there are traces of Moorish forms and designs in the architecture, indicating the sway of Spain in former times. The fashion adopted by almost all the women of the lower ranks, of wearing the black silk scarf over the head, has, no doubt, also a Spanish origin. One fine afternoon, promenading before our hotel, we saw all the *beau monde* of Antwerp ; and even to persons coming from Paris it was by no means con-

temptible. Many of the ladies were very distinguished-looking, and the men by no means undistinguished. But the military pleased me the most ; the dark green frock and tall steeple-crowned hat set on side, with its black plume, has a most charming bandit look. *Entre nous*, these very genteel-looking soldiers are, it is said, extremely poor fighters. We saw many more of them as we passed through the gates of this finely fortified town. The ramparts, drawbridges, and ditches, are all once more in complete repair, and look very formidable indeed.

Our other most important excursion was to Waterloo ; and I can at length say, that I have trodden a field of fame, for the other fields of which I spoke to you, I only saw in passing. I cannot, in truth, say that I have measured the length and breadth of this great field on foot, but I have mounted the pile of earth on which stands the lion of Holland, and I have looked abroad on that country, over which the eyes of Napoleon looked with the intensest anxiety which ambition ever awoke. Yet, in spite of all I wrote to you lately about battles, I am much changed on the subject of heroes ; I think less of men and more of man now, and in a battle gained or lost, I see not the gain or loss of some great leader, but what is gained or lost by a people. There was a time when Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, were names more dear to me than household words, but now I look on the three only as three immortal tyrants ; and I, who almost burst my heart with indignation in reading of Napoleon's imprisonment at St. Helena, I can rejoice that he was vanquished at Waterloo. But there were moments, as I walked over the field, when my emotion was excessive, and the tears rose fast to my eyes ; on a smile from Mrs. N. I checked them, forced them down my throat, and began to talk nonsense as fast as I could. Had you been there, I might have wept, or might have been silent instead of talking the nonsense which I did, as I searched for relics to bring away from the field. The laughing mood, however, Mrs. N. said, was the best, as she declares that

battles, when closely looked into, are, of all human follies, the greatest. I maintained, that the principle or feeling which makes men unite together in battle to brave danger and death, is one of the most generous of our nature. "I grant you," she replied, "that it is the social feeling in its strongest expression. I know that if you tell a man that, on a certain way, he will meet three men who will attack him, he will rather avoid the danger than meet it, but if you tell one hundred that they will meet perhaps twice their number, full of reliance on each other they seek it; it is an instinct in human nature for men to rely on men in danger, for them to assist each other, to bear a part in each other's perils for each other." "But do you not think this generous instinct humanises, refines, elevates men?" "Yes, assuredly, if I could see it developed in some other way than in war, I should think so—that generous devotion which men show to each other in war might, indeed, be a refining bond of social union; as it is, it is but the severer of social union, the bond of partisans, who sacrifice themselves to the ambition of their leaders—am I not right?" "Yes," I replied, "you are right as to a great many wars—perhaps to almost all—but there have been battles fought for great and noble causes, which—" "Which," she interrupted, "have ennobled the men who fell in them; scarcely any which have tended to the ennobling of the men who have been victorious in them." "Oh, I cannot agree with you!" "Well, I feel that I begin to get sadly conservative, the first qualification for which, is to have a low opinion of my kind; I begin to think that man is, what he has been, and what he will be; and that we shall always have fields of battle, fought for bad causes, to walk over, as long as the world is a world—so come away—bring your wild-flowers, and grass, and pebbles, and bullets, and book of the monuments of Waterloo, and let us return to dinner." I did as she desired, and we ate a good dinner and drank champagne with undisturbed hilarity, after our visit to the famous plain. And yet, I assure you, the tears rush to

my eyes now as I write to you, for I have just turned them on the little book of inscriptions in the church of Waterloo. The heart must be hard indeed, which felt nothing in passing through that unadorned and dim little church, or which did not swell, on beholding in so many different languages, the testimonies of affection from parents, sisters, brothers, wives, children, friends, dedicated to even a few out of the many thousands who fell on the 18th of June, 1815. In almost all the inscriptions are mistakes, which, in most other places, one would think ludicrous ; here, instead of a smile they call up a sigh. There are, however, two things at Waterloo especially absurd in their egotism. The enormous monument erected on the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded is one of them, and the monument in the garden of the church, to Lord Anglesea's leg, the other. The Dutch lion is, in my eyes, more contemptible than Bottom's, which roared like a sucking-dove, when I think of the thousands of brave men who fell at Waterloo, and that that monstrous thing was raised to commemorate one man's wound. As to the leg, where men lost their lives it is bad taste, to say the least of it, for a *nobleman* to place the loss of it by the side of the monuments dedicated to their memory.

And now good-bye ! My next will not be from Brussels, yet I scarcely know from whence : but we shall leave orders for our letters to be forwarded from this, when our route is decided on. I shall not, perhaps, write to you so frequently as I have done, as you may receive news of me by the letters of others. Do not you imitate me, but write as before—with this injunction, Good-bye !

## FRANKFORT.

## LETTER XXVII.

*Frankfort, April 17, 183—.*

MY DEAR MOTHER, .

WE are stationary for a short time in this very agreeable town, and are beginning to see something of a people who differ much more from the French than the Belgians. I do not feel, however, as if I were setting out with any prejudices against the Germans, if they would but abandon the detestable pipe, for all those whom I have known in England have prepared me to think well of them, on the score of their good education and freedom from prejudice. More than even the French did they seem to be aware of the truth of what Goldsmith says on the subject of ceremony, that it "resembles that base coin which circulates through a country by the royal mandate; it serves every purpose of real money at home, but is entirely useless if carried abroad: a person who should attempt to circulate his native trash in another country would be thought either ridiculous or culpable. He is truly well-bred who knows when to value and when to despise those national peculiarities, which are regarded by some with so much observance: a traveller of taste at once perceives that the wise are polite all the world over, but that fools are polite only at home." I have quoted all this as it occurred to me, in proof of the better education in general of the Germans, for I think that they approach nearer Goldsmith's idea of the wise in carrying with them a much less offensive nationality of manners than we, or any other people with whom I have met. I hope that the English will improve in this respect;

and I do think that one important consequence of the facilities for travelling, which they have so much promoted, will be the assimilating of the manners of the different nations of Europe, perhaps of the world. Have not these been a greater barrier against civilisation than moral differences? All travellers agree in finding the real amount of moral good the same in all countries, yet, at the first glance, how vast the difference which appears! Why this apparent difference? Because the prejudices of habit have led us to place much of our morality in what are only customs—manners, in fact.

But I must not begin thus—I must tell you of our route here; it was one which showed us many objects of interest. Our first night was spent in Liege, to which we went by railway. It rained when we arrived at that town, and this, with its own Birmingham-looking smoke, made it appear so uninviting in my eyes, that I am ashamed to say, I did not make use of even the little time that I had to see it as I ought to have done. There are many handsome buildings in it, and it is no doubt, from its great iron and other manufactures, a more thriving place than Antwerp. It has a great number of bridges, for it has two rivers—the Meuse and the Ourthe; but I cannot think it a healthy town, it is so much in a valley.

On the next day we reached Aix-la-Chapelle, a famous town indeed, if emperors and kings, beginning with the great Charlemagne and ending with the great Napoleon, can make it so; and if treaties of peace and congresses can make it so—yet, perhaps if a town were to take its character from what rogues do in it, a certain Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle of not very ancient date would entitle it to the epithet infamous. But let us forget *unholy* Alliances and think of the town itself, which is, indeed, a pleasant one—and we all enjoyed very much the few days we passed in it. It is very agreeably situated in a valley; the hills around it are pretty, and, although many manufactures are carried on there, it presented a very pleasing contrast in its appearance to Liege. Here

we were made aware that we had got out of Belgian territories and into Prussian, for here began again the *delightful* business of examining passports and trunks ; and here we exchanged the jargons of French, Flemish, Walloon, and Dutch, for German.

That which first attracted our notice was the very ancient statue of Charlemagne in the market-place ; it is of bronze, and most curious from its great antiquity, being nearly one thousand years old, it is said. The hôtel-de-ville, once a royal palace, is very ancient also ; but, alas ! of the splendid palace of Charlemagne, where he feasted with Roland, where he received ambassadors from Haroun al Raschid, nothing could I see—I think one stone of it would be dearer to me than a Babylonish brick, or a block from the pyramids of Egypt, because childhood and the Arabian Nights, and Ariosto's quaint tales, would come back in pleasant visions on seeing the relic connected with the names of the Western emperor and the Eastern caliph. Charlemagne's palace is gone, and it is, perhaps, as well that it is so, for it might have been turned to the vile uses of that which we visited of the Frankish kings—a place for countersigning of passports. Ours were *revised* there, and then we saw the apartments in which, I am sorry to say, other things besides passports have been signed—treaties and declarations of kings but little creditable to them.

Since I could not see Charlemagne's palace, I must tell you of having seen his church. It is not a very large church, yet it made a deeper impression on me than any of the great ones which we had then seen. The style of its architecture appeared to me more ancient than the gothic, and the simplicity of its round Saxon or Norman arches, is very striking after the eye has been accustomed to the pointed, narrow arch. In the centre of the church is the slab, with no other inscription than "Carolo Magno," over the vault where the emperor, in full imperial costume, sitting upright in a chair of state, was interred. But as nothing connected with dead

kings commands much respect from living ones, the tomb was opened, and all it contained removed to Vienna. I stood then only on the slab, which covered his empty tomb. Still, there was something thrilling in standing on the spot where he had reposed, and in the church which he had built. As I stood there, a crowd of persons, apparently peasants, in various costumes, poured through the open doors of the church, and ascended the stairs which led to a gallery surrounding the great dome; they had come in the hope of seeing certain relics of great value kept in that place—these relics are, however, only shown every seven years, and attract at that time a vast concourse of persons from very great distances to see them. While I gazed on this crowd, I tried to figure to myself what such a crowd would have been in the days of Charlemagne, and was obliged sadly to confess, that the great mass of mankind had made but little progress since then, for I could not discover in what the crowd I saw would be superior to a crowd of a similar kind of relic-viewers in his time. What makes the relic-visiting more absurd now is, that the modern Charlemagne pillaged this famous shrine of its valuables; of course the relics which they encased were not treated with much respect. I perceive that education alone can, with real advantage, weed from the Roman Catholic religion what is hostile to freedom of thought and vigour of mind, without uprooting the fundamental truths of Christianity which it contains, and the excellent rules of charity, which, in it, are more binding than in any of the reformed religions. The opposition of hostile sects, the conversion of unenlightened men to another faith, will not do; they would but give fanaticism and falsehood another channel. Education, knowledge only can put weapons into the people's hands, which they can rightly use to overthrow their tyrants; aught else is but setting up another despot, as hostile to their interests as the one overthrown. I was not allowed to remain as long in the church as I should have liked; there were other things to be seen in



the town, though nothing which to me offered the same interest as the place where I was.

We walked through the town, which does not appear very gay at this season ; there are some handsome streets in it, and the baths are very good and very commodious ; but we were told that the village of Borsette, at a short distance, attracts most of the invalids now. Thin, however, as the town is, the public rooms were not destitute of gambling parties ; two were at *rouge et noir* and *roulette* even before dinner, and among them were some women, young-looking, and well dressed—certainly a very *disgusting* sight—no other word will do. The rooms are ancient-looking and handsome as to form and size, but not as to decorations, the walls being all white, with nothing to relieve their uniformity. In the evening they were lighted, and there were a few more gamblers and lookers-on ; still but a small assemblage in such large apartments, and we soon left them.

We had one day a delightful walk to a high hill near Aix-la-Chapelle, called the Louis Berg. The ascent is by an excellent road, kept in good order, and which must be very shady a little later in the year. From the summit we had a charming view of the country around Aix. On one side, looking away from the town, I could have fancied myself looking down on some part of Cheshire, so different is this country, with its divisions into fields of various kinds, its hedges, gardens and orchards, from France, and having a little more of hill and dale, it is not like that part of Belgium through which we have passed. There is a large coffee-house near the top of the hill ; it is a handsome building, and, at the attractive season, must be a great inducement to the people of Aix, Borsette and Spa to visit the Louis Berg. On this hill is a kind of obelisk, erected by Napoleon, to mark how his far-reaching ambition had nearly attained the boundaries of Charlemagne's empire. I gathered some young twigs of laburnum from beside it for my trophy.

Our next resting-place of some days, after Aix-la-Chapelle,

was Cologne, a short day's journey from the former place. The country through which we passed was not very interesting, but by no means *triste*, as we had been led to expect to find it. But, of the town of Cologne itself, the town "of odors savors sweet," as Pyramus sings to Thisbe. Alas ! I am sorry to tell you, if you begin to think of sweet smells when I speak of it, there is no sympathy in our thoughts ; for I assure you mine recur too strongly to the first *mal-odorous* impression the streets of the town made on me to be able to reflect on it with the slightest satisfaction ; and to walk through them demands a great deal of *eau de Cologne* ever and anon to be given the nose.

At first thinking of Cologne water and encountering only very bad smells, I felt inclined to turn the place into ridicule ; but that feeling soon passed away, and I looked on Cologne, certainly not with the respect Antwerp inspired, but with a regretful melancholy, the farthest in the world from ridicule. When I recalled its great antiquity, when I saw its great extent, although much of that extent is occupied by narrow, dirty, and half inhabited streets ; but, above all, when I saw the cathedral, all inclination to smile was gone. This cathedral was begun six hundred years ago, and is yet unfinished. Only the choir, two hundred feet high, and the chapel around it, are completed ; the nave is supported by one hundred columns, of which the middle ones are forty feet round, but they are only two-thirds of the height to which they were to have been carried. There were to have been two towers five hundred feet high ; one of them has reached two hundred and fifty feet, and on it stands the crane for elevating stones ; and indeed the effect of it is not unpicturesque, when one thinks that it has been there for centuries, while the unfinished work which it was intended to aid has ceased, has become a ruin before it had become a whole. I have been very much struck by many of the churches which I have seen ; that at Aix-la-Chapelle made a profound impression on me, from the associations connected with it ; but

the fragment, the colossal, and splendid fragment at Cologne was more impressive than anything I have yet seen. At first my admiration was, as when I saw Rubens' pictures, all for the man who had conceived the vast idea of the pile ; acknowledging, when I saw them, that the value of a work was in the mental power displayed in its conception, I placed the painter beside the poet, now I have to place the architect beside him also. The man who formed the cathedral of Cologne must have had a Homeric mind, and I felt it a sort of injustice to him that I could not learn his name, to bestow on it my mite of honour. I cannot but think that in the middle ages men threw all their genius, their poetry, which would have made Homers and Shakspeares, into stone instead of letters, and made churches and chapels instead of epics and tragedies. To tell the truth, however, although I admire and love the gothic churches, I look upon them as indicative of a state of society much to be condemned. From the days of Pharaoh, when the Israelites suffered under the tyranny of builders, from the pyramids to St. Peter's, from St. Peter's to the just finished Madeleine at Paris, great structures are but monuments which men have left of their slavery. They stand from age to age, if wisely regarded, to warn from the wrong path, yet still are they taken as guides to the right, and men put on chains and tread the way of their fathers. In the arrested progress of the Cologne cathedral do we see something as if they had begun to doubt whether their fathers had done what was best, whether chains were really good things, whether these vast monuments did not tell a tale to their shame ; and "we, who have free souls," rejoice in the thoughts inspired by the fragment, the ruin. It is certain that changes have been slowly going on in Europe, tending to take from one body of men the power which they had, of making others mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for their pleasure and profit alone ; yet circumstances unconnected with the spreading spirit of liberty may have left the

cathedral what it is, for we have had, even in the present day, proof that there is not much freedom from ecclesiastical bondage in Cologne.

Although this town ought to bring recollections of times almost classical, it had not that effect on me ; I thought not of Agrippina, its foundress, nor even of the times of Charlemagne, nor of those of its famous prince-bishops, but my mind hurried on to modern days, to wars lately past. And then, when I had crossed the bridge of boats over the Rhine to Deutz, the little fortified town opposite Cologne, it fixed on my own days. Why so ? Because on that bridge we met a score or two of Prussian convicts escorted to their prison, after their day's labour, by a few soldiers. Their degrading dress, on one side black, on the other yellow, the chains on their legs, their youthful-looking faces, the conviction I felt that the means taken to punish them was a means of ever after making them incapable of virtuous feelings ; all this made my heart swell too sadly to permit me to return again with pleasure to dreams of past times.

We left Cologne at nine in the morning, by the steam-boat, and arrived at Coblenz before the same hour in the evening. It was almost dark then, and we could only see the majestic and shadowy outline of Ehrenbreitstein, which lies opposite to the town ; its minor features were not perceptible, but perhaps it was more striking by that light. As soon as I awoke in the morning, I arose and stepped to my window, to look at it in the day-light ; the sunshine was falling in too broad a flood on it ; it did not look so gigantic and frowning as in the twilight, but it is a magnificent fortress, and amidst the roar and smoke of cannon must have a terrific effect. This is not the only fort of Coblenz ; there is one which was formerly a monastery, called Hunnenkopf, on one side the Moselle, and Fort Francis on the other ; so that if bulwarks can do anything for the Prussian monarchy, it will not fall by attacks on that point. The confluence of the Moselle and the Rhine has always, it is said, been of

great military importance, and even in the time of the Romans a strong camp was formed there.

I was exceedingly pleased with Coblentz ; it is a clean and neat town, or perhaps I should say it has a spruce military air ; it appeared, indeed, to great advantage after dirty, sad Cologne. If I were a ghost I should choose the town of churches for my abode, but as I am a living woman I prefer that of fortresses. Besides the fortresses in that beautifully situated town, there are some very handsome houses and agreeable residences, and of course the number of military men in it give it a lively air. Here, as at Cologne, there is a bridge of boats across the Rhine, but over the Moselle there is a handsome stone bridge of fourteen arches, from which there is one of the most enchanting views on the Rhine. In the public square we saw the celebrated pillar which stands as a monument of Russian wit ; the Russian wit remains, but the French folly which inspired it has passed away, I think, for we could find no French inscription. It is, you know, said that the French set up this pillar when they went on their intended conquest of Russia, and that the Russians added underneath the French inscription, that it was seen and approved by them, on their return from the campaign in which Napoleon was defeated. Let the French but learn to turn to their republican victories, as more honourable to them than those of Napoleon, and they may leave this sarcastic pillar without being wounded by the sarcasm, while they have the monument to Hoche on the Rhine, and the tomb of the stainless Marceau, to do them honour.

We had from that town another day's sail to Biberich, the landing-place for Wiesbaden, to which we proceeded ; we soon procured lodgings, and went to rest, I with my mind full of you and the Rhine. On the next morning we surveyed the town, a very pretty little one indeed. The Kur-saal, or public rooms, are very handsome ; there are eating, gambling, and dancing-rooms, all large and well fitted up ; the building is situated at the end of a broad alley of low

trees; on each side are shops and stalls containing every kind of knick-knackery for idle ladies and gentlemen; behind it there is a large garden where coffee and tea are taken after dining in the Kursaal. All the new part of Wiesbaden is well built; some of the hotels are of enormous size; every part of the town, even where the streets are old and narrow, is clean, and upon the whole, this little capital of the Duke of Nassau's territories does him much credit. He is, I understand, the proprietor of the gambling establishments, and draws a handsome income from them. Play seems always to go on, but, as yet, apparently to no greater extent than at Aix-la-Chapelle, and the games are the same, *roulette* and *rouge et noir*. While at Wiesbaden, we dined on the week-day at the Kursaal, at four o'clock, and on the Sunday at one. At the first dinner were only about thirty persons, the table was handsomely set out with silver plateaus and covers, and everything in good order; at the second were more than a hundred persons, and everything was detestable; waiters scampering about trying to serve everybody; head-splitting music mingling with the noise of tongues, and knives, and forks. The Duke of Nassau himself, they say, often presides at this Sunday dinner, but I should think something must have deprived him of his cooks at home when he is driven to such an extremity.

We had an excursion to see his palace at Biberich, close on the Rhine, but it by no means equals the residences of some gentlemen in England, who have no right to call their houses palaces.

Our next place of rest after Wiesbaden was Frankfort, only a few hours' drive from it. It is a town which I admire more than any I have yet seen; I really feel as if I should like to live in it. It possesses all the picturesqueness of antiquity to please the eye, with all the pleasures of modern refinements and comforts. It has an appearance of respectability, nay, fashion in some parts, with, in others, the activity of commerce, which, to me, is always enlivening; it is

not so large as to prevent sociability, or to make visiting so fatiguing as to become a heartless formality ; the population is, I believe, about fifty thousand. Here and there one finds an antique house, or an old tower, which is quite charming, and then, again, new houses and nicely kept gardens, which are equally so.

But I must conclude, although I have not told you yet of having seen Goethe's house ; it was not very interesting to me, this author being yet too little known to me. So I bid you good bye, for the present.

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#### LETTER XXVIII.

*Frankfort, May 26, 183—.*

You say, my dear mother, that I have told you too little of the Rhine—that is true—I shall now speak of it. Our little voyage delighted us very much indeed, and none of us were disappointed in our expectations about the beauties of the Rhine. I read Byron's verses in "Childe Harold," and thought them a simple and forcible catalogue of all that is most striking on the banks of the river ; it is a sure test of their excellence that they please even on the Rhine. But all descriptions, even all views, must fail in giving the variety of aspects which the same object presents, as it is affected by our change of position, and by the changes of light and shade. The Drachenfels and Rolandseck, for instance, the first heights of any importance which we meet with, and on opposite banks of the river, change perpetually as long as they are in sight, now appearing on this side, now on that, according to the windings of the stream. We were going up the stream ; every one says this is the best way to go, as one has more time against it than with it. I am convinced, however, that we thus lose much of the effect of the grand features of the scenery ; these naturally present themselves

towards the river, (if I may so speak,) not from it ; it has made them by winding its way through the barriers which opposed it. In looking down the stream the banks are more precipitous, rugged and majestic, than in looking up : a consciousness of the power of the waters is communicated which one does not feel in the other direction, in which the banks appear more sloping and less abrupt. There were some English on board the steam-boat, all busy with maps and guide-books, and all seeming much more determined to see what was to be seen on some principle laid down in black-on-white, than to use their own senses and understandings. If I could have turned my thoughts to the ridiculous, I might have found a sufficient comedy for one day among my fellow-travellers, but I had no inclination to indulge in laughter whilst I had such picturesque scenery to gaze on.

Our second day's sail from Coblenz pleased us even more than our first from Cologne, although, at the commencement, the banks of the river presented nothing remarkable. By degrees they became less flat ; and cultivated slopes, vineyards, country houses, villages, churches, and here and there a ruin, pleased the eye. Then the stream narrowed ; all was precipitous, rugged and sublime on either hand ; and every isolated rock, every height that appeared most difficult of ascent, presented the ruin of a castle or a tower ; the robber nests of the chieftains of the good old feudal times, when those worthies found it most to their advantage to be situated so, that they could best keep watch against the encroachments of each other, and best rush down on those who were not strong enough to protect themselves. The number of those castles is amazing ; some few of them are of great extent, but the greater number are small ; they have acquired a beauty in decay which they never had before, for none of them are remarkable for their architecture, none of them equal Warwick or Kenilworth castles. We passed one which the good people of a certain town offered for sale at seventy dollars, but nobody would have it, so they made a present of



it to the Prince Royal of Prussia, who put it in complete repair; he was in it when we passed, and his black-and-white flag flying from the battlements had an imposing effect. I tried in vain to picture to myself the habits of life of the men and of the women of those times, when all these castles were inhabited; when the people were thinly scattered over the country, and were forced to protect themselves against the great thieves on their rocks and in their fortresses, by huddling together in miserable little towns; when, whatever may be the faults of the Catholic religion, its priests must have been valuable mediators between the village and castle, must have often inspired sentiments of justice, and repressed those of vengeance. But I tried in vain to picture this, for my mind was too much excited by the aspect of nature, independently of those ruins, to permit imagination free scope on the subject of habits and manners. At length, when we were passing the Lurlei, where the passage seemed to be closing in on us, the pent up longing for you made me sick—sick at heart—and I bent down my head unnoticed, and poured out my tears in peace. Dear mother, you have read Lyell with so much pleasure: if you could but see the Rhine, you would enjoy your fancies about geology doubly; the wish to have you near me robs me of half my enjoyment. From the narrow, rapid part of the stream, between towering rocks, we passed into a broad expanse, on which we could easily have imagined ourselves sailing on a lake; no doubt there was a lake there, and the waters tore for themselves a passage to the sea, or it was rent for them by some volcanic eruption.

*May 21.*

I have just returned from a walk which, on our way back, caused us to pass again through the curious old street, formerly appropriated exclusively to the Jews, which we had before explored; in it they were shut up every night at a certain hour, as it had gates at each extremity. I believe they owe their present exemption from this odious tyranny

of their fellow-citizens, to the French ; however that may be, it would be scarcely possible to continue now, one should think, such a species of insolent petty despotism, in a town whence emanated the royal race of the Rothschilds, kings among the stock-jobbers, and stock-jobbers among the kings. —We saw both the banking and dwelling-houses of those Hebrew royalties, who may almost put themselves on an equality with sovereign princes, in these days, when money makes both might and right.

We went one evening to a public garden on the Main, where we had coffee, and saw some of the fashionables of Frankfort ; so much for two of our senses, taste and sight, but then there are hearing and smelling besides, for these we had some indifferent music, and the delights of scores of pipes, not pastoral ones, smoking ones, fuming around us. Soon satisfied with such entertainment, we walked back to our hotel by the very beautiful Boulevards of the town, which are formed out of the old ramparts ; they do infinite honour to the taste of the man who planned them ; a monument is erected to his memory in one part of them. We spent another evening with a very agreeable German family, who live about a mile out of the town, and a gentleman there gave me some information about this free town, which I shall retail to you. The town is governed by a burgomaster and senate ; the former is elected annually by the senate ; the latter consists of forty-two members ; they elect themselves, and for life. This is very like some of our old corporations in England, but they wanted a sort of safeguard, which the Frankfort senate has. When a senator dies, the senate chooses a new member ; but he must not be a near relative of any of the senators, and he must not be a lawyer. Everything is managed by the senate, appointing so many of their members to form a committee for certain matters, as a committee of finance, and so on. The people pay an income tax, not regularly progressive, so that the rich pays a sum proportioned to his income, not proportioned to what the

poor pays. The revenue of the city, and its few miles of territory, is 70,000*l.*, and the debt 800,000*l.* Their army consists of six hundred men; we saw them reviewed, but I cannot say they looked very fierce. Austria keeps a strong garrison here, and of all the German powers, she is the one which the people of Frankfort must seek most to conciliate, to which they must most frequently succumb; they sold to her the old hospital of the Knights of St. John, once powerful here, and it is now used as barracks for the troops. My imagination was much struck by this old building as I passed it; that, combined with the interest I felt in Frankfort, as a free town, and the pleasure its situation and appearance had given me, concurred to place in a moment before me a whole romance of the middle ages. I thought of the struggles between the towns and the nobles of those times; and a knight capable of sympathising with the citizen in his desire for freedom, and a citizen strong to dare all for it, came before me with a vividness which made my heart beat thick, and made me incapable of uttering a word for some minutes. As the emotion passed away, memory brought Bois-Guilbert, and Isaac, the Jew, before me, as the reverse of my heroes; but they were so life-like, that I felt how difficult it would be to depict a contrast to them, which could equal them, even for one sufficiently acquainted with the history of Frankfort, and of former days, to draw scenes from it.

We visited the picture gallery of Frankfort, which pleased me very much. There are some excellent pictures, both ancient and modern; not many, it is true, but I liked them the better on that account, for I detest a large gallery, when one must look through it in a given space of time. The apartments in which the pictures are hung, are kept in very nice order, extremely unlike the Brussels gallery, when we saw it, so that the whole gives pleasure. The people are indebted to the liberality and taste of one individual, for their picture gallery, and the neat building which contains it. We went from it to the library, a handsome new building.

After the Paris collections of books, it appears but a trifling affair; there are, however, in it some valuable MSS. ; and something else, which the Parisians would despise, I suppose, —namely, Martin Luther's shoes; very ugly they are; however, if they fitted, I am contented.

*May 22.*

I now find it necessary to apply myself more seriously to German than I have yet done.—I have bought a few books, and have begun in earnest. I found French books even cheaper at Brussels than in Paris, yet I dared not buy many, although having heard this, I only bought two or three Italian and Spanish books in the latter place; it is impossible to carry many books with one in travelling, so, in spite of all the temptations I meet with, which our own *dear* country never offers in the book line, I must leave all kinds of cheap, best works, English and French, behind me, and be contented with a few German. In Brussels and Frankfort, our best authors, which we could not have at home under some sovereigns, we can have for some shillings, and in the English works I have seen printed at either of these places, I have found very few mistakes. Yet, with all my determination to make myself better acquainted with German, I do not think I shall at all be able to speak it during the short time I shall be in Germany. I am sorry for this, because I am convinced that in my being able to speak French from the first when I went to France, I was saved from many of the absurd prejudices which English people entertain against the French, and which, in many cases, originate in misconception of what is said.

To improve my German, I have been at the theatre a few times. The first pieces I saw, not being musical, assisted me a little, but the last one, an opera, was not so useful; and although the orchestra was good, I could not help recalling my last visit to the Italian opera in Paris, when I heard Persiani to so much advantage, and this evening's entertainment lost by the recollection. There is one pleasant thing

attending the Frankfort theatre, the performances end at nine o'clock ; one is not obliged to stay till one is wearied, if one would see the whole. I wish regulations tending so much to the pleasure and health of the community, as low prices and early hours do, were adopted by the theatrical world in England. One of the little plays which I saw, had a curious effect upon me ; I felt something like Rip Van Winkle, waking after his sleep of a quarter of a century ; it was founded on a tale which I read in my childhood, in an English book, concerning a gentleman who, in travelling, came to a place where he had to spend the night, in an old castle said to be haunted ; the ghosts made a terrible noise, but he discovered them to be coiners of false money, and, after some difficulties, he escaped from them. This same English tale I read some years afterwards, when I began to learn Italian, in an easy little book, put into my hands, in that language ; so, some years later still, in learning German, it was my fate to see it performed in a third tongue. All this made a strange confusion in my head of misty dreams, of all those periods of my life, as I listened to the German version of the old tale.

I have not told you, I think, of an excursion which I had, when at Wiesbaden, to Mayence. There are fine gardens there ; and, on the Friday evenings, excellent music is performed in them, by the bands of the regiments which garrison that well-protected town. We left Wiesbaden after an early dinner, drove to the Rhine (about four miles), and across the third bridge of boats which I have seen, to Mayence. We had time to walk a little in the gardens before the company assembled, but had not time to see anything curious in the town. It was the Austrian band that performed that evening ; some of the music was very good ; we had coffee and ices while listening to it, and contemplating the scene so gay, of well-dressed ladies and showy officers. When the military arrived, no parterre could look more lively than the garden did. I counted six different uniforms ; for, besides the Aus-

trians, who make a great figure, all in white, and the Prussians in their dark green, there were the liveries of the petty dukes and princes whose states lie near, and who must each have a distinguishing badge for their few hundred men, as certainly as the great kings for their thousands.

When I see what a leaden, if not a strong grasp, the remnant of the feudal power yet retains over Germany, I feel indignant that Napoleon, the only man who could have swept away that power, should but have sought to give it a new direction. Yet, in truth, I must not say that I am as indignant against him for what he has not done as I was, for, from day to day, I am the more convinced that he did good, even by his unjust invasions of the countries around France—countries slumbering under the weight of despotism, and only the sound of the cannon, the prick of the spear, could have aroused them. Most of the German states will acknowledge that the war which terminated in 1815, was favourable to their liberties; the constitutions granted by their sovereigns testify this, although anything but a friendship for liberal ideas drew the German sovereigns into the war. Formerly, in looking at the wars and conquests of the French revolution, *their mission* seemed to me more difficult to discover, than that of the conquests of ancient times; I could only find it in their being meant to upheave societies, to teach men that they were not so firmly based as had been supposed, to show them, in fact, that what they had accepted was wrong, without assisting them in obtaining what is right. In confirmation of this I remarked, that it seemed that things everywhere returned to their former state, after the French had passed by, although they had disturbed all. It is true, that this might be said of the conquests of Alexander, the object of which seemed to be, to overthrow forms of social slavery, the most oppressive. It cannot, however, be said of the Roman conquests; these,—carried among slaves and barbarians,—principles of social union, until then unknown, and, with them, the essential principles of liberty, which have been,

which will long continue, beneficial to men. I perceive now, that the French wars have done more than I thought they had done ; although things *seemed* to return to their former state in Europe, they did not do so ; one great lesson had been taught, nations had learned to ask, kings had learnt that they must give, and even in Germany much has been given.

But enough of this—Good bye !

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## BADEN.

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### LETTER XXIX.

*Baden, June 18, 183—.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I concluded at Frankfort my last letter to you, and must speak of some other places before I speak of this delightful spot. Our next place was Darmstadt, of which we cared to see very little ; it is a most oppressively formal and *nice* town. I cannot imagine anything more disagreeable than to live in one of those little German towns, with its court, and its army, and its grandeur, on a small scale. I have not the least of Cæsar's disposition in me. I should much rather be a second-rate man in a large amusing place, than first in a dull village. We saw the old Duchess of Darmstadt, with her plain, but stately-looking daughter, walking in the gardens ; poor things ! they made me think of what some French writer said of the court and courtiers of France, at a time when etiquette was all-important ; and it must be still more applicable to the petty princes of Germany, "*ils se damnent sans s'en apercevoir.*" After Darmstadt, we came to Hoppenheim, and then to a village where there was a fair or festival of some kind. Dancing was going on in the inn at which we stopped ; we went up-stairs to a large unfurnished room, in which were about fifty peasants, men and

women, in their usual dresses, but perfectly neat and clean ; they had some very good music, and were waltzing with a quietness and grace which to us, accustomed only to what is rude and noisy in the amusements of the lower classes, seemed quite surprising. On the following evening, we arrived at Heidelberg ; it was nearly dark, so that we only caught a twinkle of the Neckar, as we passed over the little bridge which leads into the town. The road by which we came from Frankfort is very pleasing indeed ; it lies at the foot of vine-covered and well-wooded hills, from which it has the name of the *Berg strasse*, or mountain road, and part of the country is called the Odenwald, which means, I suppose, the wood of Oden ; but, whatever it means, its aspect is highly picturesque. On the heights, here and there, appear ruined castles, frowning over the valley and its village, as on the Rhine they frown over the little town on the shore of the river. But, on the whole, the part of Germany through which we have passed is most consoling to the traveller, who has beheld scenes of wretchedness, such as the manufacturing population of England, or the rural population of Ireland offer, for here, there is everywhere an appearance of comfort and industry. Vineyards and corn-fields are to be seen on the steep banks of the rivers, or on the hill-side, orchards in the valleys, fine woods of pine on the mountains, and substantial habitations for the farmer on all hands, while the ruins on the heights tell of barbaric power passing happily away. The German peasants seem well-fed, and they are well clad, but they have a heavy look, like the descendants of an oppressed race, which I like not ; and, oh ! I like not to see the women working so hard in the fields, and weather-beaten into ugliness, as they are !

But I must speak to you of the famous town and castle of Heidelberg ; in the latter we spent the greater part of two days, but, indeed, many days might be devoted to it without weariness—it is a magnificent ruin. We went in the morning to study its exterior ; in the evening we penetrated



into all its parts, and mounted the highest accessible point to enjoy the enchanting view of the Necker and the Rhine, of villages and towns, and distant mountains ; there cannot be a finer prospect, and we had all the pleasure of it, by broad day-light, by sunset, and by twilight. The castle, from its situation and its own splendour, is certainly well worth undertaking a long journey to behold. I regretted very much that I had not read the life of Elizabeth of Bohemia, which I felt indifferent about until that day, when I passed under the arch made in honour of her by her husband, walked in her garden, and sat in those desolate apartments open to the winds of heaven, in which she once sat in all the pride of place. I regretted it the more, because some recollections of that kind would have banished the painful, boiling indignation which more than once swelled my heart when I thought of Turenne laying waste the Palatinate ; when I thought of those shut up in the castle, who had, perhaps, from the very spot on which I stood, witnessed all the horrors of that time, their hearts, indeed, bursting with indignation, their eyes shedding bitter tears. Ah, what will men not do for kings, when Turenne could act as he then did ! Why did I turn away from his monument in the Invalides, but that all the truth, truth so important to men, was not recorded there ? As for the other horrors to which the Palatinate was subjected, they were perpetrated by barbarians, of whom Tilly, the library-robber, was one ; it is those in which Turenne was the agent which " point a moral " for history.

You must not suppose that I moralised all my time in Heidelberg castle ; no, there was the great fun to visit in the cellar, which I should think would not make even Father Mathew moralise, but fill his mind with merry times. Then we met there an English gentleman, but a Parisian acquaintance, whom we by no means expected to see ; he seemed pleased with the rencontre—so were we, and it afforded us a great deal of amusement. He gave us a laughable account of the students of the celebrated college of Heidelberg, and we

saw some of them, whose untamed appearance by no means belied his description of them.

Our road from Heidelberg to Carlsruhe lay through a town called Brucksaal, which afforded nothing interesting to us. The weather was sultry, and the road not so beautiful as that of the Bergstrasse, still it was very agreeable, and offered some pleasing gleams, while the Vosges mountains on the horizon turned my thoughts often to France—a country which I love, and yet love not—that is, I find much in the character of its people which charms me—with much of what I cannot approve.

With Carlsruhe I was disappointed, as I had heard it spoken of as rather an agreeable sort of place—it seems a too, too quiet town for my taste—it is regularly built, and so is the Grand Duke's palace, with its formal walks; but the latter is very far from being a splendid edifice. In the public square is an ugly pyramidal tomb erected to the late Duke of Baden, and a fountain, surmounted by a statue of another of the ducal house; while we were examining those a thunder-storm came on, which drove us back to our hotel. The next town through which we passed was Rastadt, a place famous for congresses and treaties like Aix-la-Chapelle, but more disgraced by the assassination of the French republican ambassadors, in 1799, than even Aix-la-Chapelle by the fantastic tricks which emperors and kings have played in it. It is a dull-looking town, of about five thousand inhabitants, and we were not sorry to leave it. About eight in the evening we arrived at Baden, and got very pleasant apartments, in which we have ever since found ourselves very comfortable—we much prefer them to those we had at Wiesbaden: I do not think the baths here so saline as those of that place, nor does their heat seem so great; but of course I judge entirely by my own taste and sensations, having used no other test, and they and my recollection of Wiesbaden's waters may have deceived me. You may understand if I say anything in the praise of the waters of either place, and I think they do

not differ very much, it is as bathing, not as drinking waters that I praise them. It is true I began to drink them, setting out with my glass in hand at six o'clock in the morning to go to the spring, but I found myself sufficiently satisfied by two days' trial of them ; and, although the bath be very pleasant, I do not think it so safe as the common warm bath, and shall not indulge in it. As to the town of Baden, it is extremely like any other water-drinking place—Cheltenham or Leamington—streets of clean-looking lodging-houses and very large hotels, and larger public rooms for balls and gambling, belonging to the Grand Duke of Baden, who profits by them as his brother of Nassau does by those of Wiesbaden. So much for the stone and mortar life—the human life consists of a few invalids who come for the waters ; a few black-legs, who come for the moneys ; and a vast number of idle people, who come to ruin their souls by gambling, and their bodies by the good *tables d'hôte* ; these last really become at last fit subjects to try the waters, and as the Grand Duke does not make by them, as he of Nassau does by the Seltzer, 5000 per cent., I should think it a cheap way for the ruined gambler and the ruined *gourmand* to get themselves sent out of the world.

And now I leave the town and the people to tell you of what is really delightful—enchanting at Baden, nature, nature, dear goddess !

Our first excursion was but to a short distance, to a pretty place called Lichtenthal, where there is a convent, and an ancient little church, lately re-decorated and renewed ; our next was to what is much more than pretty, to the ruined castle on the hill, high above Baden, and in the midst of the Black Forest. The ascent is very long, and as we made it on foot, in order to enjoy it more completely, we had to rest many times on our way, benches being placed in agreeable situations for this purpose, on the road. At length, we reached the castle, not a very fine ruin, but finely situated, we mounted to the highest part of it, a work of no danger

for flights of stairs and ladders are kept in good preservation in it, to enable visitors to enjoy the delightful prospect beheld from its summit. On descending, we refreshed ourselves at a restaurateur's, not a very large one, as you may suppose, kept among the ruins, then we determined to mount to the rocks on the very top of the mountain, far above the castle. After going a little way up, I felt so fatigued, that I sat down on a piece of timber, and permitted the rest to proceed without me, certain that they must return the same way, and must find me. How glad was I to be alone in so silent and delightful a spot, since I could not have you, dear mother, with me under the majestic pine-trees of that forest-covered hill, that hill a part of the black forest so celebrated from ancient days, so connected with all the tales which take hold of one's imagination in childhood. As I sat there, every cloud which has from time to time rested on my mind (except the little one of regret, that you cannot see all I see) passed away, and I enjoyed, deeply enjoyed the magnificence of nature around me. A very pretty butterfly at length attracted my attention; I arose and pursued it, and in so doing got entangled in various paths, which all seemed like the one I had left, so that at last finding it impossible to regain the fallen tree on which I had been sitting, I thought it best to ascend the mountain towards the bridge of rocks, in the hope of thus meeting my friends. I arrived first at a shed, high above the castle, where there is an opening in the forest, and from which there is a fine view; there I rested, and there I discovered a guide-post pointing out the way to the *pont des rochers*.—Encouraged by it I went on through the wood, now, on a well made path; now, up flights of steps made with the large stones of the mountain, but at every advance I was full, and more full, of delight—there are many seats on the way, on which I reposed, so that I felt not the least fatigue. At length I reached the rocks, enormous masses hurled in every strange form amidst the great trees which cover the whole of the mountain. My sense of

rapture at all I saw,—my pleasure in being there alone, was greater than I can express, and was enhanced by the grateful odour of the pine-trees, and by the silence of the forest. That silence is indeed singular ; I heard but one feeble note of a bird, and that was at the highest point of the rocks. I met with only two human beings, old women gathering sticks ; as I smiled and nodded to them, they began chattering to me in German, I replied *Ich verstehe nicht*, which they insisted on taking in an opposite sense, and laughed, saying, *ja, ja, ja*, and talking very fast, but quite unintelligibly to me. It was six o'clock when I got to the declivity of the mountain on the road back to Baden ; there I met our friends just setting out in search of me, and inquiring about horses, that they might scour the mountain more quickly, as all were alarmed at having missed me. I found myself sufficiently fatigued by my ramble, and did not walk much on the following day.

Our next excursion was a very delightful one, and my day almost as pleasant as my lonely one. We set off after an early breakfast, for the château of Eberstein, some miles distant. We inspected it, but found nothing very grand-ducal about it, except its scores of coats of arms hung round some of the rooms ; we had, however, some charming views over the forest and into the valley from its balconies. We then went on to Forbach, a little village near the extremity of the valley of the Mourg. Our drive to it was of two hours, up hill and down dale, but still beside the rocky mountain stream of the Mourg—a small stream at this season ; yet, at some places, we passed the beginning of rafts to be floated down by its waters to the Rhine, where they will help to make those large floating colonies, which are to be seen on that great river. We saw, also, many saw-mills, and immense piles of wood, both sawn and unsawn, in various spots on its banks. All the business of wood-cutting, sawing, and floating, has in it nothing unpicturesque, or which, in any way, diminishes the beauty of the lovely scenes through which we passed. It

was, indeed, all an Arcadian landscape ; here, dark reaches of the forest, stretching down from the hills into the valley ; there, bright green slopes ; here, the torrent chafing between rocky banks ; there, widening and becoming still as a calm little lake ; and everywhere, as we wound up the vale, the hills folding over each other in the most beautiful way, as it were, treading on each other. When we reached Forbach, we were still more pleased by the prospect, for we found it quite an Alpine village ; which is entered by a picturesque, roofed, wooden bridge. While dinner was preparing, the gentlemen walked farther up the valley, which becomes of a wilder and more gloomy character, until it approaches a waterfall. We ladies sauntered into a saw-mill near, and saw a tree cut up. We had a most excellent dinner at Forbach, and the landlord was extremely civil ; he spoke French—a great pleasure to us, who know so little German. Nothing could please me better than to stay a week in his house, and to spend the time in rambling about the valley ; but, oh ! I should want my dear mother with me to enjoy that ! We left Forbach at four o'clock—saw the valley which before looked charming in the dimmed light of a gray, cloudy day, by full sunshine, and were as much pleased with it as at first. We passed through Gernsbach to the château of *la favorite*, a curious fantastical house, built by one of the Duchesses of Baden, called Sybilla, and fitted up handsomely enough, but with rather too much of whim to be quite in good taste. One room is all *à la Chinoise*, another all arabesque, another all mirrors, another all portraits of the lady herself. From the château we went to the chapel, where, after a life of dissipation, she ended her days in penance ; I should rather have called it a hermitage than a chapel, for there is a cell where she slept, and a little eating-room, with some wooden saints seated at table, with whom she dined and supped, as well as an altar in the little building. We were shown the sackcloth which she wore, her belt, set with spikes turned in to her waist, the little pieces of spiked

iron on which she knelt, and the cat-o'-nine-tails with which she flagellated herself. She must have been a sensible sort of person, Madame Sybilla ! At the *favorite* is a restaurant, where we got some excellent coffee, and then, much refreshed, we drove by star-light back to Baden.

A few days after, we went to see the new castle, at the foot of the hill, on which the old ruined one is situated, and like it, overlooking the town, but much more closely. It is called the new castle, because it is of much later date than the ruin called the old castle, but it is, in fact, only a large, ugly, old house. It is not, by any means, handsomely fitted up, and the most remarkable parts of it, are two or three white-washed, deal-boarded, arch-roofed lobbies, hung with portraits of some exceedingly grim-looking, and ill-favoured personages, in suits which must have been troublesome to wear—margraves and dukes of Baden, from the year 900 down to the present day. The dungeons of the château are visited by most persons ; they are supposed to be the remains of Roman baths, and of a temple to the infernal deities, but were found to be, in the good, kind, old times of feudalism, admirable places of torture, imprisonment, and death. Here an eloquent eulogium might be made on the secret tribunal, but I shall not trouble you with it.

On another morning we went to the Jagd Haus, a little hunting lodge on a hill, in an opposite direction from that of the old castle, and from which there is a lovely view over the Rhine, and to the Vosges mountains. The ascent is by a broad road, bordered by the tallest and thickest poplars I ever saw. We walked through the wood on the hill, and then lunched in a nice shaded place, made for those who want refreshments, which can be had in the Jagd Haus, no longer a hunting house, but a restaurant. It is of an octagonal form, very well adapted for the summit of a hill, as it affords a view in so many directions. After this we came merrily back, and dined at the *table d'hôte* of the hotel to which our lodgings belong. I sat next a very agreeable Dutch lady,

with whom I had a great deal of conversation in French ; I found that she had a brother in England ; that she had known some of our acquaintances, who had been in Holland, and whom he had introduced to her. But it is not only persons who have known those whom we know that we meet, every day brings us into contact with old acquaintances, for every day there are arrivals from France and England. But for the present I must conclude. Good bye !

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## LETTER XXX.

*Baden, July 13, 183—.*

I TOLD you, my dear Mother, that our acquaintances here increased from day to day, this place still becoming more crowded ; I expected that this, far from detaining us, would have the effect of driving us away, but I was mistaken ; we have not yet begun to speak of our departure, it will take place, however, before the end of this month, I have no doubt. I am not going to entertain you with scenes of nature in this letter, but in a very different way, because I wish you to know all that has been the subject of my thoughts. We go to the *conversation house* sometimes in the evening ; it is the same sort of place as the Redoubte of Aix-la-chapelle, and the Kursaal of Wiesbaden, and has nothing in the world to do with *conversazioni*, or literary, or art unions, so do not hope that I have picked up either learning or connoisseurship at it. The company is much more numerous here than at any of the other watering-places ; there are many Russians, French and English, not very many Germans, and, altogether, the assemblage looks fashionable enough. The rooms are very splendidly fitted up, but, to my taste, those of Wiesbaden are handsomer, although, by no means so richly decorated. The gambling-tables are very much crowded, and, I think, among the moustached, bearded, whiskered, and detestable-



looking beaux around them, either playing or looking on, enough of the *mauvais sujet* race is to be seen to make the most cynical misanthrope happy. We had proof, however, that it could not gratify the feelings of one who loves to call himself a misanthrope, yet is ready at all times to do a benevolent action ; he insisted that gambling swindlers are but petty rogues, while society is framed on a regular plan of roguery, only that it is done by bodies, instead of individuals ; joint-stock companies of courtiers, diplomats, priests, nobles, merchants, lawyers, doctors, and traders, for the purpose of preying on each other. This strange person is K., whom Mrs. N. met here, after having lost sight of him for many years, during which time, he has been wandering over the continent ; he left England in disgust at some public measures of the then government, and has now lost all desire to return to it, being convinced from the specimens he sees of his countrymen abroad, that they have not improved. With his cynicism, there is a deep religious feeling blended, and some of his conversations recalled strongly to me what I had heard of Lady Hester Stanhope, with the difference of his having no fondness for magic, astrology, and mysticism, mingled with his political and theological speculations. In his conversation among the crowd in the *conversation house*, there was only the amusing satire of the man of the world ; but with Mrs. N., when he sat after dinner until twilight deepened on us, and when she returned to old times in her talk, then the sombre tone of mind in which he had indulged was displayed, and much that he said made a deep impression on me. So much so, that I could not help giving "a local habitation and a name" to some of his thoughts, and now I am going to copy for you, what I wrote and gave to him as his own rather than mine.

## A VISION BEFORE JUDGMENT.

Not yet the end had come—but it drew near—  
 Aye, very near! and not unfelt of men  
 Was its approach. Yet still, "Ho! not to-day,"  
 They cried, and with the wonted mockeries,  
 Which they call life, filled up the hours, 'till night  
 Once more fell heavy on the earth. Sleep came,  
 And in that sleep a warning angel pass'd,  
 On silent, rapid wing, from couch to couch,  
 Breathing in every sleeper's ear one word—  
 "To-morrow!"—Quick, at that low whisper, fancy  
 Brought as loud as pealing thunder to the ear,  
 Th' arch-angel's trumpet—brought as midnight lightnings  
 Vivid to the eye, the heavens together rolled,  
 A flaming scroll, while 'neath them shook the world—  
 Shook like a fearful, guilty thing, which shared  
 The crime and terror of man's sinful heart.  
 One universal cry of dread arose,  
 And nations, starting, woke at their own voice—  
 Earth's caves gave back the cry—then silence reign'd  
 Supreme, for none his neighbour question'd now—  
 No need of question—all was known—and none,  
 In the dim morning twilight which hung o'er them,  
 Scann'd a brother's face. Each communed with his heart,  
 Each look'd into his heart alone, in that  
 Drear pause before the end, while yet, to-day  
 No longer was, nor had to-morrow come.  
 Oh! how employ the moments ere it come?  
 "Prayer! Prayer!" The word in stifled whisper rose  
 From quivering lips. The palpitating hearts  
 Of all, felt but one hope, (if hope it might  
 Be call'd, so mixed with fear that it was vain,)  
 The hope that from the pity of their judge,  
 They yet might win what justice could not grant.  
 With folded hands, and eyes they dared not raise,  
 In their souls' depths they prayed. At length the tongue  
 Gave words to the impassion'd pleading. One voice,

And then, another, and another, till,  
 In gathering, deepening, thickening, swelling sounds,  
 All voices rose. A king, first, prayed.—

“ Pardon ! Pardon ! By thy name of Father, pardon !  
 What though I long forgot that Thou to all  
 Art Father, and in that bade all be brethren,  
 It is not now forgotten, and I bend  
 With these, in the strong brotherhood of fear,  
 Thy mercy to implore—bend with the meanest  
 Of my race. Ah ! what now are mean, and meanest.  
 High and low ?—Here, we are one !—and can it be ?  
 By the dim light I see thousands of forms  
 Of squalor and of wretchedness, with these,  
 I never knelt till now ; no hollow show  
 Of Sabbath prayer, e’en tho’ I knew Thine eye  
 Looked on us all, brought them and me before  
 Thy throne in worship. This is then the hour  
 Of truth, and I am but a man like these—  
 Glad thought ! They, human are, they, mercy ask,  
 I ask it—human also, and like them  
 To error subject.—Pardon ! once more, pardon !  
 The hour of Truth ! I hear her still, small voice  
 Within my heart, and than a two-edged sword  
 Her words are sharper. ‘ Man lives for God,’ she says,  
 By living for his brethren men, nay, more,  
 By dying for them, as His Son has taught  
 Through his example—He was king, indeed !  
 At his last hour, were these his words, I prayed  
 Not with my fellow-men, I ate not, drank  
 Not with them, but apart and sep’rate lived,  
 As not of them ?—No more ! too awful voice !  
 Hear Heaven ! for in my agony of soul,  
 I, my own cause will plead. Who made me thus ?  
 Who placed me separate and apart from men ?  
 Who with the tinsel and the glare of life,  
 E’en from my cradle girt me round, and taught,  
 That it was good it should be so ?—Who brought  
 With lavish hands, gifts to my feet, and bow’d  
 As to a deity ?—Who said I was

The minister of justice, I, who know  
 No sense of justice, knowing not a feeling  
 Common with my kind?—Who told me that 'twas right  
 Men should have laws, yet made no law for me?—  
 Who said that they their appetites should govern,  
 Yet when I gave the rein to love of gold,  
 Or love of war, or lust, or pleasure, smiled,  
 And were silent?—though for every banquet,  
 Every gaud and toy of mine, the peasant gave,  
 The hard-won earnings of his toil, who said,  
 That it was well?—These, these, my fellow-men!  
 On them, fall heavy all my guilt!”—

He ceased,  
 Words were denied a prayer like this, which show'd,  
 Even in its impious, dastard reasoning,  
 That truth might have been his, had he but sought  
 It ere too late.

Then rose another voice,  
 The voice of one who called himself the priest  
 Of the Most High—a bishop whom no words  
 Of fear became—and, thus he prayed :

“Just are Thy ways and true, Thou king of saints!  
 The day Thy prophets long foretold, now comes,  
 The day of wrath to sinful men!—Say, have I,  
 Left them ignorant that it must come?—No!  
 Yet their terrors and their tremblings now tell,  
 How all unprepared, they bend before Thee—  
 Have I not spoken oft to them of virtue,  
 Of Thy law, of Christ, and his example?—  
 Have I e'er ceased to preach of lowliness,  
 And charity, and peace, though oft assailed  
 By pride, instruction hating?—Pride, where most.  
 Humility should reign, amongst the poor—  
 Yes! *they* have asked, where was the lowliness  
 Of Christ in me—have questioned if I shared  
 The labours, and the wants of the great mass  
 Of mankind, like the Saviour—have laughed to scorn  
 Each act of charity of mine, because,  
 They said, I robb'd them first to gain the means

Of charity—have taunted me, with pomp,  
Ambition, avarice, and haughtiness,  
By me displayed.—Perchance, I have not meekly  
Borne upbraidings such as these.—Forgive, then,  
Oh ! forgive, through Him who was all meekness—  
Thy too erring servant !”

With humble dignity,

The prelate bent again to earth, his eyes  
Which he had raised in this appeal to Heaven.  
His pious calmness showed he scarcely shared  
The horror of the fearful world, at that  
Appalling hour.

Next prayed a noble, he,

Less firm in faith than the high-priest, concealed  
But ill some touches of remorse and dread.  
“ The hour has come when it avails no more  
To say, soul ! thou hast yet much goods, rouse thee,  
Drink deeper, deeper yet, of life’s enjoyments !  
Life ! now only do I know its value, know  
The worthlessness of all I took for joy !  
I shudder but to name my God, the author  
Of existence, having never known the end  
For which existence was by Him bestow’d ;  
Now, in the sympathy of fear, with these  
Around, felt in my inmost heart, ’tis known ;  
That which to them is evil, is to me  
The same—the dread of Judgment and of Hell—  
Too sternly thus, I learn that which was good  
For me, was good for them, and to partake  
In it their right, as I their fears partake.  
Yes ! to be free from all the pains and toils  
Of poverty is good—pains, toils, which bow  
The soul from the high purposes of Heaven  
To slavery to man.—Respect from man  
Towards man, is good—The means of knowledge, good—  
All these were mine, mine, for my happiness—  
Ah, no ! because with narrow soul, I sought  
To keep them mine, alone—God ! that thy gifts  
The best, the noblest, should become a curse !

What did inherited exemption from  
 My brethren's lot procure me?—Dwellings vast,  
 Too vast for me, and a wide loneliness  
 Around, of hill, and dale, and wood, which all  
 Called beauty. Now, I hate you, great abodes,  
 Filled with a troop of humble, needy menials,  
 Whose fawning taught contempt for those, who should  
 Have been my fellows!—And, I hate you hills,  
 And dales, and woods, the circle broad of exile  
 From my countrymen, while they, and I, lived still  
 In ignorance of mutual claims, upon  
 Each other, for the happiness of life!  
 Lived, ever separate in our hopes and joys,  
 And griefs—Oh! now, not separate in fear.  
 My God, what bring before Thee, to atone  
 For blessings so misused? Some charity  
 Of ostentation? Aye, some thousandth part  
 Of my large stores, a gift to him who gave  
 Me all, the labouring peasant? Or, a piece  
 Of money, to the beggar flung, whose sight  
 Offended me? Ah! thoughts of bitterness  
 And self-derision! And, yet worse arise,  
 Now in this stern equality before  
 The throne of justice, thoughts which ask, how answer  
 For my voice still given for laws to keep men poor,  
 And ignorant, and servile, I, who joyed  
 In wealth, and knowledge, and command?"  
 His head upon his bosom sank—abject  
 In wretchedness, the noble found no words  
 For further supplication.

Next arose

The voice of one, a merchant. Like the last  
 Among the sons of wealth on earth, but not  
 Like him, among the idle, worthless ones.

"For this, then, all my toils—my days and nights  
 Of calculation! This! to find myself  
 Bereft of aid, of hope, without a stay—  
 Friends in the mammon of unrighteousness,  
 Where are you now? you, whom I worshipped when

Your stores were larger than my own, you, whom  
I scorned when they were less,—Alike indifferent  
Are ye become to cringing adulation,  
Or to pride yet baser. Lest in dread, ye are  
With me at the great reckoning which draws near.  
What most disturbs your souls? Is't not to find  
That we have lived in vain, in vain have used,  
Incessant used, the highest powers of reason?  
For judgment, memory, foresight, all were ours—  
And well employed, if this world's life had been  
Immortal : but its end hath come, and now  
A hurried dream it seems—an unreality,  
While in the eternity before us lies  
The real—Powers ill employed, I said.  
For an immortal life, but well for mortal?  
No! not e'en that—no!—though the tediousness  
Of time weighed not on us as on the vacant  
And the idle, still, we but mistook the silence  
Of the heart untaught to ask for happiness,  
For the dear calm of joy—that calm which springs  
From consciousness of good to others done—  
From that alone—To us there was no good  
Which tended not to gain, helped not to elevate  
Above the labourers who brought us wealth—  
We must be separate from them, the workers,  
Humble, busy, in the close pent factory;  
The sailors brave, who dared the northern storms,  
Or fiercer southern tempests, and the pale clerks  
Who plied the pen incessant—these were all  
The toilers for our wealth; yet these, despised,  
'Twas the machine expensive, the good ship,  
Or the unbalanced book which claimed our thoughts.  
The moment comes to show how useless all  
Our engines are, to cast our ships to wreck,  
Scatter our calculations to the winds,  
While they, th' unheeded, as unfit to be  
Friend or companion, now send forth a cry,  
A mortal cry of sad companionship  
With us at this last hour!"

Yes ! high arose the cry, a mighty wail,  
From voices of the millions, from earth's mean ones,  
And that wide-rising call for mercy drowned  
The feebler moan the few sent forth—the few  
Who named themselves, the great, the high, the powerful !  
The sob of deep unworthiness, the groan  
Of fear, mingled with broken words like these :

“ For many sins, for many evil thoughts,  
We mercy ask, Almighty One !—How oft  
Have we forgotten Thee, amid the toils  
Oppressive of our lives—Thy truth forgot,  
Declaring health, and peace, and generous power  
Their fellow-men to aid, belong to them  
Who labour trustingly. What ! though we saw  
Around, the rich, who laboured not, and who,  
When want affrighted us, bade us be still—  
What though we knew that statesman, noble, priest,  
And merchant, when perchance they were reduced  
To but as small a portion of the goods  
Of earth as ours, had gladly sought their death,  
Rather than be as we ; or living gnawed  
Their hearts in deepest shame, ne'er felt for crime !  
Was it, from blinded souls like theirs, we should  
Have sought to learn the worth of life ?—What ! though  
We knew the law is thine, ‘ love one another,’  
Knew that the ruthless want of brotherhood  
Which some had made, had given our malice, justice  
On its side against them—justice to be feared—  
Should we for this have swerved from that great law,  
Becoming slaves, not brethren of thy children ?—  
Thy children we, and formed like them alike,  
And for thy judgment differing not.—We knew  
That thou, of man respectedst not the person,  
Yet dared not teach our brethren truth and justice,  
In silent envy waiting till they stung  
By fiercer injuries our souls to vengeance ;  
Yet ere the vengeance fell, we suffered much,  
And in it wandered not so far from right,  
As in submission to the wrong before,—



In that the spirit's excellence and strength  
We lost, departing far from Thee. And now,  
We are drawn back to Thee in fear, Thy mercy  
All our trust !"

'They paused—just then, a murmur low spread through  
The air—all shuddering, prostrate fell—it seemed  
The rising blast of the archangel's trump.  
They feared its gathering strength for the last peal—  
'Twas but a moaning wind which sighed above  
Their sin-bent heads—and now again, there fell  
On all, that silence strange, which thrilled my soul  
Amid the multitude—less dim the dawn—  
I sank in trembling prayer, unutterable,  
And veiled my spirit's eyes before the power  
Of that dread time !

Will you say that it is singular, or that it is not singular, that in such a place as this, I should have fallen into such a strain ? I am, perhaps, too much inclined (since I left your side to see what the world is) to fall of myself into K.'s humour ; and I do think, had I been Timon, the injustice of men, the hollowness of society, would have struck me as forcibly when I was able to entertain every senator of Athens, as when I had to dig for roots in the forests. Yet, perhaps I am wrong ; perhaps I know as little of myself as of the world ; and so, you shall judge for me, and I shall now bid you good-bye, fearful of continuing, lest I should make you too dull.

Good-bye, dear mother !

## ZURICH.

## LETTER XXXI.

Zurich, August 4, 183—.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I AM so glad at last to begin to speak to you, to tell you of my journey from Germany into Switzerland, which has afforded me such great delight, and often during its course have I sighed, when I was most gratified, for you. I shall go back to Baden, and give you everything regularly as it occurred until I arrive here. We left that place at six o'clock in the morning, breakfasting at eleven, and not dining until the end of our day's journey, at eight in the evening, at a place called Kisingen, I think. Our way was very like that of the *Berg strasse*, only that we were not so near the foot of the mountains as on that road—I suppose, however, that the hills by which we passed, are a continuation of the same chain near the *Berg strasse*, as *they* are of those near the Rhine. The town of Offenberg was the neatest through which we passed. We were everywhere pleased with the appearance of the peasantry; there must have been a *fête*, for they seemed quite in holiday trim. The men had scarlet waistcoats, knee-breeches, square-cut coats, and three-cornered or broad-brimmed hats; the women had bright blue or scarlet petticoats, black boddices, with full white sleeves, their hair in, long plaits, tied with ribbon, hanging down the back, and a broad black ribbon, made in a kind of butterfly-form on their heads, fastened in the hair with bodkins. We saw at Offenberg, a number of young girls dressed in white, as I have seen them in France, for the first communion; these, mingling with the men and women in their gay-coloured

dresses, made the street look like a brilliant parterre, as they came out of church.

On the following day, we reached Freyburg to breakfast ; I was much pleased with this quiet, clean-looking town, and with its beautiful cathedral. It does not appear to me of so imposing a style of architecture as others which I have seen, yet its gothic steeple—one of the few gothic steeples which are complete—is very fine, and the whole of the edifice is well finished, in all its details. It is in excellent order, and in the interior, we do not see many of those paltry ornaments which disgust the eye in Catholic churches, yet are there a few things in it which I had rather not see—such as a skeleton in a glass case, dressed in gold and silver tissue, and in everything that is showy ; a figure, made in wood, of Christ bearing his cross, standing out in one of the side chapels, dressed in a long robe ; a representation, in another chapel, of the last supper, the figures in carved wood, and nearly as large as life. The windows of the cathedral are very beautifully painted. How often have I had occasion to admire the force and beauty of the few lines—

“ The high embowed roof,  
With antique pillars, massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim, religious light.”

But why do I stay to speak of towns or cathedrals ? Far from them lay the delight of that day. Freyburg is situated in a romantic district of the Black Forest, and our road from it lay through the *Hölle thal*, or valley of hell, the celebrated pass by which Moreau made his famous retreat in 1795, to the frontiers of France, from the extremity of Germany, in the face of a superior enemy. This was continually recurring to my memory ; and, on every height, through every opening in the trees, in every ravine, armed bands startled my fancy, as I advanced. But, at length, all that was of imagination faded away before the sublime reality around me. We had got out of the carriage, at a place where there was a steep

hill—indeed, the whole road is an ascent, but it was there particularly abrupt—and we thought that on foot we should have a better view ; I soon outstripped the rest, and kept in advance. How different was this from the valley of the *Mourg* ! yet here, also, the road wound by a noisy mountain stream, but all here was gloomy and frowning, while there, it was pleasing. In one place, the heights, closely bounding the stream and the road, were two hundred feet perpendicular, and crowned by majestic pines. It was in this gorge that I felt most overcome, and had nearly called aloud for you, who can only hear me in your dreams. Alone, I plodded on. Yet, what should I have said had you been beside me ?—Nothing—nothing—but I should have felt that my delight was shared. I walked some miles, for Mrs. N. and Lucy having got very much behind, the carriage had to wait for them, and I, in the meantime, advanced. The road was very wet, as there had been rain in the morning, but I heeded it not, my mind being solely occupied by the scene through which I was passing. Now, the heights were bare, or only moss-covered rocks, with tall pines shooting from their crevices ; now, they became verdant slopes, whence we heard the chimes of the cow-bells ; now, they retreated a little, leaving a broad path of brilliant verdure between the stream and the road, or between the stream and the mountain foot, according to its capricious windings ; but everywhere the dark masses of the forest girt in the whole. The rain came on very heavily, before we reached the place where we were to spend the night ; this is a lonely inn, in the heart of the valley, and it is called neither more nor less than *L'enfer*—hell. It was about six o'clock then, when we got to hell, since it must be said, and there we found ourselves in good company. There had passed us a light phaëton, with four horses, containing two ladies, and its footmen wore royally showy liveries ; it was followed by a sort of omnibus-carriage and four, containing six gentlemen ; this party was at *L'enfer* when we arrived, and it was the Grand Duchess

Stéphanie, of Baden, and her suite. They were dining when we entered, but soon set off on their return to Freyburg, leaving us to dinner, and the tender mercies of the wicked of the place.

We left *L'enfer* at six in the morning, during a heavy rain, which continued nearly the whole day. Our coachman had three stout cart-horses put to the carriage, and had a carter to drive them, while he, himself, rode his own after us; and, well it was, that he took such a precaution, for his, I am sure, could never have got us to the top of the hill, which leads immediately out of *L'enfer*. In her Italian journey, Mrs. N. may have mounted such a height before, but certainly it was new to me to be so elevated. In spite of the heavy rain-clouds which hung low on the sides of the forest-covered ravines, and on the slopes of the mountain, the scene was grand and beautiful, as the windings of the road offered the deep vale with its scattered cottages, first on the right, then on the left of our carriage. The descent was so precipitous from the side of the road, that it was really appalling to look down. Still, when we seemed to have reached level ground, which we thought must be the summit, we found, after a little, another height succeeding, which showed us that we were not at the end of our poor horses' labours. In one of those level spots, we passed a beautiful lake, surrounded by hills,—it is called, I think, the Kittisee; it has quite a Cumberland aspect. We breakfasted at an inn among the mountains; the landlord spoke French, and the people were very civil. He showed us a very handsome organ, which he wound up like a musical box, and it played two overtures, and several waltzes; it was made by an inhabitant of the Black Forest, for it appears, the sable foresters are good mechanics, and famous for their manufacture of wooden clocks and organs; they are, besides, expert in taming singing-birds, and our landlord had two in cages, which sang *not* at all. Indeed, if they can make them sing when tame, it is, I think, more than the birds do of themselves, when wild, for forests so tuneless as those of Germany,

I never rambled in.—Now, here mamma questions,—Have you ever rambled in anything worthy the name of a forest, except in Germany ?—I shall not answer you,—but I know, that I shall long remember the Black Forest with delight, in spite of its want of songsters. From the inn where we breakfasted, we went on to a large village ; it is among the mountains, and very prettily situated ; but there, we seemed to leave the forest region, though we did not leave the mountain region, for very soon after we entered Switzerland, passing the frontier without any examining of luggage, much to our satisfaction. At nine in the evening, after an adventure in a bad road, which might have caused a break down, but only caused us to wet our feet, we arrived at the Rhine falls, and after supper I went to bed, and was lulled to rest by the sound of the cataract, which is very near the hotel ;—my last wish was, for fine weather on the morrow.

My wish was granted ; we had a charming day, and I, many a draught of delight. Soon after breakfast, I found my way to the falls alone. I think, in all the spots where I have been deeply impressed by the magnificence of nature, the first feeling has been a keener sense of being “in my Great Task Master’s eye ;” but here, this was accompanied by so intense a consciousness of the vast beneficence of that Task-Master, our Father, that all was but a burst of gratitude in my heart. I could not help wondering how it was, when man looked around him, that he should ever have believed the Creator of this world disposed to vengeance and punishment ; to me, all exhibits only His bounty—to me, all says, “See, I give you every means of happiness !—Be happy !—Ye grieve me when ye are not so, *that* is to be criminal towards me.”—Yes, this even seemed to be declared by the stream pouring forth in snowy whiteness, like the milk of nature’s bosom, to nourish and rejoice mankind ; and, I had seen it also in its beauty and its majesty, hundreds of miles away from that spot, giving pleasure to thousands ; as I thought of this, the contemplation of what

it is there, afforded new delight. Inexhaustible and ever-loving nature! thy sources are in omnipotence, and the work of creation goes on from age to age, from day to day; life, light, air, fire, water, in one continuous flow, perform that work. I sat for a long time on a kind of battery, made to prevent the encroachments of the waters of the basin, into which the stream is precipitated; it has all the character of a little lake, and the scenery around is very pretty. After my morning's worship there, the purest and highest which I have ever offered, I walked up among the trees on the bank of the river; a winding path led to a high part of the bank, and having ascended, I went on until a bend had completely hid the fall from me; but, still I heard it, and still, I saw on the sparkling green water of the river, a long trail of snow-white foam carried down from the fall, of which I could not see the end, as I looked along its course. At length, I came to a cottage charmingly situated; but in itself, by no means so neat as it should be in such a spot; there was a fine vineyard near it, covering the whole steep bank down to the river; this stopped my wandering in that direction; so I turned. I took a still higher path back, and was more delighted by the view of the fall from the high ground, than I had been from the low. You know that this fall is not remarkable for height, being only about eighty feet, but the volume of water, which just now is very great, makes it striking, and this is best seen from above; there, also, the château, situated close over the fall, on the opposite side of the river, looks very picturesque. After having delighted myself with that view, I went round to the point from which I had set out, and then climbing another bank, I penetrated into a Swiss cabbage-garden, to have a view of the water shooting over. It is singular to mark how the rage of the torrent seems to vary as one looks at it; its snowy wreaths boil up, apparently, with much more violence at one moment than at another, and its white mist ascends much higher; the sound also, varies considerably. At last, I began to think it time

to return to our hotel, which is but a few steps from the fall ; I found that I was too late for dinner—all was eaten, but I was in no mood to care for that, and yet, I could not make myself not feel hungry ; I knew, from my experience at breakfast, how good the bread, and butter, and milk, and honey, of Switzerland were, and I would have no dinner but what they could afford me. As I feasted on them, I asked myself, how was it possible, that people who could get such things, could like the greasy stews, and detestable sour crouts, of the *tables d'hôte* of Germany, or even the good puddings, which I liked the best of the *table d'hôte* mixtures.

I suppose you are quite sure that I was satisfied with that morning visit to the Rhine falls. No, indeed ; I must see them by moonlight. No one, at first, would go with me, but I inspired one person at last with a little touch of Dr. Syntax's, and my love of the picturesque, so we went for a hasty look. The moonlight, which was very bright, did not fall exactly on the white gushing foam, but in a long stream down the river, and the effect was not so striking as we expected. Still, it was fine, more particularly so from above, looking down on the turbid eddies of the waters, before they dash over.

We left the Rhine falls on the following morning, without having visited Schaffhausen, and our road did not lead us through it. We breakfasted at Eglisau, a village close on the Rhine, there crossed by a well-built and well-roofed bridge, and near it rises an old tower, which looks well from a little distance. The Rhine there is still of the same lovely green as at the falls, and flows between high banks, in many places vine-covered ; but, I imagine that the grapes here cannot be of a very fine quality, and, I think, I shall always prefer the Swiss milk to the Swiss wine. Our road from Eglisau lay through a pretty country, pleasing and not poor, if not in the very highest state of cultivation ; the habitations were, in most places, substantial and comfortable, the villages requiring only the removal of the manure heap from the



immediate neighbourhood of the doors of the houses, to be agreeable. For the greater part, we travelled on a road, by no means hilly ; the country on each side was flat, or gently undulating, diversified by fine clumps of trees, and bounded by mountains, not, however, the snow-capped Alps. At five in the evening, we arrived at Zurich, a town which, for so far, has pleased us very much. It is extremely picturesque in its situation on the lake, and the river Limmet ; and, although none of its buildings are handsome, their height, antiquity, and irregularity, make the whole look striking. Besides this, it is a cheerful and cheering town, evidently thriving and happy, and it interests me, from the very opposite reason that Antwerp interested me ; there, it was the retrospect of what commerce had done ; here, it is the anticipation of what it will do, for, as some English speculators in manufactures have turned their eyes on the advantages of this town's position, I think there will be much progress here.

I told you a dream of a romance which I had in Frankfort, which started up in my mind there. It is strange, that Antwerp and Zurich, two towns which I admire so much, had long ago, when I thought not of visiting them, floated through my mind as the "local habitation" of two dreamed-of romances. Antwerp, in connection with a Spanish heroine ; Zurich, in connection with an historical romance on Zwingli, the reformer, a true hero of mine, who should, by his name alone, immortalise this place. But I shall tell you nothing more of these dreams, only, I could not help thinking it strange, that I should like the reality so well of the two places I had chosen in my vision.

From a fine walk, made on an eminence, once a part of the ancient ramparts of the town, which is called the cat's bastion, a very lovely view of the town, and lake, and country around, is obtained. I believe, in looking down from that height, I began to think I should like to live here better than in Frankfort. The people, also, please me here ; they have not

that heavy look which I remarked among the Germans, and I am particularly delighted to see many nice-looking children of the lower classes. I am sorry to observe, that the custom of smoking, so disgraceful in Germany, is prevalent here ; so that I suppose the Swiss equal their neighbours in the accomplishment of the pipe. It must be so, or they would not have here such large pipe-shops, like them. On one of their enormous painted porcelain pipes, I was amused to see the fair Lady Blessington's portrait, in all the elegance of fashionable dress ; so much for a European reputation !

We have been twice out boating on the lake ; both times it was charming, but I was most pleased with the evening sail. Dark clouds had gathered over the lower end of the lake, and thus, the landscape there, formed a fine contrast to that near the town, which lay in the brightness of the setting sun. The scenery around the lake is smiling and varied, but presents none of the striking features one is led to expect from all that is said about Swiss landscapes ; there is nothing Alpine in the mountains near it, and the distant glaciers, the peaks of which can be caught by the eye, are too far off to form a part of the picture. The lake of Zurich is in the form of a crescent, and is divided into two parts by the strait of Rapperswyl, which is so narrow, as to be crossed by a bridge. It is about thirty miles long, and is, in some parts, nearly five miles broad. I am told, that the whole country on its shores is populous, and well cultivated, but we did not sail far enough to judge of it all. In some parts it had, to me, rather the appearance of a broad river than a lake, and I have seen parts of the Rhine of a more lake-like appearance.

While I write, I hear military music, which I love so much, and the tramp of troops crossing the wooden bridges which are over the river,—the river bathes the walls of this old hotel, of three hundred years' standing, and always with the same name, "the Stork." I have opened my window, and the sights and sounds I find equally attractive. The dark masses of buildings, scarcely seen in the night, with

lights twinkling here and there, and shimmering in the river below; now and then lights on the bridges, of which, there is one on either hand; the tread of the soldiers, their music, and the rushing of the stream,—all this is a combination which I shall not soon forget; but it is time to rest. Good night, dear Mother!

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## I N T E R L A K E N.

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### LETTER XXXII.

*Interlaken, August 21, 183—.*

My last was from Zurich, dear Mother, and I go back to it, before bringing you to this sweet spot. We left Zurich at seven in the morning; the day was not very promising, but it improved, and we were able, when we came to a hill, to enjoy the pleasure of walking, which permitted us to take a much better view of the country than we could from the carriage. We breakfasted at a sort of baiting-house for the horses,—it by no means deserves the name of a resting or refreshing place for man; but we managed, even there, to get some good tea, bad coffee, eggs, bread and butter, and so were not badly off. After we had been a little time in an upper room, furnished with a long deal table, and some wooden chairs, in which we supposed we were to be entertained, Lucy and I descended to the kitchen to warm our feet, and to discover what our entertainment was to be. There, amidst the wood smoke, which made us shed tears abundantly, we discovered three sybils, very like in person to two whom we had seen a few days before, in a cottage into which we had ventured, and whom we thought fortune-tellers. Over the wood fire were four broad flat pans, and as we longed to see, instead of these, *the face* of a tea-kettle, I could not help exclaiming, “Ye secret, black, and mid-day hags, what is ’t ye do with those?”

and I pointed to the pans. This had no effect on them ; then I tried my German, which I have found very good, and exceedingly efficacious in many cases, but here it was of no avail, their miserable Swiss *patois* had nothing in common with my classic *Deutsche*, and I was as incomprehensible to them, as when I spoke Shakspeare. At length I began, in desperation, to rummage out the shelves and cupboards of the place ; I found a white earthen tea-pot, and Lucy found tea ; out of one of the broad boiling pans, water was transferred, by a brass ladle, to the tea-pot, and tea was actually made ; but the poor hags exchanged looks of horror, at the quantity of tea which was put into the tea-pot, they having, by signs, suggested two tea-spoonfuls as the *dose*, as the French say. I gathered together cups, saucers, and plates, wiped them on the apron of one of the women, while she stared at me, and having finally put them on a tray, I put it into the hands of a man, who just then made his *entrée* ; he carried it up stairs, and we had our breakfast, amidst a great deal of laughter. As we had the tea to take off the keen edge of thirst and hunger, we allowed the good people to take their own time about the coffee, and make it as they liked, in their four pans ; so, when we had nearly finished our meal, two large white jugs, like washing jugs, filled with a brown fluid, and a corresponding quantity of nice hot milk, made their appearance, and had but little justice done them. About a couple of hours after this we stopped at an excellent inn, where we could have had a very good breakfast, but we only took a lunch of bread, and butter, and honey, three of the best things in Switzerland.

From this place our road was truly enchanting, nature and cultivation striving which should most embellish the other. Mountain, and hill, and dale, smiled before us in the richest verdure, while occasionally a patch of dark forest intervened, or an orchard bending to the earth with its load of fruit, or, the yet brighter green of a vineyard, on the very highest ground ; and still, through the landscape, could be traced the

rapid course of some emerald-green river, spanned, here and there, by its roofed bridge. Everywhere, also, the beauty of the scene was increased by the picturesque houses, with their many windows, their broad roofs, and their gay colours ; and by the frequent village, and its little church, with red steeple and gilt ball. What a gloriously lovely country ! And how far was I from having a right idea of it, when I fancied it sublime in a kind of naked grandeur, wanting, in most places, the beauties of cultivation.

We reached Lucerne at eight in the evening, too dark to see much of the aspect of the town. We could not get into "the Balance," "a band of fierce barbarians from the hills" having filled it ; that is to say, the rainy weather had driven all the English tourists from the mountains to take refuge there. We got, however, well accommodated at "the White Horse." I was delighted with all I saw at Lucerne ; with Nature most, but I shall speak of what came first in the order of time—which is of art. On the morning after our arrival, we went to see the celebrated Lion of Thorwaldsen, the monument to the memory of the Swiss guards, who fell in defence of Louis XVI., on the tenth of August, 1792. I have never seen anything of the monument kind, so truly affecting as this, from the grandeur and simplicity of the idea, and from the manner in which it is executed. In the solid natural rock, is hewn out a lion of colossal size (twenty-eight feet long), in the moment of death ; a barb is in his side, and he falls on the shield of France, which he has guarded to the last ; the expression of worn-out strength, the conviction that it at once conveys, that he had done all he could before he sank, with the *sentiment of death* in the face, are admirable. The inscription is beautiful—"To the valour and fidelity of the Swiss ;" below this are the names of those who fell, about eight hundred. A little basin, formed by the dropping of a spring from the rock, lies close beneath, and reflects, in its dark mirror, the rock and the lion, adding much to their effect, which is heightened by the shade of the trees around.

We boast what we are in England ; we, with our contemptible pillars to worthless dukes, and statues to profligate prime ministers, but we have few monuments on which our whole people might look, like this of Switzerland. For, we may speak as we choose of the mercenariness of the Swiss ; to be faithful to death, is a virtue too rare not to merit praise. After having seen this interesting monument, we walked through the town, in which there is nothing very remarkable, apart from its situation, except its bridges. They are three in number, for the town is situated, not only on an arm of the Lake of the Four Cantons, but on the river Reuss. These bridges are very long, but are merely wooden bridges, intended for foot passengers ; they are roofed, and in the triangular space in the timbers of the roof, are fixed two pictures, so that, in walking in one direction, you have a series of one kind, and in the opposite, of another. In one of these roofs you have the whole of Holbein's "Dance of Death ;" on the other bridges, the subjects are biblical and saintly ; and, as one of these bridges is of very great length, running in a slanting direction, with more than one bend, and more than one flight of steps in it, there is "ample room, and verge enough," in its double series of paintings, to have the whole of the Old and New Testament in pictures, for the study of the good people of Lucerne. Indeed, there, on the bridges, would be an admirable school, for the little children to be taught on Mrs. Trimmer's pictorial plan. But, alas ! for the mortification of that good lady, the Lucerners are staunch Roman Catholics, unlike their neighbours, the Zurichers, and all these painted representations from scripture, from age to age before their eyes, have only tended to harden them in their wrong belief, it would seem. We saw the interior of some of the churches here, as the Roman Catholics have the laudable habit of keeping their places of worship open ; but in Protestant Zurich, we could not enter them till the Sunday came. All that we saw, appeared very inferior after those of the Netherlands, which surpasses most countries in churches.

The cemeteries we have observed, everywhere in Switzerland, to be most carefully attended to ; there is one, around the church of St. Leodigar, in Lucerne, full of graves, in regular rows, each with its black cross at the head, which puts to shame our heaps of earth, huddled together in such disrespectful confusion, in many towns in England. The churchyard is inclosed by a range of cloisters, containing tombs of a more aspiring order, with marble slabs, sculpture, gilding, and even painting ; verses in German, inscriptions in Latin. On one, is depicted a beautiful form, grasping a cross, with a wreath of white roses ; near this, is another figure extinguishing a torch, and, in absurd contrast to these, we saw one with Death, violin in hand ; he is performing on it as he enters the apartment of a pleasant-looking old gentleman, who awaits him calmly.

The Rath House of Lucerne is an antequely respectable building, but, like the churches, far inferior to the Belgian *hôtels-de-ville*. I shall turn now to what you will like better. We had a long walk on the banks of the lake, which enchanted me. Nothing can be more beautiful than the situation of Lucerne on the lake, and on the green rapid Reuss, which flows out of it, and the lake is surrounded by lovely mountains, backed by higher ones crowned with snow, and bosom-covered with clouds. We enjoyed the scene very much, in a morning walk, and hoped to repeat the enjoyment in an evening one to a *café* on the banks of the lake, but the evening was too cloudy for the shores to be seen as we should have liked, and at the *café*, the bad odours took away our pleasure. I cannot think how it is, that the Germans and Swiss are so obtuse in the matter of smells. Almost everywhere, we have encountered smells quite unbearable to English noses, by which the natives seem not at all affected. I suppose their lovely scenes would be too much of paradise, if this were removed, so we must bear what the nose is doomed to suffer, and think only of what the eyes enjoy. But speaking of the nose and eyes, leads to the ears ; at night, as

I was retiring to rest, in Lucerne, I heard, at every quarter of an hour, a long-drawn melancholy note ; it was a blast from a cow's horn, the horn of Uri, and it sounded from the watch-towers of that little city during the night. It was wild and sad, and, as I listened to it, I could not but long for a night-walk on the ramparts, where stand those little towers, once intended to be the defences of the place. Alas ! no one was romantic enough to wish to join me in such a walk, and I was too great a coward to go alone.

Now, I must tell you of our greatest and best of expeditions. We embarked in the steam-boat which plies on the lake, at eight o'clock in the morning, and at eleven we found ourselves at Fluelen, at the extremity of it. There, we took a carriage, and proceeded to Altorf, where we spent a couple of hours, then returned, embarked again, and before six were again at Lucerne. And, this is all ? No more ?—Oh, no more ! For who could speak rightly, justly, wisely, of the scenes through which I passed ? It would be a poor genius, indeed, which could think itself capable of describing them.—Ah, why can you not see them !—But, I must tell you something of them. In the first place, it was Tell's land which I saw. How then can I describe, for there I could only feel ?—And, in truth, the country is so beautiful, and sublime, that I believe, had Schiller seen it, he would have feared endeavouring to embody it in his immortal play. How courageous is imagination ! And, is it not well that it is so, for how much should we lose, *even of the real*, if the poet drew only from reality ! The Rhine, of which I thought so much, how does it fade into insignificance now ! There, I had no retrospections connected with man, to awaken cheering hopes for the future, from a glowing spark caught in the past. What recollections could I have had there, but of honest burghers lashed into resistance by petty despots ? while the names both of the oppressed and the oppressors, Time had swept away, as unworthy his care, and had left only the poor village, and the ruined castle, to tell that they had lived !



But here, where the names of a few immortal men are heard on every side, as if they had lived but yesterday ; had but then achieved the liberties of their country ; here, the villages smile in sunny brightness at the foot of the green slopes, or of the steep cliffs, while no castles disgrace the scene. Yes, disgrace it ! For, although they add beauty to the landscape on the German heights, here, they would be most absurd ; as if man had dared to put his works in competition with those of the Master-hand, whose mighty labours are around him in all their magnificence !

And yet, I feel, that if it were possible, I should like to speak to you of what I have seen, in some distinct terms—of the lake, with its innumerable windings and turnings, which make it, by the frequent and complete changes which they afford, a dozen lakes in one—of the beautiful smiling slopes on its shores—of the mountains breaking in abruptly on those slopes to bathe their feet in the waters ; here, their green sides showing a hundred furrows, from the winter torrent ; there, covered with fir trees ; and again, they change to gigantic walls of treeless, herbless rock, sinking sheer down in the lake, which close to them is more than one thousand feet in depth. And, behind the slopes, behind the mountains, rise others, and others again, snow-capped, even now. In some places on one side, is a fantastic crowd of little mountains, all pyramidal, while on the other, a bare perpendicular rock towers into the clouds ; but, all this is ridiculous, it gives no idea of the grandeur of the scene, with mountain above mountain, and the snowy tops of Pilate, Righi, and Furca, still towering over all, and casting their solemn shadows below. Yet grandeur is not, alone, the character of the scenery, at least as we saw it, when the weather was most charming. The clean, white, red-roofed villages, with their little churches on the shores of the lake, are all that is cheerful in a landscape ; and so are the little houses perched up in the hollows and clefts, and even, as it seemed, on the very perpendicular sides of the mountain,

where there is no footing for man. I know not whether Tell's chapels, which we find here and there, are what they ought to be to commemorate him ; however, there is something truly delightful in the mingling of the name of the free son of the mountain, who delivered them, with their religion, as the Swiss seem to have done there. At Altorf, he figures above a fountain, with his little boy and the apple ; and, on a tower there, are paintings representing his feats, and a great battle underneath. After these scenes, where this hero, of nature and the fields, is so well remembered, I but wish to visit Thermopylæ, where Leonidas, the hero, formed by law, and in the city, who also did his duty nobly for his fellow-men, is forgotten. No more now of Lucerne.

We left at seven on the following morning, and nothing could be more beautiful than the landscape was at that time ; the sky was cloudless, the atmosphere transparently pure, and every field and hedge sparkled with dew in the bright sunshine ; all this enhanced the magnificence of the scenery through which we passed, and I felt more than usually in spirits, even without you, dear Mother. Alas ! soon after noon, when we had breakfasted, a dreadful headache took possession of me, and robbed me of a great deal of pleasure, in a most beautiful road. It lay through the valley of Entlibuch, and through the Hemmenthal, another valley more lovely than the first. They resemble, in many places, the valley of the Mourg and the Höllenthal, in Baden, but without reaching what is loveliest in the arcadian beauty of the former, or the splendour of its trees, and without approaching to what is wildest and most striking in the latter. We reached Langenau, a fine village in the heart of the mountains, in the evening, and there spent the night in a real Swiss house, and it really was clean and free from bad odours. We were then in Berne, and every step we took afterwards, but offered evidence of the comfort and wealth of that canton. I could not help feeling angry, to find in the midst of that land, literally overflowing with milk and honey,

a pair of well-clad beggars, and addressing them in English, while they opened their eyes at my unintelligible words, I said, "I come from a land where men toil like galley-slaves, amidst the smoke of filthy cities, and are yet poor, and can I feel charitable towards you, in this country of liberty and plenty?"—They could not answer me, so went their way.

In the night, at Langenau, I was awakened by some men singing as they passed by, and I got up and looked out. So glorious a moonlight I never saw before, the air seemed, as it does sometimes at broad noonday, to quiver in the excessive brightness. I listened till the pretty Swiss air had died away, and gazed on the enchanting scene around me with more delight than it had afforded by daylight. We left Langenau at nine in the morning, after breakfast, and had again a charming drive through a rich and smiling country, though not quite so diversified by cliff, and stream, and mountain, as our way of the day before. We had the sweet addition, however, of bells in the distance—for it was a *fête* day, and troops of men, women, and children, in their best dresses, enlivened the landscape. Ah, but again I was unable to enjoy anything, my head ached wretchedly, and I felt so faint and ill, that I was obliged to lean down and close my eyes. We reached Thun, a sweet spot, at noon, and waited there an hour for the steam-boat. There seemed to be a great deal of jollity going forward among the brave Switzers and their spouses, on the shores of the lake of Thun, but I was too ill to take much notice of it. When I went on board the steam-boat, I got a cushion on deck, and lay down, the pain I felt in moving my eyes obliged me to keep them closed, and I think I slept. At length I opened them, and there, towering up into the sky, in all the glare of a fierce sun, were the peaks of the Jungfrau, dazzlingly white with snow, which seemed like a solid silver shield, to defy and send back all the darts of Phoebus. Although nearly fourteen thousand feet high, and many miles distant, it seemed

to hang over my head, and nothing could so completely give me the sensation of being removed into a new planet as did that first near view of that magnificent mountain, with all its ice, whilst I lay there languid and oppressed by the heat of a cloudless sun ; this was setting at nought all one's former notions about heat and cold, ice and sunbeams. I raised myself on my elbow, and looked around, at first with awe ; and this feeling subsiding into pleasure, I believe I then thought the scenery around the lake of Thun more sublime than that around the lake of the Four Cantons ; but, perhaps, it was that I then felt for the first time the profound impression of being really among the Alps ; or, perhaps, it was that the crowd of mountains close around the lake, so varied in their forms, and so wildly thrown together, with the snowy summits of others so near, have no features in common with anything I had seen before, while around the other lake, there are some features corresponding with what I had seen, although they are beautified and sublimed. Whatever it may be, I was entranced by that lake of Thun. And our drive of two miles after we landed, through Unterseen to Interlaken, was lovely ; yet I can scarcely say I was delighted by it ; for then, after my feelings on the lake, I began to be oppressed with beauty, and to cry to Nature, "Hold, enough."

Do you say the same to me?—Good-bye, then !

## LETTER XXXIII.

*Interlaken, September 6, 183—.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I TOLD you that when we reached Interlaken I began to be oppressed with beauty, and to say, "It is too much!" Indeed, I think, from the time we left Zurich, I had seen too much that was exciting to me in too short a time. Then, circumstanced as we were, the oppression of not speaking my feelings, because I thought they could not interest—the fear of showing an enthusiasm in which no one could sympathise, which is so absurd—made this nervous excitement, this Alp fever worse. Now, I may be as absurdly enthusiastic as I like, talking to you of this place, where we are *en pension* with a number of English; where, whenever I look out of my bed-room window, I long, dear Mother, for the time when I shall speak to you face to face of the great mountain which rises like a Cyclopean wall before that window; on whose bosom the clouds rest, while its head is in the sunshine, and so near to me that, in three minutes, I could touch it with my hand. Then, if I go out of my room into the corridor, I behold, from another window, crowds of hills as high as it, and the peaks of the glittering, snowy Jungfrau, towering over all. Yet I do not feel that I should like to live in a valley like that of Interlaken, magnificent as it is—it is too pent up, too prison-like, the mountains are too high, they seem impassable barriers; one must have recourse to the water, to one or other of the lakes of Thun and Brienz, between which it lies, to get away. When we ascend any of the mountains, we have views which, had we not been *deluged* with fine scenery, we should gaze on with rapture; yet there are times when we are even indifferent to them—

views which, could they be transferred to any county in England, people would run from all parts to see.

This feeling of weariness of fine views is only an occasional one after rainy days, of which we have many at Inter-laken ; but, notwithstanding, we have had some delightful excursions, both by water and by land. Our first was to the glacier of the Grindelwald. We set off after a very early breakfast for it ; the morning was promising, and the day turned out all we could wish. At the beginning, our road lay through a broad open part of the valley, with pleasant houses scattered over it, and smiling fields and orchards ; by degrees the mountains folded more closely on us, and we kept by the side of a foaming torrent, bearing along and whirling in its eddies logs of wood, sent down from the heights all around ; at length we found ourselves completely shut in among the mountains, and rising up before us in the direction in which we were going was a gigantic barrier of snow, its top far above the clouds—peak after peak appeared, gradually brightening in the sun as the clouds dispersed. Then came the glacier, which was the object of our journey, spreading down between two of those awful hills of ice and snow, down to the very valley, which lay before us in all the richness of autumn. Corn-fields, orchards, lovely pastures, lie close to the glacier, are, as it were, sheltered by the ice, and made by it to smile. The valley of the Grindelwald lies 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is surrounded by mountains from 2,000 to 6,000 feet higher than its level, many of them covered by eternal snow. Nothing can be more striking than the approach to these and to the glacier, where we find a fringe of pines in contact with the ice ; and the contrast of the sweet valley (thickly sprinkled with habitations, and herds of cattle, and flocks of goats) with the mountain is very fine. We came to a very comfortable hotel, when we had ascended as high as our carriage could take us ; there we left it, and proceeded with a guide to the glacier. I had heard that this glacier was not a snow-white mountain,

but should rather be called a moraine, a field of ice, and earth, and pebbles, and stones, brought down in crumbling masses from the mountain, as by the expansion of the ice it breaks up from time to time ; I did not, therefore, expect to admire it very much. But I was struck with admiration when I found myself below the glacier, and saw the rise of the river which we had observed hurrying through the valley ; —it there bursts forth impetuously from beneath an arch of ice, and all around the spot are fantastic forms of adamantine snow. Afterwards we ascended part of the glacier, and entered some of its large fissures. The ice within is of a deep, clear, bluish green, and, as I looked into its great depths, heard the crumbling of masses falling from shelf to shelf, down, down, and the rushing of the water far below, it seemed to me that I was permitted to gaze into a great laboratory of nature. The first impression which Switzerland made on me was, admiration of its beauty ; the second was awe, not unmingled with fear, from the conviction at once received, that it is the theatre of unceasing alteration. Mountains, lakes, rivers, hills, plains, from year to year change, and change. I am sure I could not receive this impression more forcibly at the foot of Etna or Vesuvius, in seeing what fire can do, than here, where its antagonist, cold, is at work.

We got back to Interlaken in good time in the evening, and I was so exhausted by all I had seen that I could not keep my eyes open, and was actually asleep in the carriage before our return ; but the all-important toilet, necessary for the *salon* of our *pension*, aroused me on my arrival. As the weather continued fine, we went on the next day to the falls of the Giesbach. The steam-boat which usually plies on the lake of Brienz was out of order, so we took a small boat ; thus we were three hours in reaching the landing-point, close by the spot where the cascade falls into the lake. It is in reality not one cascade, but eight or nine cascades ; it comes from the summit of a lofty, wild, rocky, pine-clad

mountain, and leaping from stage to stage, makes all those falls, of different heights from ten to forty feet, some shot in one direction, some in another, but all of them streams of dazzlingly white foam. It is most curious to look on the waterfall on one side tumbling from height to height, casting up its spray high above the trees, like a veil of mist floating over them, to see its waters broken into the minutest drops ; and then turn to the other side, and behold the same element in the lake spread out like the most solid green marble pavement. The colour of these lakes is very singular, so deeply green, with an appearance of opaqueness. The water is transparent enough when you lift it in the hand, but when lying unruffled in the glare of noon, it looks a polished, thick substance, and reflects with a kind of solid distinctness the great mountains around with the tiny villages nestled at their feet—villages to which it seems impossible to find any way by the narrow ledge of shore on which they lie, appearing approachable only by the water. I did not ascend to the very top of the mountain, yet, I think I passed seven falls. Over one of them is a bridge, and, when standing in the spray on it, and listening to the terrible noise, one feels how applicable is Byron's phrase, "a hell of waters." At a still higher fall, a kind of balcony is made in the rock under the sheet of water ; there I also stood for some time enjoying so new a position. This waterfall is very beautiful from the varied aspects under which it presents itself, yet it is but a streamlet compared with the Rhine falls, and although so high is not so striking in effect as they are. There is a good hotel opposite the cascade, about half way up the mountain, and there, they told us, that if we would remain, we should see the fall illuminated at night, which had *un joli effet* ; it was, however, too much of a *coup de théâtre* for our tastes, so we returned before nightfall to Interlaken.

At one time, I thought a Swiss boarding-house would be a good scene for an English comedy.—But then, oh ye Alps ! oh ye Alps ! there were days when ye chose to pour down



rain into your valleys "from morn till eve, from eve till dewy morn, a summer's day." Yes, sometimes, when I looked out early at my mountain, I found it belted with clouds, above which, its head looked more gigantic and towering than usual ; or the Jungfrau showed her pure face for a moment, and then veiled herself completely from our view ; at such times down came the rain without cessation ! And how did the day pass in a Swiss *pension* when no one could go out ? Alas ! for my idea of a comedy, with much more of a dull, *bombast* complexion, than a really comic one ! Not even rain, and the necessity of being in the house, not even a fire in the saloon, could make the English sociable ; and some of the ladies, more particularly, looked at each other with a most vinegar aspect. One agreeable person near me said that something should be done generally for the general amusement, but no one seemed of our opinion ; and so, farther than our having for our single selves a little chat, nothing of an amusing nature took place. After tea, the young men clustered round a table, and talked to each other, and tittered like school-girls, whilst the ladies stared at each other. At length, some elderly persons got to whist ; and I am afraid that Lucy and I then drew caricatures—not at all a good amusement, but it had the effect of making us laugh heartily. I should not have joined, if I had not found it impossible to continue an attempted conversation with some of the ladies. I sigh to think that, "though age from folly cannot set me free, it does from childishness," and I cannot make myself child enough to listen to common-places with complacency, with the happy countenance of one who is learning something interesting and profound, as a child who has just been taught one of those absurdities taught all children, and which happens to tally with its intellect.

These rainy days, then, forced me to look for a book, and I found an odd volume of an *odd one*—"The Nouvelle Héloïse." My first impression was surprise, to find such a want of true knowledge of the mind of woman in it.

Rousseau seems to have been altogether ignorant of her *real* nature, however he may have been versed in her artificial. If there be danger in his book, it arises, then, from the facility and eloquence of the style, which seduce into the belief that there is truth beneath its eloquence; women, thus seduced, imitate the artificial being, instead of seeking in themselves for the natural. Certainly, no woman, educated to be virtuous, could express herself as Julie does; one brought up not to be so, could speak like her. If Nature was the voice he wished to make heard, the experience of any man of a woman's first affection must tell him, that Nature never spoke thus from the lips of a young girl. Love is forgetfulness of self, it is living no longer in one's self; how, then, can it prompt perpetually the expression of selfish, of personal sensations? The forgetfulness of self has led to unhappy consequences too often for woman; but, that those consequences will attend her affection, is not, I believe, the subject of her thoughts in her first experience of love. Such thoughts must be the result of a second passion. The character of Julie being unnatural in its first conception, I cannot but imagine it to be vicious throughout. No young girl, in any country, in any state of society, could be what she is described; a woman who had had too much experience of men might resemble her. Then her letters, what absurdities! with their allusions to Plato, and Plutarch, and Seneca, and philosophy, and music, and the arts! If Rousseau wished to make a satire on the usual education of women, and to show its bad tendency, he failed. Its tendency is not to inflame the passions, but it is to make women selfish, heartless, worldly, fond of admiration, and without high or generous aims. And I am convinced, that if French women did once, more frequently step aside from the right, after marriage, than our own countrywomen, it arose more from a heartless love of personal admiration, than from disordered passions. Ah! too often am I tempted to exclaim, education is worthless indeed, and Nature, dear, dear goddess, how

well is it that thou wilt not always yield to thy would-be governor ! For have we not seen that, that which has been called best in education, has been the expulsion of one wicked spirit, and "leaving the house swept and garnished for the entrance of seven worse than the first ?" While vicious sensuality in men, and vicious vanity in women, are to be met on every side, strong passions are of rare occurrence ; and, in fact, the greatest cause of vice in the world, is a cold selfishness, with which passion has nought to do ; but there can be no doubt, the one errs as much as the other in its calculations as to ultimate happiness.

Prefixed to this volume of Rousseau is a long sort of preface in dialogue, in which he tries to palliate the crime of publishing his work, and puts forth such *warning inducements*, as that it is not for women, and that no virtuous girl reads novels—that he must have known to be true only of girls who *can't read*, therefore it is but a paltry excuse for the harm his book might do. But some have said, that he meant, although he thus excuses himself, to do really some good ; and that he did some, Mrs. N. says, I should have discovered, if I had read the whole book, for at the last he makes Julie *delightfully virtuous* ! I am far from thinking that it is wrong to endeavour to infuse the charitable belief that one false step does not entirely condemn a woman ; indeed, it would be well that the Christian precept, "Neither do I condemn thee, go, and sin no more," were more widely felt and acted on. Nor do I suppose, that the woman who has lost the virtue of chastity, has lost all virtue. But all that is palliative in such things depends on the character, and on the position of the woman ; in these, I think, Rousseau has erred in his first picture of his heroine ; I know not how he may have succeeded in his second. After all, I do not think his book calculated to do much harm to women, for no mind, possessing the straightforward conceptions of right and wrong, which Nature and religion give, could find in it an excuse for crime, whilst the vicious may find many reasons

to be virtuous ; to the irreligious, happily few among women, only could it be dangerous. But those to whom it must be mischievous, are young men ; seduced by its eloquence, they imagine they learn there what the female character is, and are ready to believe the first degraded woman who tells them, that all women would be what she is if they dared, or, that all are what she is, only they conceal it better. Thus, the very first foundation of moral conduct towards woman is sapped at the outset of life, by having confidence in her destroyed.

I thought it right to tell you all I thought of this book, which, not being one of the new school, you know better than some others of which I have spoken. Mrs. N. says I judge of French works with too much nationality of sentiment. It is indeed true, that I once thought all writers would look with the same eyes on *the what ought to be* of life and morals ; and when I found them differing from that which had been established as true and just in my mind, I was surprised, if not disappointed. I believed that there was no nationality of right, of feeling, of nature ; that things were right or wrong in essence, not from accidents of birth and country : I suppose I was wrong. She says there is a right and a wrong of English nature, and of French nature ; two rights and two wrongs quite different. If it be so, would it not be an excellent thing to define the two exactly, and then show what accordance each has with universal Nature ? I pray you to do it for my instruction. So, adieu !

## LAUSANNE.

## LETTER XXXIV.

*Lausanne, September 21, 183—.*

As I told you, my dear mother, we had a great deal of rain at Interlaken ; we grew tired of it, and, when fine weather returned, departed for Berne. Our drive from Thun to that town pleased us much. The country is rich and beautiful, and clothed with fine trees, and it gave us more open, more expanded views, than we had had for some time, which was really delightful to me, for I began to have quite a prison feeling amidst the great mountains. I can quite understand the Irishman who said, he could have had fine views in Switzerland but for the mountains, yet he is generally supposed to have made a bull ; they really do seem, sometimes, to be in the way. Mountains must either be ascended, and the country looked at from them, or they must be seen from a distance, when every effect of light produces a change in them ; otherwise, they are oppressive. Do not think me capricious ; I speak this of Alps ; the lovely Cumberland hills may be lived near enough not to oppress, —they have no giant terrors.

Berne is an extremely picturesque-looking town as one approaches it, and its interior has much that is agreeable, with an antique respectable look which I like. It is situated on the declivity of a hill, and is washed, on three sides, by the Aar. The streets are straight, wide, and well paved ; and the houses have piazzas, or arcades, low, and something in the style of some old buildings in Chester ; under these are the shops. There are some fine promenades, kept in good order ; one of the handsomest is near the cathedral, raised at great

expense, and planted with four rows of trees, and it forms a terrace more than one hundred feet above the river. We walked there, but did not see, as the evening was cloudy, any of the glories of sunset on the Bernese Alps, of which we had heard so much as seen from thence, but we heard the rushing of the Aar, deep, deep below us, and saw the roofs, beneath our feet, of a large part of the town. Rain came on as we were returning, and we had to pursue our way under the arcades of the houses ; but when the candles and lamps of the shops and small tenements in these arcades were lighted, and when every man in Berne sat before his door, and had taken out, and put to use, his pipe (alas ! not aught of oaten reed or pastoral pipe, but his tobacco pipe), the arcades of Berne were not Arcadian, so we gladly left them for our rooms in our hotel.

On the following morning there was a kind of fair, a large monthly market in the town, which amused us a little—and yet for myself, I should hardly say, amused—God pardon me !—God pardon me, that the happiness, and freedom, and plenty of a country should cause my heart to swell with a sense of wrong, and tears of burning indignation to fill my eyes—but so it was, when looking around me in Berne, I thought of what I had seen in Ireland, and the contrast which it offered to Switzerland. The peasants pleased me much, though they are far from handsome ; but their countenance wore a very different expression from the lowering discontent of the Lancashire people, or their mere animal dulness ; and very different from the restless, roving eye of the Irish, forcing up a leering smile in the midst of degradation ; among the Swiss is no appearance of cultivation or refinement, but the tranquillity of independence and comfort. Their dress was very homely, but of strong and excellent materials ; that of the women, in many cases expensive, for the butterfly black-lace cap, the black velvet boddice, and the full sleeves of fine linen, of the Bernese costume, must cost a pretty little sum even here. But ah, that which

seemed to plant a dagger in my heart to look on, was, at every second step, the piles of snow-white bread, as delicate as what is brought to the tables of our nobles, within the purchase of the lowest individual in the crowd around me ; and how many crowds of so many thousands could be found in Ireland, who know not from year to year, who have never known in the course of a long life, the taste of bread like that ! Great God ! when wilt Thou send some ray of light from Heaven into men's minds, to show them that all the blessings Thou hast meant for them, they may obtain if they will ?— And think not, ye brave and honest Swiss, that in shedding tears of indignation for others who are wretched, on beholding your happiness, I grudge it to you ! No !—Ye purchased it dearly—long may it be yours !—Long may your increasing freedom and happiness place you above the scoffs of nations, who have dared to call themselves free, too many of whose sons would sell their souls for gain ; yet, who dare to tax you with being mercenary ! Ye are courageous, ye have won for yourselves cheap bread, and cheap instruction ; become enlightened, that ye may know the value of these blessings, and retain them !

#### SWITZERLAND—IRELAND.

FORGIVE me, God, our Father ! Oh, forgive,  
 That I, with an indignant, beating heart  
 And sorrowing eyes, gall'd by the burning smart  
 Of tears, should look upon this land, where live  
 Men whom thou'st bless'd, the happy and the free !  
 A land of dread magnificence, of hill,  
 And mountain, snow-capped, cloud girt, and yet still,  
 Where Nature smiles in fondness.—Here, we see  
 By the broad lake, and in the frequent vale,  
 She gives man's labour bread.—Ah, is she e'er  
 Unjust, unloving ?—No ! Men only dare  
 Before their God to be so. Can I fail,  
 Heart-wrung, to feel the contrast this recalls—  
 A land oppress'd, whose wretchedness appals !

But I must turn from this—turn from our hurried depar-

ture from Berne, after having seen some of its curiosities best worth seeing ; its bears, the guardian *angels* of its coat of arms ; and its beautiful walks made on ramparts, which, of course, like all the ramparts I have seen, were no hindrance to the French. I say, our hurried departure, because, when the carriage was ready, some of our ladies were wrapped in clouds of black lace, more to the satisfaction of one of them, than to her *caro sposo's*, and they were with difficulty disentangled.

However, we got away, and got on to Friburg, by a road not so pretty as that to Berne, with more of young fir plantations on its slopes, and less of smiling abundance. The approach to the town is very striking, looking down over the deep valley, on the side of which it is situated, in part ; the rest of it is on a steep rock, which towers above, and which is nearly surrounded by a river. It is infinitely more picturesque with its old towers and walls, and its two new bridges, than Berne, though, when you enter it, the town is found very inferior. We passed in by the new bridge, not a chain bridge, but an iron wire one, most beautifully light-looking, and ornamental, and, as I was told, a little longer than the Menai bridge. This bridge, which crosses the valley, and connects the height without the town with that on which it is partly situated, will appear to greater advantage when a new road, which is now being made, is completed. We walked out after our arrival, to look at the second bridge, which, from the first, really looked like a spider's web in the air ; but we had not the courage to venture across it, although, at the moment we were there, we saw Colonel —, whom we thought we had left at Interlaken, pass over. It is a foot-bridge, and is scarcely ever crossed except by the workmen on the road, and by curious strangers ; as it consists of short boards slung together, it vibrates with every motion, and as there is only a slight wire on each side, I cannot think it quite safe, and I cannot imagine anything more frightful than to be on the



centre of it looking down on the valley, five hundred feet below.

On the following morning, we went to hear the magnificent organ of the cathedral of Friburg. I was very much delighted by its sweetness, variety, and power; once or twice the depth of tone was thrilling; but I was not otherwise much touched. The organist did well enough; but as he sought to give what would best *show off* the organ, of course, the music was not the best. It imitated at one time a choir of human voices by one stop, so perfectly, that it was quite startling; and some persons went up to see whether choristers were not hidden in the gallery. After that, we had a scrap from *Der Freischütz* for the conclusion.

From Friburg to Lausanne, if the road offered anything very remarkable, it would be little thought of while the view of the long range of Alps in the distance continually attracts the eye; the extraordinary variety of their peaks and summits is most striking, when seen thus in a continued line. We entered Lausanne quite in the dark; were rejected at the *hôtel Gibbon*, and at two others, the town was so full, but at last were received at the *Falcon*, where we found admirable quarters.

Ah! after all, the most brilliantly magnificent and glorious sight which my journey had to offer me, I saw here!—the sunset on the Alps. How far short of the reality was all that I had conceived of that spectacle, and how impossible is it to convey it to you in words! All the multitude of higher snow-covered peaks on the opposite side of the lake, and at its upper end, glowed like rubies, while the lower ones of rock were of deep crimson, and the broad bosoms of the mountains, lower still, of a rich purple. Gradually the ruby faded into the most delicate rose, the crimson and purple blended into a soft lilac, and so the glory passed away, glorious even as it went. And every tint, and the form of every cliff and mountain, were seen in all their beauty in the lake below, as distinctly as in the reality. Then, when I

turned to the west, where the country is level in comparison with the other end of the lake, how splendid was the golden flood of light on the waters, and what a contrast was that "path of rays," to the towering glittering peaks opposite to it; after the rose and purple hues of the Alps had quite faded away, they returned for a moment or two, but much more faintly and delicately than at first; and then all the landscape took the dark shade of night. That sunset can never be forgotten. Yet, how different was the feeling I experienced on beholding it, from that awakened by other glorious and beautiful objects! Its very beauty made me, as it were, aware of its evanescence—I felt that it was a pageant of Nature kindled up for a moment, and I gazed on it breathless, without the power to think of you—to wish for you; I had not a sentiment but for it, and it was only when it was gone that I sighed because you had not seen it.

One day we made an excursion from Lausanne to Vevay, of the beauty of which place we had heard a great deal; and the name of Rousseau has given much interest to it. We went to it by the steam-boat, and had a pleasant sail of a few hours. On our first evening there, we had a very fine sunset, and there is from Vevay a magnificent view of the Alps, but their glories were not kindled up as we saw them from Lausanne; the lake, indeed, appeared of molten gold, and was dyed afterwards in glorious hues of every shade. We walked in Rousseau's alley, yes—in the very walk where he loved to saunter so often—an alley close by the lake between two rows of fine poplars—and then.—Oh, what befel us there? We encountered rows of washing-tubs, and barefoot lasses washing clothes in the lake—was not that sentimental? As we stopped to look at the cleansing process, one of the women said, "*C'est joli ça, n'est-ce pas?*"—adding, "You can't wash at the seashore like that in England," as much as to say, you are unfortunate creatures, you islanders, after all.

Well, in the dark shade of the evening, we walked up the

hill to the churchyard, which is high above the town, but we were too late to see the lovely view from it. We could only catch a lingering gleam on the lake ; the broad, dark forms of the mountains ; masses of clouds with bright stars peering out from between them, and the twinkling lights below of the town of Vevay. In the morning we again visited the churchyard, and were delighted with the view from it. It is finely situated, and has an air of repose and simplicity, which recalled to me, more forcibly than any cemetery has done, Gray's Elegy—yes—and this before I was aware that Ludlow, the regicide, was buried there, *the Cromwell not guiltless of his country's blood*. Ah ! no doubt, beside the English king-killer, who boldly said, that “to the courageous every country was a home,” and so left his, lay many “a village Hampden” of those Vaudois who had so long to “withstand the little tyrants of their fields”—the aristocrats of Berne ! It was to me a most interesting spot, that churchyard of Vevay.

I do not wonder that Gibbon chose Lausanne for his place of residence—it is truly a charming town. The view of the lake and of the mountains is so fine from the height on which it is built, and the temperature of the air is so agreeable, that I have not yet seen any place in Switzerland I like half so well. We visited the cathedral, which is a simple and handsome structure, not gothic, but further my ignorance of architecture does not permit me to say ; there are in it the tombs of many English. Near the cathedral is a court of justice, in which a trial was going on ; it was of a young woman for infanticide ; I should have been glad our two gentlemen had gone in and given us some information of how the laws are worked in this little, enlightened republic, in which the punishment of death has been abolished for half a century—but they are not, like me, curious about all that concerns humanity. To pass to that which is of infinitely more importance than humanity, and which may very properly be called *womanity*—to dress ; there, at Lausanne—oh, shade of Gibbon, hear it ! for it was solely for thy sake,

there, I bought a straw-hat—a question for mamma, who is a great casuist. Suppose Gibbon had not written “The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,” which used to enchant me in some of its parts, when I was leaving childhood, as the Arabian Nights had done in childhood, should I have bought a straw-hat at Lausanne? At all events, you will say that, whether the love of having a reminiscence of Gibbon’s place of abode, and of him, on my head, made me buy it or not, it will not put into the head it is destined to cover much of his learning. No, indeed—I cannot learn; I have only admiration of, and enjoyment in, the learning of others, with thoughts and feelings of my own. So, Good-bye!

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## CHAMOUNI.

## LETTER XXXV.

Geneva, October 2, 183—.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE a great deal to tell you of last month, which I feel impatient to get told; yet I remember that I left off, in my last, at Lausanne, and go back to that place trying to have patience, that you may hear all in order.

At eleven in the morning we embarked in the steam-boat, with a very numerous party of English from different quarters of the lake, and had a delightful sail to Geneva. I begin to be quite of Voltaire’s opinion, when he said, “*Mon lac est le premier.*” It is so expansive that one inhales the breath of freedom on it. You have the charm of contrast and variety on its shores; here the snowy Piedmontese Alps, there vineyards; here flourishing towns, there solitary châteaux; and the beauty of its waters is unequalled; it is not that deep solid green of the other lakes, but more blue and transparent,

and it sparkles as it breaks around any obstacle with the brilliancy of the diamond—it recalled to me, by its brightness in the sun, the phosphoric light seen on the waves of the sea at night.

We landed at Geneva, on a delightful day, but I shall say nothing of the town now, as I wish to speak first of what I think of most—our excursion to Chamouni. We stayed but two days in the town before setting off, as we were afraid of losing the fine weather ; we therefore bade adieu to Mr. and Mrs. —, and, with a diminished party, set off for Chamouni, at six in the morning, arriving there at nine in the evening, tired to death. The first part of our journey—to Sallenche—had nothing remarkable in it, except the farce of examining *sacs de nuit*, and studying the mysteries of our passports on the Sardinian frontier. The road to Sallenche, though sufficiently among wild and high mountains, and through deep valleys, where are the beds of torrents, and even of lakes, as it would seem, is not so striking as that which we pursued afterwards from that place. There we left the carriage, and were obliged to take *chars-à-banc*, the only kind of vehicle which dare venture on the road. They are like the *half* of an Irish *dos-à-dos* car, placed in the centre of a long narrow cart on four wheels, and over-head is a little roof, supported by four poles, with curtains to let down. In these machines we jogged on, down tremendous hills, up others, through torrents, and along the edge of precipices, until we were almost dislocated ; and so arrived at the famous Chamouni, when it was too dark to see aught but the vastness of the mountains which inclose it, and the shimmer of the eternal snows on their tops, by the star-light. We were fortunate in getting rooms at once, in the *hôtel de Londres* ; we were, however, unable to do anything but get to our beds, desirous to sleep for strength to enjoy the morrow.

The morrow came as fine as we could wish, and we had full enjoyment of it, but I know not how to speak of what

we saw. Words are inadequate to describe it—inadequate to convey the impression it made on the mind and heart. I have applied great, magnificent, stupendous, to objects so inferior, that there seems absurdity in using them now. Yet I must say something, that you, who may never see these wonders of creation, may share some of my feelings of awe and delight, if it be possible.

We had breakfast at nine o'clock, and set off immediately after to ascend the Montanvert, and see the Mer de Glace, we were on mules, with each of us three ladies, a guide. I had had a long and serious debate with myself in bed at five o'clock, as to whether, after all poor mamma has written about not going up fatiguing mountains, I should allow myself to go up this ; but in spite of all that I could do to please her, I could not prevail on myself to give up the pleasure, or the pain, as it might turn out. Do you not think I was good to debate the matter at all ? I think so. Well, then, for the first time, I mounted on mule-back, nor without some qualms of conscience, for I knew that if you could have seen me in spirit, and have seen the mountains, your very heart would have died within you ; but if I had had any qualms of fear, they would have soon passed away, for one cannot have gone many yards up a hill on a mule, without obtaining the most perfect feeling of security ; and, in fact, in a very short time, I never thought of my mule at all. On we went, one after another, by a path on which two persons could not walk abreast, winding zig-zag up the face of a precipitous hill. Towards the middle the mountain is clad pretty thickly with fir-trees and larches, a few of which are of tolerable growth, but for the most part they are small ; in one spot, for a broad space, they lie prostrate, and some are snapt sheer off about two feet from the ground ; this was caused by an avalanche last year. But to speak no more of this, nor of the view down into the valley, over the wide strong course of the Arve, let me come to the object of our ascent. When we reached the resting-

house, at the point where we must leave our mules, we were some thousand feet above the valley, which is six thousand above the level of the sea, and even there, mountains and peaks towered above us. As we descended to walk, and turned our eyes on the Mer de Glace, how were we struck with amazement. Before us, extending far between mountains, which were formed before Nature had learnt that man in his littleness shrinks oppressed on beholding such giant masses, lay a tempest-tossed ocean of ice, and high above it on either side glittered pinnacles and towers, many hundred feet high, of dazzling solid snow. I was so overcome that I burst into a nervous, impetuous gush of tears; it was very unlike what I have felt in other places, when I have been able to gulp them down, or to wipe them quietly. Never certainly did I feel so completely "before Jehovah's awful throne." Why could not this be a place of worship, where nations might meet before His footstool with holy fear, feeling that "silence is the least injurious praise," and deeds of mercy from man to man the only offering with which they should approach Him? Oh, to a Being of such majesty and power, what can the praises of our lips be but mockeries!

We descended on the frozen sea, and walked across it; this we could not have accomplished, without taking the arm of a guide with one hand, and his stick, with an iron point to fix in the ice, with the other. Nothing can be more pure than the colour of the ice in the deep fissures, which intersect it—it is of a beautiful bluish green. When we threw a stone or bit of ice into those crevices, we heard it falling for many seconds into unfathomable depths. Beneath the vast floor of ice, we seemed to hear the perpetual flow of waters, which added to the solemn effect of all around, in that wondrous place. I could not help thinking, as I looked along the *oceanic causeway* of ice between the mountains, where it extends for miles, and beheld the lengthening perspective of steeples and pinnacles of snow, resembling so much gothic

towers and spires, that, perhaps, some mind profoundly impressed by such a sight, had endeavoured to give some imitation of it in the cathedrals, which I had admired so often. But then I remember, that when I was in the aisle of a high gothic church, it always forcibly recalled to me the meeting arches of two lines of lofty trees, such as I have seen in Warwickshire and Gloucestershire. That the architects of the noble gothic churches took such majestic models for their exterior as the peaks and needles of the glaciers, and for their interior, the dim alleys of the branching forest, I fear will scarcely be conceded to me ; for I believe it is said, that even what is beautiful in architectural forms, had its origin in necessity and utility. Have I not rambled far from what I *felt* on the glacier, to tell you of what I fancifully thought ? But I must leave it to tell you of our descent. It was apparently more dangerous than the ascent, but we accomplished it in safety ; and as we went down, I was much more struck with the sublime view than I had been in going up.

The weather continued gloriously clear and favourable, and, on the following morning, we began our expedition, much earlier than we had done the day before. Soon after seven o'clock we were on our mules, with our former guides in attendance ; our object was to ascend the Flegère, a mountain opposite the Montanvert, which we had ascended. I have been often delighted by the fine and varied effects of light one sees in Switzerland. On leaving Geneva in the morning, the sky was cloudless, but the whole landscape lay in a thin shroud of silver mist ; in this I saw, over the town and lake, a fine broad sun-bow—I cannot call it a rainbow, as, although the arch was distinctly defined, the bright colours of the rainbow were not there. That morning, on setting out in Chamouni, at the same hour, there was no mist in the deep valley, nor were any clouds to be seen, except just over some of the dazzling *aiguilles* opposite the Flegère, a few of which were brightly silver, and from the icy points



around which they lay, there shot up, into the heavens, some rays of a darkish blue, through the wondrously transparent air ; as soon as the sun had journeyed on so far, that he got above the mountains, this accident of light vanished. The ascent of the Flegère is much more difficult than that of the Montanvert, being higher, more precipitous, with less of rock and of trees to make secure footing for the mule. However, we did not get off the backs of our good beasts, until we were at the door of the little house of repose built for travellers, and before which we had a view, sublime enough to repay the fatigues of an ascent ten times as difficult. We were immediately opposite the glacier which we had visited the day before, and then, when we saw it in its whole extent, it appeared no longer a sea of ice, but a vast storm-tossed river, flowing out between two gigantic mountains, and arrested at once, by the hand of Omnipotence, in its course, and turned to ice. Hence, also, we saw two other glaciers beside it, so that there are, as it were, four great mountains, some of them snow-crowned, some of them crag-crowned, separated from each other by deep valleys, and out of these flow three broad rivers, foaming and dashing on, as you might think at the first glance, but all is ice, and over all reigns a sublime silence ; on those wondrous streams, those inaccessible heights, you feel that there is eternal sabbath, and are lost in astonishment and awe. While we gazed on this scene, and on other glaciers, stretching far away beyond those, and on the spotless Mont Blanc, twelve miles off, but which looked quite near, a roar, as of distant thunder, broke in on the silence ; it was an avalanche, but we did not see it fall ; then there was—tiny after that, the report of the gun of the chamois hunter, and soon after, the cry of an eagle which we saw float over the valley which lay beneath us. All this gave interest to a scene, otherwise too stupendous for such a word to apply to it.

On our descent from the Flegère, we visited the source of the Arveiron, a noisy stream, with a rocky stony bed, which

at that time it did not fill by one-fourth. It issues from beneath the glacier we had visited—the Mer de Glace ; what we saw at Grindelwald, was the same thing on a much smaller scale. The stream comes from under an arch of ice, and foams on through immense rocks, which seem to have been hurled from the mountains ; it is shallow, but loud and furious, until it joins the Arve, where it becomes a dangerous stream. At Bonneville, we saw a handsome pillar, seventy feet high, erected to Charles Felix, king of Sardinia, who built a bridge there of great utility, and caused means to be taken to secure the town from the encroachments of the river.

We did not take the same route back to Geneva, by which we had gone to Chamouni. We went in our *chars-à-banc* to St. Martin, and but for the intense heat of the day, should have enjoyed our drive to it, as it lay through a magnificent country. St. Martin is delightfully situated, and there is a broad terrace on the third story of the hotel where we were, from which, we beheld with admiration, the lightning playing around Mont Blanc, and the high *aiguilles* of the snow-covered mountains.

I think I never felt a deeper, a keener pang of sadness, than the next morning when dressing—it was singular, that just then, after the great enjoyment I had had in the sublime scenes of the past days, that withering conviction that life has so little to offer me, should sweep over my heart ; but I banished the feeling, as you would have wished me to do, and went down to breakfast, to make my friends smile, and to smile with them. And, indeed, I found a subject for laughter. Two English travelling ladies, and their Blenheim, had joined our breakfast-table. One was expatiating on the splendour of the *aiguilles* of the *glacier des Boissons*, which she had visited ; “they were,” she said, “sharp and pointed, and more than two hundred feet high, exactly like,”—like what do you think ?—“like a little dog’s teeth !”

As we did not leave St. Martin until an hour after breakfast, we had time to walk a little through it, and I like the situation of it much better than that of either Chamouni or Interlaken. From what I hear of the baths of St. Gervais, which are near it, I should think them delightful. It rained during the greater part of our journey to Geneva, and a more complete change of temperature there could not have been from the day before, for it was very cold. Yet, still, we saw something to admire in the stupendous scenery through which we passed for the second time. Towards evening, the approach of sunset was very fine, and very uncommon. Over the dark chain of the Jura, which lies opposite the snow Alps, broad folds of golden fleecy clouds had a magnificent effect, as the summits of the mountains were high above them, and their bases were in dark shade. The Jura forms a fine contrast to the Alps, presenting none of that irregularity of outline, none of those fantastic capricious profiles, which fix the attention on the other, independently of their peaks of ice and snow. The whole country from Geneva to Chamouni, seems a succession of vast basins, which I could not help supposing had been, or would be, lakes; for, in contemplating Switzerland, I feel that I behold nature teeming, as much with the future as the past. It is true, when I was at Lausanne, and looked on the Alps in their glory at a distance, that kind of feeling, experienced first at Interlaken, passed away, and they stood before me with the impress of eternity on them: the Scripture phrase, "eternal hills," seemed applicable,—but now, again I look on them as being full of alteration, as eternal only in change. This evening I began to read aloud Coleridge's Ode in the Valley of Chamouni; but I could not continue aloud, being stopped by a burst of tears, a tribute to the truth of the impressions it recalls; to its justness in seizing what really is most striking on the spot.

"Oh, dread and silent mount," he says—the silence was to me the most impressive of all things, when looking on

those hills of snow so far above the noises of man's life, Again, "The five wild torrents fiercely glad, with unceasing thunder and eternal foam, commanded by the Invisible to be silent, stiffened into rest," is precisely what the great glaciers between the vast mountains appear to be—and, "motionless torrents, silent cataracts," are truly applied. Then, "The living flowers that skirt the eternal frost, the wild goats sporting round the eagles' nests"—all this is accurate, for we saw a flock of goats cross a glacier; "The pine groves with their soft and soul-like sounds," is not less so; nor is the line, "Raising our heads with adoration, our looks slow travelling upwards with dim eyes suffused with tears." But, indeed, the whole of the ode is full of sublime remembrances to those who have seen Mont Blanc from Chamouni; I question whether it would have any other power than that of recalling Milton's morning hymn to those who had not—this, at least, I know was my own case before I had seen "that great hierarch, the dread ambassador from earth to heaven," for I had read the ode before. Do you think you shall read it now, dear Mother, with more interest, when thinking that I have seen the dread and lovely sights it attempts to embody? If so, it will only be in taking pleasure in my pleasure, for I have been far from describing well the stupendous vale.

I wish I could do better, but cannot, so Good-bye!

## GENEVA.

## LETTER XXXVI.

*Geneva, October 25, 183—.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

To continue in order, I must go back to the time before the fine weather left us, and when I have told you all it permitted me to see, I shall trouble you no more with sights and views, teasing you to admire with me, but shall speak of persons, not places. We had an excursion up the Jura, which was very delightful. The day was fine, and I do think there are few roads which can offer anything more beautiful than that by which we went. We kept by the lake, by Sécheron and Coppet, to Nyon, and passed many pleasing country-houses. Then we turned off to ascend the Jura, by an admirable road, which does credit to the Canton de Vaud. From its frequent turnings, we could only catch glimpses of the Alps on the other side of the lake; but the lake itself lay calm and beautiful beneath us, in all its length, reflecting every cloud of the various masses that floated over it, and added to its beauty; and long we traced the steam-boat, which we saw arrive and depart every day from our hotel. Then, the broad valley lying between the margin of the lake and the foot of the Jura, how lovely it was, in the rich and brilliant colours of autumn on its vineyards, late of so vivid a green! But the charm of the day's drive was the Jura itself, as rich and brilliant in the crimson, scarlet, yellow, and green, of its brushwood, relieved in many places by tall dark firs. From Geneva these mountains appear, as Byron terms it, "precipitously steep," with but slight undulations in their outline, and nowhere among them a peak, like

the *needles* of the Alps. It is only when we ascend them, that we find some sweeps—some green bays among them, which make them much more beautiful than when seen in the distance. The Rhine scenery has remained on my mind, as the most picturesque which I have beheld ; the Mourg, as the most Arcadian and cheering ; the Höllenthal, as the most startling and impressive ; the lake of the Four Cantons, as the most varied and sublime ; the lake of Thun, as the most novel and imposing ; the valley of the Grindelwald, as the most singular and striking ; the glaciers of Chamouni, as the most stupendous and awe-inspiring ; but, certainly, there is nothing which I have seen to which the epithets grand and beautiful, at the same time, may be more justly applied than to the view of the lake of Geneva, the country around it, the Alps opposite, and the mountains of Jura, as seen in making their ascent.

Our next excursion was to Ferney, and I never was at any spot where a man of genius resided which interested me so little. Voltaire was not a man after my heart at all. I hate Autocrats of every kind, and he was made one in literature so much by the French, that I quite rebel against him, and look upon him in no other light than a malignant, clever, useful liar. His ugly pictures, and ugly prints, in his ugly rooms, gave me no pleasure : nor did his garden, in which he walked while he composed, from the remembrance of him ; but it gave me much from the splendid view of Mont Blanc and the Alps, which it affords. The old man who shows the place is very amusing ; his father was gardener to Voltaire, and he pretends to most authentic anecdotes of the great man. He showed us a book of seals, taken from his letters, which were from all the celebrated people of Europe of that day, and many a scrap-book lover would be enchanted with such a possession ; under each seal, as it is pasted in, is some remark of Voltaire's, a character as laconic as possible of the writer of the letter, or rather *his* opinion of that writer—under Rousseau's, for instance, is "the madman of Geneva."

Of this Rousseau, I must tell you, that there is a little island in the lake, close to the town, which one can reach by a bridge, and which is called Jean Jacques' island. It is laid out in pretty walks around the statue of that same "madman," and is a favourite walk of ours. It is, certainly, a curious thing in Geneva, when one thinks of its people having banished him at one time; how would he have been amazed, if he could have known that he should be so honoured?

While the weather permitted, our favourite walk was along the banks of the Rhone, to its junction with the Arve. The waters of the former are so swift, so blue, and so transparent, that there is something fascinating in watching them; the latter is but a sluggish stream, where we saw it, shallow, and of a dull whitish colour, like many of the streams which flow from the glaciers, I am told. Our other walks are on the ramparts. These, as in many of the towns which we have visited, are made into an agreeable promenade, although they can still be made use of as a sure means of protection and defence. On a fine autumnal day, with a pleasant breeze, when the trees and the whole face of nature begin to wear the changeful appearance which tells of winter drawing near, the ramparts of this town are most beautiful, and from them magnificent views are to be had; I wish we could but have a walk on them together.

Since that cannot be, I leave all of views, to tell you of persons, as I promised. My first visit in Geneva was made at Chêne, the abode of real kindness, simplicity, refinement, and hospitality—better things of the heart than even the high intellect of its master. But I first saw Madame de Sismondi, and I have seen few persons who have taken my fancy more than she did; there is such freedom from pretension, such cordiality, such sterling excellence about her, that one cannot but love her. I asked for the great man, her husband, after we had conversed for some time, and she was so good as to take me up to his library, where he was at work on his present history. How soothing and cheering it

must be for a literary man, to have a companion like Madame de Sismondi, capable of understanding his works, and entering with heart into his honourable ambition, while she is, at the same time, so affectionate and gaily delightful in manner! I know not how it was that I had always pictured to myself M. de Sismondi a tall, refined, elegant-looking man; I think it must have been from always finding in those volumes of his works which had fallen in my way, an elevated tone of sentiment. Instead of what I had fancied, I found an elderly gentleman, not tall, not handsome, and very stout, altogether a figure, "with atlantean shoulders, fit to bear the load of mightiest monarchies" of historical erudition. His head is indicative of what the phrenologists call power—which is only saying, that it shows capacity. His eyes are fine, and most kindly in their expression, his whole countenance and manner exhibiting a simple sincerity, which I like more than anything else; for, so many writers have one mind for the public and another for themselves, that they disappoint lovers of truth sadly. While I sat, proof-sheets were brought in, and, soon after, I took my leave, thinking myself in duty bound not to intrude on time so valuable as his. He offered me his arm, and conveyed me to my *petite voiture*, with all the politeness possible. Since that, I have spent some evenings with them, in all which I have been still more and more pleased with M. de Sismondi's conversation, with his hospitality, and his unpretending manners; and still more did I admire his lady, and think his a happy fortune, to have met with such a woman.

On one occasion, before the advancing season had driven on to Italy, or back to England, the birds of passage of the season, I met there the well known writer, Miss Sedgwick, her brother, (a great invalid, with whom they are going to Italy, for the winter) his wife, and three nieces. Besides these, there were many other persons, literary and noble, English, Russian, and Genevese. I had heard Miss Sedgwick described by a *youth* who had met her, as *very elderly*, which, I suppose, she



appeared to him, as she was not a waltzing young lady, and was, therefore, quite at fault, when M. de Sismondi introduced me to a lady, not wearing any covering on her head ; I took it for granted, that she was one of the nieces Miss Sedgwicks, and that the sensible authoress was among the capped ladies, at the other side of the room. I conversed a little with her, but hearing nothing which could undeceive me in my misconception, I let the conversation with her slip into the hands of Mr. —, who came up behind us, and turned to a young Russian lady, on my other hand, with whom I conversed in French. Mr. Sedgwick has a fine countenance ; I am told, that his illness came on after some extraordinary exertions of his, for a client, for he is a lawyer ; and his sister is, undoubtedly, an interesting person, with traces of much sensibility in her face ; she is, in her manners, mild and unassuming. And how delightfully kind M. and Madame de Sismondi were, in their attention to their guests—so full of gaiety, and so unpretending. Yet, I did not think that he looked well, although he did not complain of illness—ten hours writing a day, of his kind of writing, in which so much research is necessary, must make heavy demands on his brain physically, as well as mentally ; but, I would fain trust, that he may long be spared to complete his great work on the history of France, and to make his kind, dear wife, happy. From some expressions which I have heard fall from her, she seems to dread looking forward, now that years are stealing on them both, and to dwell with delight on the past.

I have visited another Genevese family, who have lived much in England. They reside in the country, in a very agreeable neighbourhood. I had a most kind reception, and since I have spoken to you of one evening party, I must speak of another ; here, were more names, that belong to titles, than title-pages, yet, of course, they ought to be as interesting as the merely literary ones, but I could not perceive that they made any sensation among the Switzers. As for me, I talked a great deal with Mr. —, and finding

that he said nothing very good, and that he spoke with a mincing sort of brogue, and not knowing that he was of the noble house of —, that he had 10,000*l.* a-year, I talked to him as if he had been an Irish school-boy, for which, indeed, I took him, a sort of elderly scholar coming abroad to improve. "There is no art to find the mind's construction in the face," which is a great pity, when one has to do with traitors; but what is still more pitiable is, there is no art to find out kings and queens, lords and ladies, by the face. What a trickster Nature is, when she will deceive us so, by making us all alike! And we, also, aid her now, by having no art to find out great ones by dress, except it be on occasions when the crown is on the head, and the page holding up the train.

No more of that party, which you perceive was not very interesting, but of a visit to Miss —, in a boarding-school here. I was thinking of my own *pensions* in Paris, as I went, but oh, my heart died within me, at the idea of being even a month in that Genevese one! The narrow old street, the dark uncomfortable rooms; the little bedroom of poor Miss —; headaches and heartaches were all around the abode, and in its melancholy, struggling-looking mistress, with her twelve pupils. What a race governesses of schools are everywhere! nothing is of more importance in the education of young women, than that their teachers should be lively and happy, yet society places those teachers in such a position in all great towns, that they are either oppressed labourers for mere bread, or dictatorial creatures, obliged to assert their own dignity, by absurd pedantry, or starched formality. But this is foreign to my subject—yet, indeed, I don't know, for I cannot tell what is my subject, as I cannot tell you that I was able to serve Miss — in any way, and I know not what to tell you next. Since we have settled, we pass our time quietly, and read more than we have done for some months.

Here, in this distant land, I found among M.'s books,

Burns's Poems, the Scotch of which he could not at all understand, and I stole them to make a pet of. Dear shade of the poet! hear this—hear it in the highest place, in the peculiar heaven of poets, (for they are not surely allotted the dull heaven of other mortals); hear, that thy verse had power to cheer a fellow being, lonely amidst thousands of her fellow beings. Ah, no doubt, often has thy verse, bringing back all the joys of home to the wanderer, brought hope of happiness with the remembrance of it. If thy joy above can be increased, let it be so in the thought that thou, who wert poor in life, art in death rich in the power of doing good; for, to bestow an hour's happiness is ever to do good. But he not only made me happy, he made me good-humoured; with my German, French, and Italian books around me, I re-devoured him with the relish of an honest man sitting down to a Christian morsel of food, amidst Pagans, Turks, and cannibals. You laugh at me, and say that at home I should not have relished him so. Perhaps something of my delight, indeed, arose from the foreign place I was in. But yet, I do think there is, in a volume of his, more nature, and good-nature, more wit, satire, truth, and love, than a score of babbling Goethes and Rousseaus would stumble on in all their wordy tomes—and, no doubt, they made some good hits on those matters. He dipped the pencil with which he coloured only in the life-blood of man's heart; they, I cannot help thinking, got theirs clogged with the froth and scum which the seething of the passions in an artificial and corrupt state of society produces.

As we were leaving M. de Sismondi's one day, the carriage of a nobleman, connected with Prince Talleyrand, drove up. Talleyrand—the name led us into some curious discussions concerning that singular man; and, after Mrs. N.'s retrospections, I could not help reflecting on the half-dozen centuries of change which had been comprised in his long life, though it did not reach to one century. There is no more curious subject of speculation than the process of mind

changing, which has gone on with one who has witnessed, who has borne a part in, who has profited by, and who has caused so many revolutions, alterations of government, and changes of governors ; or, if such a process have not taken place, if the one stable principle of self-interest stood firm, amidst all the storms of states, through monarchy, anarchy, republic, empire, monarchy restored, revolution restored, and citizen king-ship, from the days of the young priest, down to those of the old prince ambassador, how curious to speculate on the amount of enjoyment the bishop-prince has drawn from life ! Place him beside an Oberlin, and bid them both tell the truth on this most important point—important, you will say, only to those who are in doubt, whether the “self-approving hour outweighs the stupid starers and the loud huzzas,” and you laugh at the idea of those two spirits summoned before my judgment-seat, to answer truly on the subject of the happiness which each had enjoyed in life. Perhaps, while the one would pour forth a hymn of gratitude to the Giver of life, the other would regard me with a silent sneer. If I could not convince him,

“ That the pleasure is as great  
Of being cheated, as to cheat ; ”

if I could not make him confess, like Solomon, that he had had no real satisfaction of all that he had done under the sun ; if he should declare that, although for Oberlin and my mother, there might be no delight in outwitting princes, patriots, generals, statesmen, political intriguers, emperors, kings, and citizen-kings, still for him there was delight in it, a solid happiness, which he was ready to put into the scale against Oberlin's, what should you think of such audacity ? That it is very probably what he would exhibit ; but you will say, that I should not degrade my pastor of the Ban des Roches, by asking him to put his felicity into the opposite scale. True, indeed ; so I must draw this letter to an end, telling you no more of our stay here, except that we like the town, and are pleased with those we know of its inhabitants.

Good-bye !



Invention, since the season shuts us in  
From Nature's face sublime!

*Artist.* Invention, fancy

Are not mine—The pencil must be idle now.

*Poet.*—Not so—for we have golden store of fancy

By our hand from which to draw—Look here, look here!

The page I ope at random—Ha! it is

Titania and her Oberon!—Now, hear

How she upbraids him—No!—thou shalt not hear!

I give thee but one line—

“*These are the forgeries of jealousy.*”

A vision trace for me of fairy life,

While thus Titania speaks. A royal train

Of sprites a gorgeous pageant makes, led up

On either hand by elfin majesty.

In indignation, queenlike, Titania must

Repel the injurious words of Oberon,

While he, half sullen and half mischievous,

Hears all the tide of eloquence which pours

From her sweet lips. Let knavish Puck, behind

His king, peep out at Peasblossom, but she,

And all Titania's gentle maids, could creep

Into the acorn cups to hide for fear

At this debate of their great king and queen.

*Artist.*—What follows if I sketch this picture for thee?

Shall we end there?

*Poet.* No! I must have more,

And many more—The next lines these—

“*And never since the middle summer's spring,*

*Met we on HILL, but with thy bravols thou hast*

*Disturbed our sport.*”—

Entreat some fairy, quick, to guide thy hand,

And let the scene spring up and live!—A scene

Of tall palms waving on an Indian steep,

By moonlight dim, above the scattered elves,

Whom angry Oberon's mad sprites have frightened—

Their pretty labours, hanging fairy favours,

Dew-drops, on flowers Titania's pensioners

All rudely end. Some flying cast a glance

On tender buds, which shrinking, drooping now,  
 They fondly meant to guard till sunrise came—  
 All lovely are the fearful, tiny nymphs,  
 Grim, wild, the goblins laughing at their harms.  
 Another picture rises with a word—

“*Met we on hill, in dale*”—She says—  
 Then let thy pencil paint an English dale,  
 Cool, shady, quiet, while the morning’s twilight  
 In the East first gleams. Some fairy ladies bend  
 The ear, as if they heard the morning lark,  
 While others form another round to dance  
 Before Titania; careless, none descry  
 Through quivering leaf of bush, or brake, though we  
 Behold them, the malicious eyes of Oberon’s  
 Array of elfin bands, all bent this sport  
 To spoil before the hour when they must trip,  
 The night’s shade following swiftly.—

This were well—

And then another comes.

“*Met we on hill, in dale, forest*”—  
 Now, give me here, the spangled, starlight sheen,  
 Even in the bosom of the forest deep—  
 Titania there, the lovely Indian boy  
 The cause of strife, shall tenderly caress—  
 The waxen thighs of bees, night tapers lighted  
 At the fiery glow-worm’s eyes, that wood’s recess  
 Illumine, while the child, her joy, she crowns  
 With flowers, culled from the heaps her fairies lay  
 Before her. Dim, silent, sweet, the scene of love  
 Capricious—soon to end—for on a branch,  
 I see wild Puck beside king Oberon—  
 I know him by his eye of roguish malice,  
 Yet changed his form to monstrous and abhorrent,  
 He only waits the bidding, when to fall  
 Amidst the group, with hideous din, and scare  
 Them thence.

That were a picture, pleasing, quaint—

Yet comes another still, as quick as thought—

“*Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead*”—

A mead in which, but for the circle wide,  
 The fairy ring, where short, and thick, and soft  
 As velvet is the turf, the elves would all  
 Be hid in the brown meadow's wavy riches.  
 The queen has ta'en her state ; and there her court  
 So bright, so joyous sit around ; the moon,  
 In summer splendour, smiles upon them while  
 They gossip of strange freaks they play us mortals.  
 They laugh and jest, and lost in merriment,  
 See not, upon the meadow's verge, the approach  
 Of Oberon and his long train, in pomp  
 Of war, with spear and banner high displayed—  
 They will disturb the modest revelry.—  
 And now the picture of the paved fountain—  
 “ *Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,*  
*By PAVED FOUNTAIN.*”

They try another land—fair Greece !—there 'neath  
 A broken arch where crystal waters flow  
 O'er varied pebbles, eddy round carved relics  
 Of a fane, the elves disport ; that stream their bath,  
 That fount neglected, was devoutly drunk  
 By votaries of some olden deity.  
 Titania first had plunged in the pure wave,  
 For now, some braid her dewy hair, or bring  
 The dainty sandal, and the royal mantle,  
 Whilst others in the cooling waters play—  
 But see, above a massy frieze o'erthrown,  
 Where monstrous sculptured centaurs paw the ground,  
 The jewelled crown of Oberon is seen,  
 And many scores of mischief-boding eyes !—  
 Titania, ere the braids of thy long hair  
 Are plaited, thou must flee !—

And now, the brook !—

“ *Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,*  
*By paved fountain, or by RUSHY BROOK*” —  
 From moonlight sparkling on the fount, we change  
 To dimmest eve, when fairies first steal out—  
 No ancient sculpture here, but herons stalk  
 Among tall reeds, high reaching o'er the heads





Nay, if thou lovest me, try !—

*“ Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,  
As in revenge have suck’d up from the sea  
Contagious fogs.”—*

Now, let the gathering clouds, dense, labouring, tell  
The woes which they prepare for men—let one  
A traveller, on a heath, alone, aghast,  
Look on the assembling of the powers of Heaven,  
Prophetic of their near descent on earth,  
Destruction bringing—While he sees the play  
Of forked lightnings, lists the roar of thunder,  
Distant yet—shrill wailings of the winds around,  
Like voices from his home, delay upbraiding,  
Pierce his heart—Thus, anxious, scared, he stands—

But see,

Shrewd Puck, peeps from a cleft ! his thought is, how  
He shall make merry at the tempest’s worst  
Misleading the night wanderer, perplex’d.

It follows thus :—

*“ Have suck’d up from the sea,  
Contagious fogs, which, falling on the land,  
Have every pelting river made so proud,  
That they have overborne their continents.”*

Now over Attica, the realm of Theseus,  
The favour’d of Titania, rolls the deluge  
Of the streams—the rack flies o’er the heavens,  
And half unveils the lurid moon, to light  
A scene of desolation—children clinging  
To their mothers’ knees, while men in wild affright  
Look round for aid, or eager turn to where  
The hoary priest in earnest, trembling prayer,  
Grasping the altars of the Gods, implores  
Their help—Dark Oberon and fair Titania,  
From the clouds look on : all sullen he ; but she,  
Like one of mortal mould, weeps piteously  
For human wretchedness.

Then next—

*“ The ox hath therefore stretch’d his yoke in vain,  
The ploughman lost his sweat and the green corn*

*Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard."*

The storm and deluge past have left a scene  
More sad—the dank and slimy earth, its gifts  
To man refusing ; vainly the oxen labour,  
And vainly from his brow their master wipes  
The sweat-drops, toiling on, and from his eyes  
The tear-drops, as he raises them in prayer  
Beholding all his toil without reward—  
Painful, the hopeless aspect of the land !  
What touching deprecation in his eyes !—  
The very elves, from this, have turned away,  
From ill, alone, by their dissension made !  
Another picture still.

*" The fold stands empty on the drowned field,  
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock."*

The gathering shepherds crowd around their flocks—  
Their meagre flocks, or look with maddening eye  
On clouds of carrion birds, descending dark,  
For now to them a worthless prey is left,  
That which was once so valued—one, I see,  
Who counsel gives ! with savage discontent  
They hear, or with despairing carelessness.—  
Too grievous are these shows of pastoral ill,  
Which fancy shapes from words so few !—  
Yet more, more pictures of the mazed world :—

*" The nine men's morris is filled up with mud,  
And the quaint mazes on the wanton green,  
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable."*—

I see the village green at lowering sunset,  
And youths and maidens with no looks of joy,  
As making ready for the dance—one tries  
Again to trace the lines which marked the spot  
Of the old morris game : unheeded he ;  
They rather bend the ear to grandsire, who  
Of wrath, and storms, and plagues, and famine, tells—  
Remembrances which the distemperature  
Of the sad world calls up ! They spread abroad  
Their hands towards trackless fields, once to their foot  
Familiar, yet bewildered in them now

Long might they roam !—

Another touching peasant scene :—

*“ The human mortals want their winter here,  
No night is now with hymn or carol blest.”*

A crowd around a temple throng—and yet,  
Without the gracious joy which hails return  
Of sacred festival. See where the priest  
Not grateful takes the slender offering,  
Whilst he who gives regardless seems, like one  
Convinced that god and goddess have to woe  
Abandoned him ! Now men have ceased or priest  
Or sacred symbol to revere, or towards  
The heavens to look. But still with timid eye  
The mother and the child to altars turn,  
Or to the dusky moon, which palely glares  
As if to tell of further misery !—

*Artist.* But this ends not !—each line a subject gives.

*Poet.* Well then I must have done. Hear but the last  
Which hath more tricks of strong imagination,  
Diviner fantasies than reason comprehends !

*“ Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
And thorough this distemperature, we see  
The seasons alter ; hoary-headed frosts  
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,  
And on old Hyem’s chin, and icy crown,  
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds,  
Is as in mockery set. The Spring, the Summer,  
The chilling Autumn, angry Winter, change  
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,  
By their increase, now knows not which is which ;  
And this same progeny of evils comes  
From our debate, from our dissension ;  
We are their parents and originals.”*

Thus ends the eloquent Titania—

And thou must be an Ariel to fix

Upon thy leaf these images. Depict,

With brows of strange confusion, human mortals !

And let them gaze on brightest flowers, which spring

Amidst the snows of Winter ! Autumn's wealth,  
 Beneath the sickle falls, whilst the green corn  
 Just shoots above the ground ; here, lordly trees  
 Spread wide their naked arms, which tell of winds  
 Disleafing them ; there others, thick with foliage,  
 Speak of Summer's zephyrs. Puck and merry elves  
 Twine chaplets, of soft swelling buds, around  
 The neck and head of sad-browed age, whose beard  
 Waves o'er the many-tinted flowers. And, see ;  
 Fantastic shapes of snow, to the warm touch  
 Of infancy, they bring, which fearful looks—  
 High, overhead, her car upborne by moths  
 Soft, velvet-winged, Titania looks upon  
 The scene with thoughtful eyes ; and Oberon,  
 All scornful, pitiless of the world's madness,  
 Whirls through the air, a shardborne monster reining.  
 This drawn, I shall allow thee to have done—  
 And then once more I 'll of my challenge speak ;  
 Thou wilt have been my second, for 'tis this—  
 I challenge all the world with all its tongues,  
 To bring, in any one of them, a score  
 Of lines like those which to thy pencil good  
 Have subjects given !—no ! no !—There is no tongue  
 But ours, that has been wrought, in such small space,  
 To eloquence so full of images,  
 Which breathe, and live, and move !—how musical,  
 Yet varied, vigorous, and sweet its flow !—  
 Where fancy find, thus to give birth to fancy,  
 Make, of imagination all compact,  
 The artist, like the poet ?

*Artist.* Yes, this is well—

I'll try to aid thee in't.

*Poet.* Well, then ! I'll write

My challenge in a martial hand—for we  
 Have better cause than e'er had knight to boast  
 His lady-love, our island's magic lord  
 Of poesy to boast !

And so ends my *jeu d'esprit*—but, indeed, it was rather a *jeu de cœur*, for the whole thing came involuntarily, spontaneously, on a renewal of my oft-repeated delight in “The Midsummer Night’s Dream.”

But instead of this poetising, you think I ought to be reading, perhaps. Well, my reading in German has gone on pretty well. First, Krummacher’s Parables, which are very pretty; then, that which used to be such a favourite with me in its English dress in my childhood, “The Death of Abel,”—and so, from easy things, I got on to Schiller, and now I have Goethe in hand; but only his old Werter as yet. But speaking of “The Death of Abel,” I did not find it of perennial interest, like some of my old child’s books. It led me now only to think that its author was an amiable man. The first murder is certainly a fine subject for the poet, yet it presents many difficulties; and not only our habits of thought, but our very expressions, bring associations opposed to the simplicity and loneliness of the first family; even a description of Cain’s passions must present combinations only felt in a more advanced state of society. I grow critical—do not imitate me—do not criticise my Shakspeare *morceau*, and good bye!

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#### LETTER XXXVIII.

*Geneva, December 22, 183—.*

You are right, my dear Mother, in saying that I have omitted the *life* of the scenes I have described to you, and that I might have made them more entertaining by sketching a few “human mortals” moving and speaking in them. I am now going to make up for my deficiency, for I have a clear recollection of much that gave me a momentary amusement, at the time I was experiencing pleasure too great to be called amusement; and, of course, I naturally only

spoke to you of the great pleasure: now you shall have the little one. But, first, let me speak to you on the subject of English travellers.

I have now seen a great deal of what I may call *table d'hôte* life, which is (as you know, those who stay at hotels on the Continent have not in general, private lonely *feeds* as in England,) travellers' life. In all our hotels and *pensions*, or boarding-houses, we have met with English; in most of them, the people of other countries have been in proportion of one in ten. Now, what is the opinion I have to give you after this?—Simply, that the most respectable English are to be found at home.—I do not mean by this that we have met at any time with persons of bad character, in the usual acceptation of that phrase; but I do mean that persons of respectable establishments and respectable connexions, will not so probably be found among travellers as the opposite. And, indeed, not only do the most respectable persons stay at home, the most sensible and intelligent do so also,—to whom I may add, I think, the most witty. For, of all persons who live abroad, the leaden sceptre of dulness seems to hold sway, with more than usual heaviness, over that middle class of English, who seem made for the occupations of commerce or for the struggles of politics, and their wives for the duties of home, and for works of charity—these, all desert their right calling when they become heartless rambles, or seek to become Parisians or Neapolitans, without any power of assuming their graceful ease and gaiety. I have seen so many of such persons *en route*, that I have sometimes been on the point of declaring, the lawgiver would not be wrong who should ordain that every man should remain in the country in which he was born, and fulfil to the best of his power the duties of the station in which he was born, instead of *stulking* away from the one, and *shirking* the others. The Americans of the United States seem bitten by our mania of running from home, and parade their folly and prejudices very satisfactorily as far

east as they can. You will say that, after this, I deserve a rebuke, and that I have only found out that my love of rambling was neither a proof of good sense nor of enlarged intellect. True—but I must go yet farther, and say, that (although among our travellers there are many honourable exceptions,) the stupidity and ignorance, the folly and impertinence, the determination not to be instructed, which visit every part of Europe, as British subjects, are rather humiliating when one is abroad.

Can the question then be answered, what impels the English to travel so much, since it is not those enlarged views and that honourable curiosity which are to be commended? I am inclined to think that it is a general feeling of discontent which makes them restless; a feeling, arising from bad education, and the false position in which men are placed with regard to each other, by the unequal distribution of wealth, and the more unequal and unjust distribution of respect at home. The ignorant frivolous noble travels from *ennui*, or for fashion—the ignorant rich man, who cannot be distinguished among persons as rich and purse-proud as himself, travels to be so—the well-born, who are not rich, travel, because it is cheaper than living among their fine friends—the ruined spendthrift travels, because he must—the unruined, because he may: and these, with many others, all bring with them as great a luggage of pride as they can conveniently drag about, and exhibit it on every occasion. But to leave these generalities, I shall tell you that I had one day beside me at Geneva a well dressed person, who knew Italy, France, Germany, and Switzerland, like his glove, and who talked in this way in reply to something I had said in favour of an Italian at table,—“I does not despise foreigners—I does not despise anybody—there is among them clever men, men of penetrating minds; but I can’t say as I like any of the foreigners on the Continent, they are all treacherous.”

“Oh, the Swiss are not so, surely?”



"Oh Lord, Ma'am! the Swiss! why, they are just as stupid as their mountains is high."

Yet this man's heart was in the right place, for he declared, with enthusiasm, that he would not for a thousand pounds (which, of course, was his only way of showing how he valued anything) have missed the sight of a certain pass in the Alps, by which he went once into Italy, and he spoke in general of the scenery of Switzerland as if he had a true relish for it.

On another occasion, I had for a neighbour a reverend gentleman of the church of England; of course, I had no bad grammar from him, but I much doubt whether, under his sombre gravity, there was "the heart in the right place" of my less learned friend. I asked him whether, in rambling among the mountains, he went into the cottages of the people and tried to learn something of their habits, adding, that, for my part, I felt grieved to know only the exterior of a country. He replied that, not being acquainted with the language of the people, he made no acquaintance with them. "Indeed," said he, "it is very difficult, in travelling, to become acquainted with a people; as in France one language is necessary, in Italy another, and in Germany another." There was no denying that such was really the case, and so our conversation ended with this profound truism.

Again, we were much entertained by the movements of four young men, apparently law-students, whom we met at different times, their route being partly like our own. One day I found but one of them at table, and inquired for his friends; he answered thus—"The day before yesterday they walked twenty miles; yesterday, thirty; and to-day, for a wager of some bottles of champagne, they are to walk forty miles: I had had quite enough of such walking, and declined going with them."

"Indeed, I think you are right; I envy gentlemen their powers of walking, but not merely that I should be able to

boast of having gone over so much ground in a day. But you have been out to-day, though not with your friends?"

"No, I have remained in my room."

"Have you something interesting to read concerning the countries you are going to visit, for I think you told me you propose to make a long tour?"

"No, we have a guide-book—I have been reading the Oxford tracts this morning."

"Indeed! That must be very dull work."

"Yes, but I mean to go through with them."

I could not help thinking he had better have kept them for his College or wet Sundays at home, and have allowed the great college of nature, and truth, and the world, to give him a lesson.

But I must leave hotel scenes, and transport you to a steam-boat on the lake of Lucerne, in which might have been found a whole comedy. Here are characters—Lord and Lady —, their chaplain, maid, and two dogs. A fat French Count and Countess, with their man, and one dog—and, oh, the rapturous discourse which made miladi's mouth open (a mouth which opened on no other subject) about the dogs, and the purity of their race! Then, the unbounded admiration of the French dame, and the hopes of meeting again in Paris, all for the dogs' sakes. The chaplain happened once or twice to address me, and I, in return, asked him the names of places around, but he seemed, very unlike me, extremely undecided as to the terms in which William Tell and his friends should be spoken of. He hemmed and hummed a great deal at the field of Grütli, for the Irish Tory Lord was within hearing, and said, that "they met there, not exactly to free their country—Ahem!—but—ha!—to take—ahem! a kind of measures to defend themselves." I had a sort of idea from Schiller's sublime scene at Grütli, that a kind of measures had been taken, and felt too indignant to continue the conversation.

I turn, therefore, to two brothers, the very reverse of the

Cheerybles in appearance ; elderly men, so thin, that one declared his brother was considered to be the thinnest man who ever lived to be in health ; and I quite expected him to end with that he himself was thinner, thinking of "beyond the lowest deep a lower still." With one of them a gentleman got into talk on English politics ; and while I was thinking only of Tell, who had no notion of politics at all, and of the confederates of Grütli, and "the measures they took" (I thank thee, chaplain, for the word), I was doomed to hear occasional snatches of a most lengthy account of the measures taken at Norwich to return Mr. Scarlett (now Lord Abinger), whose name I could see no good reason for coupling with Tell's.

Ay, but worse than two elderly men looking into each other's faces instead of looking around, and talking of English chicanery instead of being silent, were four young men, who filled up their time with cards, and bets, and tee-totum ! One of them had the grace to look around once, and say, "Pretty scenery, this !" quite patronisingly. I cannot think of them with patience, nor of a loud-talking American, full of *oy* and *moy*,—"Oy saw, and moy wife saw." He made all in the boat hear that he had been on the top of the Righi, which, when I heard, I said I was sure he would say he had seen something better in "our country." I was right, for he ended his account of what he had seen by saying, that the view from the Catskill was finer, only it wanted the lakes. "But what about the lakes," said his wife ; "when you are up there, they are just like so many soup-plates, one here, and another there !"

Enough of that. Let me speak of ladies, since I have introduced one American ; these were English, and this their talk :

"Very pretty, indeed !"—"Tell's chapel."—"Ah !"—"We have seen several of Tell's chapels."—"Yes ; did he build them all himself ?"—"Oh dear, no ! I think not !"—"Did he build them all himself, Ma'am ?"—"Not at all ; they were built since, in his honour."—"Oh, yes, I under-

stand !"—“ They are in honour of him, and of the Virgin.” —“ The Virgin ? Then, he was not a dissenter ; they are not dissenting chapels ? ”—“ Certainly not.”—But I mutter to myself, “ he was the strongest and best of dissenters.”

Well, but we had not all nonsense, all the time. A party entered the steam-boat, on our return, for Lucerne, who had just crossed the St. Gothard, from Italy, and one of the gentlemen entered into conversation with us, and we found that he was on his return from the East and from Egypt, and extremely entertaining. He had seen the Sultan, a short time before his death ; Lady Hester Stanhope, also, before she was called away ; and Mahomet Ali, who yet remains sturdily on the scene. Of him he disappointed me, by speaking altogether unfavourably, and condemning his management of Egypt, in every point. I did not like, also, to hear some persons ridicule Lady Hester for her superstition, pride, insanity in fact, the last never a subject for ridicule. I have no doubt but that the day will come when more justice will be done her character. Whatever vanity or disappointment may have had to do in her first retirement from the world, I cannot but give her credit for some great qualities of mind, to have been able to live so long in the solitude of the desert. Vanity may cause the first step in a long and painful journey, but mere vanity will turn back ; there must be something deeper and better, to make us persevere to the end, to make us endure all that has been attendant on it.

Thus, you see, we had not always in our steamers stupidly proud, or laughably silly persons ; indeed, I remember once having a party of many most agreeable persons in a steam-boat since we have been in Switzerland—Germans, French, English, Irish. Of these last, we have met a great many *en route*, even from our first steam voyage from Dover, to our last on the lake of Geneva. . We have been surprised at this, for one is inclined to think travelling too expensive an amusement, for a people who are perpetually *boasting* of their poverty. In all our hotels, we have met them, as well as in

our steam voyages. You know that the hotels on the Continent have their rooms always *en suite*, so that one can never have a room with only one door ; if it have only two, it is fortunate, by one of which, you can have entrance and egress for yourself, while you keep the other fast locked. In rooms of this kind I have always caught many phrases when my neighbours were Irish, seldom any when they were English, and never have I heard the sound of a Scotch voice. Once my ears were invaded by the voices of two couples at a social tea-table ; apparently they were both newly married, for there was a great deal of " Ah dear !" and " Now, darling !" to be heard.

At another time it is two Irish lads, who are the tenants of a room next to mine, not for one night, but for many nights. I hear them at all hours, except in the very " deep of night," when fortunately they go to sleep, and permit me to do so. They whistle all kinds of Irish tunes and jigs, try to play them most vilely on a pandean pipe, then sing them in a horrid voice, and lastly, chat in the shrillest of brogues : they whistled, I am sure, after they were in their beds at night, and before they got up in the morning. To say the truth, this whistling and singing of " the boys " was not an unfavourable symptom for their consciences, however little it said for their brains ; and I do think that more may be said for the consciences than the brains of all Irishmen. The want, however, in that upper region, does too often lead to consequences which leave a weight on the conscience, just as too much brain and over-calculation do in the case of the English ; they doing wrong upon principle and with profound cause, as the Irish do from no cause at all.

These lads were the pupils of an Irish clergyman, with whom, no doubt, they were making a grand tour of much improvement, although they did not seem to obtain much attention from their tutor. Him we heard preach more than once. Wherever we found a sufficient number of English settled (if they were but settlers for the summer months) to

form a congregation, there we found an Irish preacher, of that "King Cambyzes vein" of rant which has issued from "the Isle of Saints." Still were we doomed to hear, the usual emphatic absurdities, the sound and fury signifying nothing, and the Irish brogue.

When we came first to Geneva, there was an English bishop staying here. Shade of Calvin ! Did I, who have seen gowns of the Geneva cut, until I have been a-weary of them when not in Geneva, expect there to see lawn sleeves in a pulpit ? I heard on the following Sunday a sermon *even worse* than any bishop's I have ever heard, and that is really worse than a great many. There was but a small congregation, and when, on that occasion, I first entered the dull church of the Hospital, where the English assemble here, the heavy atmosphere which pervaded it brought back a strange, strong feeling of my early days of church-going weariness at school. But when the prayers began, they touched me, soothed me, and were dear to me, from old associations, independently of what I find excellent in them, at all times. Although there appeared then to be little that was happy in those days of my youth, still they were days of youth, and in that alone, now, when I recal them, there seems to have been happiness. How delightful it must be to those who have passed a truly happy youth, to hear in after years, and in a foreign land, the same prayers they had heard then ! Certainly, if feeling alone were to decide the matter, it would speak strongly against Calvin, and all dissenters, and for a form of prayer. But, for my part, judgment is in favour of an established form ; for, just as much as the dull, or, otherwise vapid discourses I have heard in the church after prayers, have been disagreeable and unimproving to me, so much were the very trite and uninspiring prayers I have heard in dissenting chapels. How far the common consent of mankind from time immemorial, in favour of a form of worship and prayer always the same, always repeated, may be taken in evidence of right, on the side of pagans, jews, catholics,

and the church of England, and against dissenters, is a puzzling question, which nothing that I have learned in the town of the great and famous dissenter, Calvin, enables me to answer.

So, good bye !

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### LETTER XXXIX.

*Geneva, January 19, 183—.*

THERE seems to me something absurd in thinking of addressing you on the first month of the year with the wishes, which I should think it wrong to omit in writing to a common correspondent ; to express them to you would seem to imply that there might be some day in the year when they could be absent from my heart—a thing impossible. You know that our excellent friend, Mrs. —, thinks that the English err in the very intimate relations of life in not giving more copious and *polite* expression, as the French do, to sentiments of affection ; I do indeed believe, that many persons in England never know how much they love one another, from this refined fear of saying the word too much, which might make the feeling be suspected of being less ; yet, with all this, I cannot act upon her opinion, and I shrink, in everything connected with real affection, from the slightest approach to turning a compliment—I am always of Sir Walter Raleigh's mind,

“ Silence in love doth show more depth  
Than words tho' e'er so witty,  
A beggar who is dumb, you know,  
Must challenge double pity.”

So, indeed, I must be dumb on all I wish for you : it would be little if I could tell it all.

But I turn to your letter. You may think yourself like the French lady, who said it was very odd that she never found any one but herself who was always right ; for you are

right again in what you say—that I have not yet given the life to my scenes which should belong to them—I have given the passing, not the stationary, life ; the traveller, not the inhabitant. It is difficult for me to gratify you in this way, in such passages from place to place, as ours have been, but still I looked at all kinds of the “human mortal” that I could, both foreign and domestic, and must tell you the little that I can.

We have seen much to admire in the apparent simplicity and honesty of the peasantry, with whom we have occasionally conversed ; and much, very much, in the good-natured good-breeding, I might almost call it courtesy of their manners, if that were not a word which seems to belong to towns and courts. Looking once for the post-office, in a village, I inquired of a stout-looking peasant for it. “*Permettez-moi, madame ?*” said he, taking off his hat, and gently taking the letter by one corner from my fingers, he stepped across the street, and dropped it in the letter-box. Admiring, in a country walk, the trailing brilliantly green festoons of the wild hop, a woman came forward, plucked a long wreath of it, which she offered me with kindly smiles. Such graceful little acts as these are not the exceptions in manners : the careless “I don’t know,” or the rude stare, with a “There it is,” when I asked where the post-office was, would have been the exception ; as would have been the cringing look, in offering the wild plant, telling that it was done “for a consideration.” At the same time, that detestable English habit of not taking anything from the poorer classes without paying for it, as if the reciprocities of polite expressions, favours, and gifts, common among equals, were not to be for them—that they should always be in the inferior grade of sellers, and under obligations ; that which has rendered the poor rude in England, has raised up some mercenary feelings among a few of the Swiss, who have found it out, and the money ostentation of our travellers.

I must also praise the industry of the Swiss ; even boys



soon learn the beautiful wood-carving, of which so many specimens are to be seen, on vases of the most graceful forms, antique and modern, and on other ornamental articles ; and the painting on wood, also, of the young women, as well as men, is very pretty. These things I gladly purchased—they gave me pleasing thoughts of the peasant in his hut, with his family at work, when in winter it was impossible to be out of doors, amid the sublime and terrific scenes of his valley. But no such pleasant thoughts can attend what is purchased in the *horrid* places of temptation, with which this so moral and religious Geneva abounds—the jewellers' shops. What is bought there can only call up scenes of dingy garrets, and squalid workmen in towns. Alas ! are not the English known here by something worse than mere folly ? What patrons they are of these Genevese jewellers, while honest workmen are pining in their own land ! But their superfluous is not for them.

Speaking of the wood-carver in his winter hut, I must relate to you an anecdote, told me by a gentleman, which pleased me very much. This gentleman happened to be on the pass of the Grimsal, on the day of a terrific storm, which closed up, by its effects, all the passes into Italy, except that by Mont Cenis. On this pass of the Grimsal, there is a house ; at that time there was a Swiss family in it, and several travellers had sought its shelter from the storm. It was Sunday ; they had a religious service performed in German, and, afterwards he had a great deal of talk with the people of the house, more particularly with one young man. He learned from him, that during six months of the year, he lived in that house quite alone, with no other companions than his dogs, occupying himself in wood-carving. He is about twenty-six years of age, unmarried, and cannot read. On being asked if he were happy when left thus alone, he replied, perfectly so, he liked the life he led very much. This surprised me, until I learned that he was able, with his dogs, to save the lives of nearly one hundred

persons every winter ; I could not then wonder, that he was happy without relatives, without society, without books. But you are not to suppose he is a simple philanthropist who has placed himself there ; these houses of refuge, on the passes so dangerous in winter, are appointed places, and are kept up by funds ; the persons who dare the perils of that season are, in general, smugglers and Italian pedlars. But how the house is kept up, or who are the persons saved, has nothing to do with the fortitude or self-reliance of its lonely tenant.—I am wrong in saying self-reliance, such a person must have a much higher reliance. He appeared to the gentleman to be full of superstition, and, in giving an account of a terrible avalanche which had fallen the preceding year, asserted, that he had heard a supernatural voice before it fell. For four days it snowed incessantly, he said, and when he first took out his dog, it showed symptoms of fear ; at last it would not go out at all ; so when he had the third time heard the low voice, which said, “ Go into the inner room,” he went in, and knelt down to pray. While he was praying, the avalanche fell, and in a moment every place, except the one little room where he was, was filled with snow. He firmly attributed to his prayers this exception—and why might it not be so ? Answer not, ye who suppose a world can only be governed by such laws as ye can comprehend ! In the course of a day, the poor fellow dug his way out.—Long may he live to be happy ! He found, on descending to the valley, that every one had given him up for lost.

It is not only the snow-storm which brings ruin in this land ; rain, in the beginning of winter, is sometimes as fatal. I grieved to hear, a few weeks after we left Lucerne, that the fine country, which we had seen blooming like a garden from Fluelen to Altorf, was laid waste by the Reuss, which seemed, when we saw it, but a poor stream. The mountains there are so perpendicular, and the narrow piece of land between them so level, that it must be peculiarly liable to be

quickly flooded. Indeed, the very nature of their country must make the Swiss industrious, if they were not disposed to be so, there being always so much to repair after every change of season. We may, sometimes, meet with an individual possessing industry, yet, with few other recommendable qualities; it is, however, scarcely ever a national characteristic, without being attended by many more good ones. I have heard much that is favourable of the Swiss, although it is too much the habit of English travellers to speak against them; and, indeed, let us, as we have always done, look for greatness among nations more disposed to conquest, to poetry, or to the arts; it is here, I am convinced, that we shall find the foundation of a character solidly good. The obstinate courage with which they began the work of establishing their liberties, and persevered in their maintenance—however, it may be said, to have in it something of mere barbarian pugnacity, is yet an excellent basis of national character; it is almost a guarantee for truth, and honesty, and industry; courage being essential to all these qualities. In these, the Swiss resemble the English; but with more real love of country, they have not the boasting, ostentatious pride of it, which the English have. If they resemble the Scotch, they must have some of the economical qualities of the French, whom I have always thought to resemble the Scotch, in attention to worldly concerns, in keeping well with the world, if possible; in saving money in every rank of life. No character can be so completely the reverse of the Swiss, as the Irish, who want so much that dogged fortitude, which men must have, if they would establish and maintain their independence. Madame de L. laughed at my *un-British* impartiality, in speaking in this way; but thought it natural enough when she learned that I was "*des trois nations*." I assure you, it was far from my nature when I first came abroad, being then vehemently English.

You are not to suppose that I have taken up my opinions

about the Swiss from occasional gleanings by the eye and ear, as I went along. I got a history of Switzerland to read, since I have been here ; not, indeed, so extended a history as I should like on such a subject, yet it still helped me a little. At first, I did not like it much—it seemed to me nothing better than war after war of tribes of red Indians. It improved towards the last, yet still was but a detail of battles, year after year, of the people against the nobles ; this can only interest when the characters of individual leaders are portrayed—it does not do so in masses. However, I was glad to have, even from that history, a reason for the faith that was in me respecting the obstinate prowess of the Swiss, and their honest love of independence. And, had I wanted anything to confirm me in the love of freedom which, untaught by any one, has become an essential portion of my mind, I should have found it in my Swiss book, and my Swiss journey. Not that there is here a more advanced social state than in any other country of Europe, nor a greater progress in science, the arts, and education ; but there is what is a hundred-fold better—there is a general diffusion of *substantial* happiness, so to speak. After all, is it not disheartening to look over the map of Europe, and behold only this one spot on which liberty is to be found ? And what, though it was brought forth amidst the contests of barbarian hordes, and baptised, re-baptised, and baptised again on battle-fields reeking with blood, *it is* liberty ; and if the Swiss be but true to themselves, and permit this child of theirs to grow to its full stature, it may become a guide to the nations ! Yet, disheartening as it is, to see but one free land, it is more so to reflect that ages must roll on before others can be free ; for, the more we know of the state of Europe, it becomes the more evident that the chains which have been centuries in forming, it will take centuries to break effectually. Look at Germany, bound down by emperor, king, prince, duke, and noble of every kind, each bond so weak in itself, yet all so impossible to rend ! Look at Russia,

where the barbaric forms of the undisguised despotisms of the East are adding to themselves the astuteness of modern tyrannies. Look at England, where the despotism of castes, a social despotism exists, of even a worse sort than that of a tyrannical monarch ; and in France, where the contending elements of social corruption raised so terrific a storm, there is little hope of the speedy establishment of liberty. Let the Swiss bless their mountains, crags, and torrents, which, making their men hardy in body, made them incapable of being trodden into slaves ; made them able to renew the battle from year to year, from age to age, until all has been gained ! and, now, let them dread the love of gain ; they could be courageous and virtuous, being poor ; I distrust them if they shall become rich ! Here is declamation enough, you will say ; but I know you hope with me, that now that they have gained all they desired, they will proceed in the march of improvement. They have bought their freedom by six hundred years of contest and bloodshed, (not too high a price for what is of immortal worth,) and now they have to do something more difficult than what they have done, they have to use their freedom wisely. They have to make it the guide, the aid, to piety, humanity, liberality, knowledge ; if wealth—if power, be what it inspire them to seek, their freedom will slide from their hold, when the nations now so far behind them have attained it.

Pardon me, dear Mother, for running on thus ; but you must have all my mind, or none of it. All this, that I have been talking about, does not concern you or me—it is only man's business to be free, and woman's to be a useful sort of slave following him ; if she try to get on a line with him, a cuff awaits her. Liberty, then, not being a thing of *humanity*, for that would take *us* in, let it be called *man-manity*, and I shall return to my *womanity*—to dress. I cannot say I admire the dress of the Swiss women ; it looks well in a picture, but there is a want of comfort in the reality, to which I cannot reconcile myself. Old women, with their

gray shaggy hair drawn together, and plaited in a tail down the back, wearing no cap, look painfully ugly, I assure you. The broad-brimmed straw hat one can like, it looks so useful; but the little hat into which no head could enter, pinned pertly on one side of the head, looks quite contemptible, except on very pretty girls, and such seem scarce. The butterfly-shaped, black gauze cap, and all the other kinds of black caps of lace, and different materials, for women who work in the fields, I dislike—there is nothing so neat as a close white cap. I should like, certainly, to have seen one of the annual assemblages of the Swiss, from the whole of the cantons, for trials of skill in wrestling, and shooting at a mark, and other exercises; at such times, all that is picturesque in the costume must be delightfully seen, for the women accompany the men to these scenes. I am inclined to say, from what I have seen, that in Germany and Switzerland, the peasant women are inferior to the men, while in England, without question, they are superior.

As I told you we met at our *tables d'hôte* with some amusing specimens of English manners, I must not leave you to suppose that what was foreign never gave us the luxury of a smile also. One of our first, and most laughable oddities, was a German baron, the most pragmatistical and self-conceited of men. Besides Baron, he wrote himself also Lieutenant-Colonel. His hatred of the French was most entire, and on all occasions loudly expressed; he had been, not with his own consent, for some time in France, and I can readily imagine, that his absurd pretension must have made him too amusing a bore, for him to have escaped smarting under Parisian wit. He travels with two carriages, one filled with his books, on each of which he has written, in full, his titles, military rank, date of beginning to read, place, where, and date of finishing.—Poor man! one ought to praise his taste for reading, as he went into the army at fifteen, and is now trying to repair his want of education, by picking up all the scraps of learning he can; and so I

should have done; but for his prejudices and pretensions,—his braggadocio talk,—his reputation of having shot more than one man in duels, and for his hardened *bronzeness* of visage.

Our other oddity, and *bête noire* like the last, was a Dutchman, and in everything a grade higher than the other,—a Count, and a Lieutenant-General, as I was told (when I could not help giving symptoms of thinking him as tedious as Dogberry,) by a very fine and affected English physician, with great emphasis, to impress me with a sense of my great impropriety. He listened to him with an attention truly commendable, but to me very astonishing, and when I hinted that I did not find him at all less tedious, because he was a Count and Lieutenant-General, nothing could exceed the moustached gentleman's amazement. The old Dutchman travelled with more books, and maps, and albums, than the German, which was all fair, as he was of a higher grade; also, that he should talk more learnedly, and, being extremely deaf, in addition to the privilege of rank, much more loudly. He has the advantage of having published, and began many sentences with, "the book which I may call my best, is ——." But one of his *bests* is not published, it remains in MS., and is on the destruction of Pompeii; it is, he assured us, an infinitely superior work of fiction to that of Sir Edward Bulwer, whom he always designated as "votre Monsieur Bulwer," as he gave us a burlesque critique of "The Last Days of Pompeii," and, certainly, never was a book better abused.

I suppose I shall not write to you again from hence, for we speak of moving next month. And so I shall not again write to you from this beautiful country! but that thought cannot make me sad, for I shall be drawing near you. I shall never again have to pay four shillings, when I send off my letter to you.—Four shillings?—Yes, I was very much astonished, when I first heard that had been paid with my letter; but, then, I discovered that the four shillings were

but four pence. What a sad thing it is, since money is a necessary evil, that men should add to its evilness, by making every transaction connected with it as troublesome as possible; not the different nations of Europe, but not even the twenty-two Swiss cantons, can agree to have the same coins, though a very little good sense and good feeling might enable them to do it, one would suppose. We came from England with pounds, shillings, and pence, in our heads; by degrees, we got five-franc pieces, and sous into them and our purses in France; but, though in Germany we got thalers, florins, guldens, zwansickers, and kreutzers, into the purse, I think they were never rightly in the brain; and I think the Swiss francs, shillings, and batzen, are in the same predicament. Suppose one wants the value of a large coin, it is reckoned by the lowest; so, in France, two sous make a penny, in Germany, three kreutzers make it, and in Switzerland, a batz is three halfpence of our money, and by these you may reckon your sovereign. But enough of this. Good bye!

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## RETURNING HOME.

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### LETTER XL.

*Paris, ———*

Our journey, my dear Mother, has been accomplished very pleasantly, but, indeed, very unromancelike, without one adventure. I was very much amused once in Switzerland with two French lads whom I met. They were having a little summer tour with their father, but complained to me that they might just as well have had a walk on the boulevards of Paris; they had not had an adventure of any kind; the world was stupid, not a bandit to be met with, no perils, not even a wolf or bear to be seen. And what was the cause



of the stupidity of the world! "*Les Anglais!*" They *would* travel everywhere; and wherever they went, there must, forsooth, be good roads and hotels. Oh, yes! for them and their dozen of trunks carried after them—*pour eux avec leur confort!*—which they repeated with great contempt. I laughed very heartily at their indignation; and although I am now in their case of having made a journey of six hundred miles without an adventure, I am not at all dissatisfied with the good roads and hotels.

We left Geneva about ten o'clock in the morning, the weather promising to be very fine. I know not whether the brave Switzer, our host, adopted the plan of our landlord at Lucerne, who told us that he had prayed for fine weather, in order that all "*les respectables voyageurs*" in his house might enjoy themselves; and, when we were setting off for our excursion on the lake, and the morning was so fine, exclaimed, triumphantly, Behold the effect of my prayers! "*Voilà l'effet de mes prières!*" Whether he adopted this plan or not, it is certain we had for setting off most favourable weather. The day before I had had a lonely walk on the ramparts, which I enjoyed very much; it was a day of sunny gleams, which made the aspect of nature very charming, and I felt dreadfully inclined to perpetrate a sonnet descriptive of the cloud-darkened Jura, the lake with a gray mist curling over it, and the country with its bursting tender green foliage. And then, also, I remembered how delighted I had gazed on the same scene, in October, that month so superb, the proudest of the year in beauty, when all was so brightly varied, deep crimson, scarlet, brown, every shade of yellow and of green; and I felt no sonnet could do justice to it, and banished the thought.

We again ascended the Jura, and again had a fine view of the shores of the lake, and the Alps beyond, so contrasted by their pointed summits and snows, to the mountains we were crossing. I should rather say, among which we travelled for two days, for they extend in several long ridges from Switzer-

land towards France. We had the pleasure of an hour's delay at the custom-house on the French frontier, but were treated most respectfully by *messieurs les respectables douaniers*, and before eight in the evening arrived at Morey, where we passed the night. It is built quite in the midst of the mountains, which tower above it on all sides. There seemed to be much watch-making carried on in it; which suits a community confined for some months of the winter, if not to their houses, at least to the very narrow limits of their town, for passage beyond the mountains so perpendicular, and so close around it, is, at that season, impracticable. A Frenchwoman of respectable appearance, the wife of a watch-maker there, had a most dejected countenance, and spoke with a sort of hopeless melancholy, of the long, dreary monotony of their winter life, which affected us painfully. Yet it seems a thriving sort of place, although small; we observed a very handsome new church, and some other new buildings; the roads around it are well made, and evidently of late construction; they have strong parapet walls where they run near the edge of a steep descent, an important protection not to be met with on all dangerous roads.

We left Morey at nine o'clock in the morning, but only travelled until five in the evening, staying to pass the night at Poligny, as we had been led to think we should not find as good accommodation at the next town; yet this, I assure you, was one of the dirtiest and most ill-looking towns I ever was in. We were again favoured in the weather; and although our road was not so beautiful as that of the day before, it offered some very fine and striking views among the mountains, which even at Poligny we had not left. Some of the deep gorges and fir-covered steeps just after leaving Morey, would have seemed to us stupendous had we not come from the Swiss side of the Jura. After these the road lay through a very bleak and unpleasing country for some time; it showed us only vast fields scattered with huge stones, and skirted by thin plantations; yet habitations were to be seen thickly

enough in this country, but they were no longer Swiss habitations, so picturesque and clean-looking with neat gardens—No—France might be recognised in ugly houses with a sad air of squalor around them. As we drew near Poligny, the road again became more pleasing; vast hills, if I dare no longer call them mountains, appeared again to inclose us, and the road wound down under a high wall of rock on a terrace, as it were, giving us a view of the valley in which the town lies; and still farther between hills, which in a semicircular sweep folded over each other, we saw the land extending far and level into Burgundy.

Our next day's journey brought us to Dijon, a place famous enough in Burgundian history; but arriving at seven in the evening we were too late to see any of its antiquities, which are numerous and interesting. We left Poligny at eight in the morning; the country offered nothing in any way striking or agreeable, but the towns through which we passed were of a better sort than those we had seen the day before. Auxonne and Dôle are garrisoned, and we met near each of them parties of soldiers enjoying a stroll on the roads; a part of the fortifications of the latter town is handsome.

On the next day we left Dijon at eight o'clock, and travelled farther that day than we had yet done, it being ten o'clock when we reached Tonnerre, where we staid the night. The day was lovely, and we were tempted on by a fine moonlight. Once we passed through some slopes; which, when vine-covered, must be pretty; but for the rest, the country was as uninteresting as all the other parts of France which I have seen, except the banks of the Seine from Rouen to Havre. I cannot imagine how Charles the Bold, and such personages of Burgundy, got together the large armies they once had; for its broad plains seem far from populous, nor are there traces of their having been more so. I must tell you that, on these very plains of Burgundy, thoughts came into my mind confirmatory of some sentiments which I had begun to entertain more favourable to cities than my earlier

ones. One who feels with, and for humanity, when he finds himself at first in a great city, cannot but think that he is in the midst of all that is unwholesome for man's body and soul. The physical and moral diseases which he knew were scattered about the world he finds all met together, and it seems to him, becoming more frightful and enormous by contact; he exclaims, "How fatal are cities to all that is good!" I told you how much I admired the courage, the love of independence, the honesty of the Swiss; yet, with all these good qualities, I perceive there is not elevation of character. Dwelling amidst the sublime scenes of nature does not elevate the character as we should expect it to do; and it is, in reality, the drawing forth of the sympathies of men with one another that does so more than anything else. When a certain stage of progress has been reached, a stage which, I believe, must be attained by the contact, the collision, caused by the life of cities, then men turn to the sublimity of nature, and are refined and elevated by it. But more strange than thoughts favourable to the life of cities, were thoughts favourable to war. As the former seems necessary to bring about a certain degree of civilisation, so does the latter. Over a wide and thinly-populated country, where men live in a sort of lonely idleness, or are merely employed in providing for the animal wants of life, the passage of an army must surely arouse in them social sympathies which cannot but be of some use. Even at the present day, in a country of so great an extent as France, with a peasantry so little educated, the gathering together of men from different quarters, of different views and different prejudices, as they are gathered in regiments, and disseminating them again in the garrisons, is still a something towards general improvement—it is a sort of bad education, a degree better than none.

We left Tonnerre, as usual, soon after eight, and got to a place called Villeneuve, and spent the evening in a really foreign, old-looking apartment in an old inn—it was hung

with tapestry, representing Don Quixote's feats, and the study of it amused us very much. The weather changed on this day ; although we had no rain, it became damp and cold, and still as we advanced the country became more ugly, and the roads got worse. We came through some good towns, however—Sens and Yonne, and others—and the country appeared better peopled ; yet we saw nothing like the country-seats of the landed proprietors—no châteaux, no parks. You will think I have said very little in praise of the region of wine through which I have passed ; indeed, notwithstanding all that has been said and sung about festoons of vine-leaves and bunches of purple grapes, and although "Bacchus' blessings are a treasure," I care little about the vineyard in a landscape. Besides it does not appear that this kind of culture has a favourable effect on the condition of the peasantry, so that I find it still less picturesque on that account. It is, in truth, the pasture and the corn-field which give life and beauty to a landscape—

"And the milk-maid singeth blythe,  
And the mower whets his scythe—  
And Thestylis who binds his sheaves."

These are charms, indeed, which no grape-stained vine-bearers could rival.

Our sixth day's journey brought us to Paris. The weather, and the roads, and the country, got worse and worse ; all three were as *ugly* as they could be before we arrived here, which was about six in the evening. On this last day we had really nothing to amuse us but our postilions ; and some of them, when they got off their horses and tried to walk a few steps in their enormous boots, were ludicrous enough. We are in a very pleasant hotel, looking on the gardens of the Tuileries, and shall remain here during the time of our stay. At this season those gardens begin to look most beautiful, and the weather has improved so much that I hope we shall enjoy the few weeks that we shall be here before our

final departure. Do you know that, on first arriving here, something like a shade of despondency stole over me? I tried to banish the feeling, recalling to myself how much happiness had been granted me which I had not expected, in having been permitted to see so much of the grandeur of nature. Two winters ago, when I thought I was going to die, I sighed to think I must leave this glorious world without seeing some of its glories—I have seen them: now for one thing I sigh—to make you happy in my happiness, to be the cause of some good to you. Why should I distrust? That may yet be mine, since so much, for which I did not dare to hope, has been granted me.

We have had, of course, many calls to make, and have been fortunate in finding those of our friends who are here well. We have also many sights to see, and have already commenced that business. We were first taken to the exhibition of arts, manufactures, and inventions, in the Champs Elysées. An immense wooden building has been prepared for them, and in its long galleries, with glazed roof, everything is seen to advantage. We only looked, on our first going, at half the exhibition, yet returned from it tired to death; it would take a week to see everything properly. Out of the eighty-six departments, only two have not contributed to this magnificent national exhibition. Beautiful carpets and hangings are suspended from the walls; furniture of every kind, from the smallest article to the largest; organs, harps, piano-fortes, and all sorts of musical instruments, are arranged in large divisions down the centre; large stalls of wearing apparel of every sort of manufacture; others of pendules, of watches, of glass, of china, of plated goods, of ornaments, in imitation of all the precious stones, are formed in rows, all attractive and confusing by their variety. It is, indeed, the bazaar of a nation, only they do not sell there; you may select (and cards of address are given), and then you go to the ware-room, or manufactory, and purchase. There were anxious, haggard, and disappointed countenances among

the guardians of the different stalls and divisions ; and I could not but sympathise with many a heart which had beaten through nights and days of toil, and found now that the end of them was but to excite an " Ah, que c'est beau ! Ah, que c'est joli !" from a crowd of gazers, and to bring no amelioration of the condition of the toilers. Those who will profit by an exhibition of this kind, are the manufacturers on a large scale ; it is a show-room in which the retail dealer can well choose his goods, but I fear the small worker, the ingenious inventor, will pass undistinguished. In contrast to the men with anxious faces at some stalls, were women guardians at others, unanxious, quietly reading their romances undisturbed by the crowd. This crowd consisted principally of persons in the poorer ranks of life, workmen, mechanics, soldiers ; persons who in England, where the cares of life press so heavily, would have neither time nor inclination for looking at specimens of arts and manufactures ; all here seem pleased and interested ; I had a good opportunity of observing them, for Miss J. and I got separated from our party, and involved in a part of the exhibition where there are engines and machines of all kinds, of which I could not understand anything, so I sat down on a bench to wait for the others to come up. I watched the countenances of all who passed, and was much struck by their superiority to the same class in England, in a more awakened intelligence. I do not say they have better countenances than the English, nor are they, perhaps, so good-looking, but they are more intelligent. Among the mechanics in Manchester I have seen as much mind in the face, but it is accompanied by an eager, worn look, which is painful ; the intelligence of the French is not so ; they seem to have a power of forgetting their ills, which the English cannot acquire.

The exhibition is too large, too multifarious in its objects, for me to give you an account of it in detail ; everything is there that can be wanted by man, woman, or child, from a smoothing-iron to a locomotive engine ; from a footstool to a

billiard-table ; from a coarse petticoat to robes at £1,000, for Queen Victoria and other queens.

We went, afterwards, to see Napoleon's triumphal arch, now completed. It is a most striking and beautiful structure, and so well-proportioned, that you are not aware, in approaching it, of its immense size ; it is not until you are under it that you feel how great it is. It is a quadruple arch, and much larger than any of the antique arches. As I passed under it, and read the names (among which, first to catch my eye, was that of Marshal Macdonald) carved in the interior, all my old prepossessions for the Alexanders, the Hannibals, the Julius Cæsars, returned in full force,—it is a bad, dazzling thing, that military glory, but we cannot help liking it. And, indeed, to tell you the truth, it was not regret that I could admire this glory which filled my mind, but regret that even that glory could not live for the sake of one whom I admire so much, and my thoughts took this course :—

Yes ! I may tread Italia's classic shore,  
And look on arches, laden with the past—  
Here, 'mid the city's hum, I stand before  
One, with the future heavy. Oh, at last,  
I pause, while thoughts of centuries to be  
Rush on my mind !—The hundred storms awake  
Of this tumultuous city, and I see  
The wave, the thunder of men's passions break  
O'er this great arch, now bright with vict'ries new !  
And then, all change-worn, time-worn, it appears  
To fancy, and the chiselled names I view  
No more of chiefs and heroes !—Ah, these tears !  
One dear name has its high place there—I weep,  
That o'er it Time's effacing wing should sweep !

But why regret what time and revolutions must do for military glory ? Think what months can do towards the destruction, if not of glory, at least of a great renown ! Since Lafayette's death, his house has been turned into a furniture warehouse, and he is now scarcely spoken of. We were



taken through it to see the furniture ; I saw it, stared at the greatest variety possible of articles, elegant and commodious, yet, I assure you, my mind was rambling on the persons who had once filled the suites of rooms through which we passed, instead of being fixed on the things that then filled them.

To turn again to the arch. I have been reading a volume of Victor Hugo's poems, one of them is on that very arch ; but that which I admired the most was on Napoleon's son, and called "Napoléon Deux." When he had this son, it seemed as if he were able to command everything ; all was as he wished ; and yet he had not power over one to-morrow. The poem breathes a sort of sublime pity for the great man in some places, and after reading it, I said to myself, " Shall I, then, return in my mature days to something like my youthful admiration of Napoleon ?" Indeed I felt disposed to it ; for, having seen in many places what he had caused to be done, knowing the *grasp of his intentions* of doing (so to speak), comparing the standard of his mind with that of other kings, I could but admire him. If he had had only the sacred feelings of humanity, the love of that which is really noble and free, what might he not have been ! Yet, perhaps, he would not have been able to accomplish so much as he did with his stubborn will, and disregard of others. But no, no ! Want of humanity, want of love of freedom, are never necessary for the accomplishment of great designs ; love of our kind, love of liberty, best aid them. Mama, think so ; so good bye to her !

## LETTER XLI.

*Versailles.*

INDEED you are wrong now, my dear Mother, after having been so often right; if it be real feeling which makes one forced to seek the utterance of poetry (and with me, in my rude rhymes, it is always so), my poor verse could not omit you. Nor did it, as you shall see now that we are so soon to meet. It was always in moments of depression that I spoke to you in fancy, and, therefore, I never sent my greetings. This one was written many months ago.

My mother, oft I've sought when by thy side,  
 To weave thy name into my verse, and still,  
 The page half-traced, have thrown displeased aside,  
 Unworthy thee, and all I felt. Thoughts fill  
 My mind, now lands and seas between us lie,  
 Which prompt thy name, beloved! thy name alone—  
 Those thoughts are sad; at once to thee they fly—  
 My spirit seeks within thy breast its own  
 Sure refuge—Yes, and wheresoe'er thou art,  
 My sorrows are, I know, this moment thine,  
 For on thy wanderer ever broods thy heart,  
 It beats, e'en distant, tremblingly o'er mine—  
 Ah, then, no more! Be sob and tear repress'd—  
 The thoughts, which prompt thy name, may wound thy breast!

We came hither to see the great Palace, which has been made into a grand national museum, a great portion of what the galleries and museums of Paris contained being removed to it. We spent the greater part of yesterday in seeing the palace, which, as to size, surpasses all that I had previously imagined. The king's apartments and some others are restored to the appearance they had when prepared for Louis the Fourteenth's occupation of them; and their gorgeousness

is overpowering, one is oppressed, crushed with splendour. It is not surprising that the nation was poor and vicious, whose wealth was squandered on such a place. For the rest, the palace is quite unfurnished, it has had no inhabitants since the first revolution, and from Louis-Philippe's conviction that it never will be tenanted, he has made it a museum or collection of museums. I can scarcely think he has done well in cramming this mammoth of a palace, which he dares not occupy, with pictures and statues, and all sorts of curiosities. The toil of seeing all that is to be seen, in suites and suites, and suites of rooms, up flights, and flights, and flights of stairs, is more than human, at all events than female, sinews and muscles can bear, even if many days be given up to it. Then, the multitude of bad pictures, of uninteresting things that one must look at in endeavouring to find out the good, is very annoying. There are some apartments newly decorated by the present king, and filled with large pictures of Napoleon's battles; the ornaments of the rooms are of white and gold, and not so heavily overlaid with splendour as those restored in the style of Louis the Fourteenth. To tell you the truth, we were soon satisfied with galleries of statues and pictures, gilded rooms, and museums, and now think of leaving Versailles, without spending as many days as we had at first intended.

I think this palace, since it must not be either king's palace or caravanserai, would have been best converted into a grand national hospital, and Versailles made the *sick town* of the kingdom. That the palace would contain nearly all the sick of a kingdom you may suppose when I tell you that it is eight hundred feet in length, and from this long body of the building project fifteen smaller buildings in different parts. The gardens equalled the palace in extent and splendour, and are in a great measure restored to what they were; our walks in them at this delightful season were very agreeable. Yet we like those of Trianon best, that is, of the Little Trianon, they are more park-like, more simple and natural. But that

spot was full of sad recollections to me—poor Marie Antoinette ! her shade seemed mournfully to flit before me wherever I turned. The French have never yet, I think, done justice to the memory of that unfortunate woman, and it has almost appeared to me sometimes that their former barbarity has made them ashamed to be just to her now.

There are many English families resident at Versailles, and they form a pleasant little society ; but our acquaintance was with Madame S., a truly amiable and intelligent French lady, long inhabiting the town. I have never met with any one who inspires more perfect confidence in her sincerity and kindness of heart ; she is extremely unlike Madame N., whose amiability never gives one the slightest reliance on her. There is a pretty little protestant church here, and we saw in it a very respectable, of course not very numerous, congregation of English.

*Paris, — — —*

HERE we are, half suspicious that we are in the very middle of a revolution, and we, just on the eve of departure ; whether this may hasten or retard us I know not as yet. There have been some tumults in different parts of the city, and the National Guard has been called out.—But I must begin at the beginning. It is Sunday. The morning threatened rain, and we did not go to church, I occupied myself in reading in my own room, until three o'clock, when we went to afternoon service at the Ambassador's chapel ; we found there a very meagre assemblage, and heard some very meagre preaching. I know not whether it was some vague, prophetic sentiment of what was about to occur here which made me feel, as I had never before felt, those prayers for those in power, which form a part of the church service. It is certain that I have always disliked those titles of *most religious* and *gracious* bestowed on persons, some of whom we have known to be neither one nor other, and others of whom we know nothing ; at the same time, if men are to live in a community, if they are to worship as a community, nothing

can be more important to their virtue and their happiness, than their government and their governors, and nothing more properly a subject of prayer. It is God alone who maketh men of one mind in a city, as the Scripture says, and our feelings of to-day have taught us that nothing is more to be desired than that they should be of one mind. There is something of the very essence of freedom in men demanding openly direction for their rulers, and I should be glad that our good, and simple, and manly English prayers, had some of their exaggerated phrases concerning the governing lopped off, that they might long continue the prayers of the people. On leaving the church, we went to call on Madame L., but she was out; we remarked something of a silent eagerness in the manner and countenance of the few persons we met, but the streets were unusually quiet and deserted through which we had occasion to pass. Just after dinner we learned the fatal news of the day: Madame de B. came to tell us that her daughter had returned from the church of St. Roch in a great fright; a policeman had rushed in and desired the curé to dismiss his flock, as he did not consider it safe for them to remain, the churches being often the first places entered by the people in their fury. All this frightened us no little, but we heard no sound of firing in this quarter, and we made ourselves hope that we were quite removed from all danger. Soon after, however, we heard the drums beat the call out of the National Guard; at that sound, how quick was memory in citing up a thousand stirring times! Three of the National Guards passed before our hotel with solemn pace, beating that solemn tattoo, which made me thrill from head to foot, and the choking in my throat was very difficult to overcome for some minutes; Lucy laughed at my paleness, and I at hers, when we recovered ourselves a little. However, all the different persons of the hotel, who had been out spending the day in different quarters returned, and although none of them gave us any hope that the tumults were over, they made us feel comfortable in the assurance that there was no

danger for persons who kept quiet in their houses. Every precaution has been taken around the Tuileries, which is doubly girt with troops. Ah, Louis-Philippe ! how shall you sleep to-night ? Not as well as I, I fear. So, good night to him and you, my dear Mother !

*Monday.*—Everything was as unsettled this morning as last night ; the disturbance continued on the other side of the river, and our fears, instead of diminishing, were on the increase, when Mr. ——— arrived, and insisted that we should go to his house. It is at some distance, and we felt very reluctant to go, more particularly as there was to be a large company there, who were determined not to be deprived of any enjoyment by the more than rumours which agitated the city ; we had, however, to comply with his wishes, and drove off with him. It was late when we returned, and in passing through the Place Vendôme we found some of the National Guard and other troops, by their night fires, bivouacking around Napoleon's column, but nothing occurred to disturb our tranquillity. In our hotel we found a party at cards, as usual, and were coolly assured there had been during the day one hundred persons killed, and as many wounded, but all concerned in this affair were only wretched workmen driven on by starvation. Our champagne-drinking dinner and that card-playing party, while men had been cutting each other's throats, aroused to madness by hunger, were too revolting to me at that moment to reflect on calmly. How long will Christianity continue a name only, among men ! Double, double thy guards, King Louis-Philippe ; yet, no guards, no cannon, will make thee sleep in quiet !

*Tuesday.*—All is calm to-day—all is settled—and the tumult has not been a revolution *this time*, only a tumult. I shall not conclude my letter, as you shall have news of us to set you quite at ease in a day or two ; and I shall leave the last pages of this to tell you of our journey.

*London, — — —*

SAFELY did we reach this from Southampton two days ago, and after a few days more given to this great place, I shall be with you again. Our journey to Havre was delightful, and our voyage to Southampton, although in a very crowded steamer, not less so. Before reaching that town, however, many of our fellow passengers left us in small boats for Portsmouth. It was noon when we landed ; and, to tell the honest truth, I was heartily glad to put my foot on the island again : the d—mns, which had been now and then saluting my ears for some time, had quite a *comfortable*, island-like, home sound. Our trunks were examined very quickly, and we were soon on our way to town. On my first day here, I forgot some of my feelings of craving to be near you at once, in the amazing bustle of business and pleasure in which I found myself when I was taken out. In the incessant whirl around me I was astonished, amused, delighted by turns, but all this was only something playing around my head, which never reached my heart. You will not be surprised that the vastness and perpetual commotion of this city at this season should make me use the words astonishment and amusement, but you will wonder that the word disgust should creep in. I shall tell you how, and you shall tell me if I feel wrongly. Nothing can be more depressing to the heart, I think, than the constant flux and reflux of a tide of human beings who regard you not, and in whom you can feel no interest ; and our estimate of human nature is certainly lowered by the ceaseless whirl and buzz about nothing which we witness here. One cannot for a moment suppose that the nobler purposes of existence are felt and understood in the midst of the eagerness of parade, which seems the sole business of life with one party, and the eagerness of grasping at food which is that of another. I told you that I had been led to think cities a sort of necessary evil, schools in which men were to

learn those social duties which they cannot learn in an isolated state ; this too large city makes me discard the idea. Indifference to the frightful contrasts of the extreme of luxury and the extreme of suffering ; hardness of heart engendered by witnessing pleasures indulged in by thousands, at the expense of the physical and moral welfare of other thousands ; avarice cultivated as a virtue, that prodigality may be its successor : all these, and many other evils which tend to make men selfish, tend to degrade human nature in their eyes, must make such cities as this aught but schools of social duty, the essence of which is freedom from selfishness and faith in the goodness of our common nature. You see I am always, like Goldsmith's Citizen of the World, giving you "an account of the operations of my mind upon whatever occurs, rather than a detail of my travels from one place to another."

We are going out just now—it is a lovely day, the sun has struggled bravely through the smokes of London, and the parks look invitingly. In Lancashire you have not yet much foliage, but I shall be glad to be there once more. At last, good bye, for but a short time !

THE END.



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